

Current Literature

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A Review of the World

UNSETTLED questions have no regard for the repose of nations." That oft quoted sentence of James A. Garfield's comes very pat to-day as we stand facing, to all appearances, another period of travail over the currency question. No question in our national history, barring slavery alone, has been more fruitful in creating class rancor and sectional distrust. And the contests over the currency have invariably led, after the contestants have worn themselves out, to compromise legislation that has had the aspects of a temporary makeshift rather than of a permanent scientific system. The recent bank panic has already engendered the bitter tone that has always preceded and pervaded such discussions. It seems not only possible but even probable that all forecasts heretofore made of the presidential campaign of next year may be rendered valueless by this new-old issue and its sudden injection into national politics, to the apparent bewilderment of political leaders and financiers alike.

PREDICTIONS of what has happened were not wanting, and predictions, too, from sources that should have commanded wide hearing. Charles N. Fowler, of New Jersey, chairman of the committee on banking and currency in the House of Representatives, told the American Bankers' Association over a year ago what he repeated to Congress on the last night of the last session, namely:

"The condition of our national finances is such that the people are constantly absorbing more and more of our reserves as the times become more prosperous. Indeed, our financial and currency policy is such that our prosperity must inevitably lead to the destruction of that very prosperity—

an anomaly, but the direct and natural outcome of our ignorance and wasteful folly."

Having thus qualified as a prophet, Mr. Fowler, tho a Republican, proceeds to make another prediction, incited thereto by Secretary Cortelyou's recent efforts to relieve the situation:

"I now declare that if this Government continues its present policy of injecting into the arteries of trade and commerce a fixed bond-secured currency, by swapping securities, by bond speculations, by Treasury manipulations, and by Executive orders, we shall continue to move only with greatly accelerated speed, with the directness of a musket groove, and the absolute certainty of passing time, toward a commercial breakdown—a commercial crisis, a commercial tragedy, compared with which the present currency panic is only a pleasant summer outing."

There is an ominous roll in that thunder such as has preceded more than one political storm that has wrecked the hopes of party managers. In the other end of the Capitol the reverberation is also heard in resolutions offered by Senators Tillman and Culberson for an inquiry into the legality of the Secretary's measures.

ANOTHER man who can offer credentials of his prophetic powers is Jacob H. Schiff, the New York banker, who said nearly a year ago before the New York Chamber of Commerce:

"I do not wish to pose as a Cassandra, but if our currency conditions are not changed you will have, sooner or later, such a panic as will make all previous panics look like child's play. I do not mean to say that such a panic is imminent, but it will come ultimately unless our inelastic currency is reformed. . . . There is no disaster now upon us, but this is the time to prepare for it. We have witnessed in the last sixty days in New York money market conditions which would be nothing less than a disgrace to any civilized



Photograph by Lazarek

FIRST ACT IN THE OPENING OF CONGRESS

The name of the Deity may not be in the federal constitution or on our new coins, but the first thing Congress does is still to invoke divine guidance and recognize divine power. This is a picture of the first Congress in which forty-six states are represented.

country. There must be a cause for such conditions. . . . The cause is in our insufficient circulating medium, or the insufficient elasticity of our circulating medium."

About the same time that the above was uttered, President Roosevelt was saying in his message to Congress: "The recurrence of each crop season emphasizes the defects of the present [currency] laws. There must soon be a revision of them because to leave them as they are means to incur liability of business disaster." We do not recall any prophesying that was done by J. Pierpont Morgan; but if men who claim to know are correct in their statements, he began a year ago to convert all his stocks into cash or its equivalent, and when the recent trouble broke out he had \$75,000,000 available for immediate use and not a share of any stock on his hands.



THE OPENING OF CONGRESS

—Morris in the Spokane Spokesman-Review.

OUR need now is for doctors rather than prophets. There is still a violent difference of opinion as to the degree of responsibility for present conditions that rests upon President Roosevelt, upon Stock Exchange speculators, upon Wall Street bankers, upon Judge Landis, and upon general corporate mismanagement. But there seems to be a pretty general agreement on one thing, namely, that our currency system is dangerously defective and must be overhauled soon. There is also a wide agreement that the trouble with the system is its inelasticity. It does not expand and contract readily in response to the needs of the country at different seasons of the year, or in response to special emergencies that arise, such as the recent panic or the San Francisco fire. Exactly the same diagnosis is now made by the bankers and corporation magnates that was made by the speakers of the Farmers' Alliance and People's Party twenty years ago. The financial shoe pinched at that time in the big crop-growing states of the West, and the demand then was for a currency to be issued on farm products stored in warehouses. The pinching of the shoe has been felt first this year in the East and the demand has been raised for a bank-note currency issued upon municipal and state and railroad bonds. Human nature hasn't changed in twenty years.

THOSE who have figured so far in the newspaper discussion of the currency problem are grouped around four different



Photograph by Lazarnick

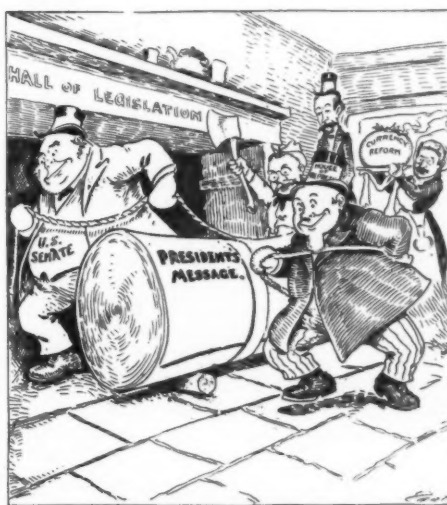
SWEARING IN THE CONGRESSMEN

The members came forward in groups as the clerk read their names and with lifted hands took the oath to serve their country faithfully and observe the requirements of the Constitution.

plans of relief, most of them alike in this, that they provide for the issue of additional currency by the banks instead of directly by the government itself. This point it was that gave to the Greenback movement in the seventies and to the free silver movement of the nineties all the real vitality they had. The conviction on the part of many voters, especially in the West and Middle States, that this delegation by the government to the banks of the power to issue currency is the very tap root of all economic injustice, not only in this but in other countries, must still be taken into account in considering the probable difficulties any scheme of currency reform must encounter in Congress. It will take a vast amount of skill to engineer through that body any currency bill that places with the national banks additional power to control the supply of money. It can probably not be done without a pitched battle. Congress has failed to take up this subject of currency reform in response to numerous urgings in the last few years because its members recognized this difference in the point of view, and dreaded the combat.

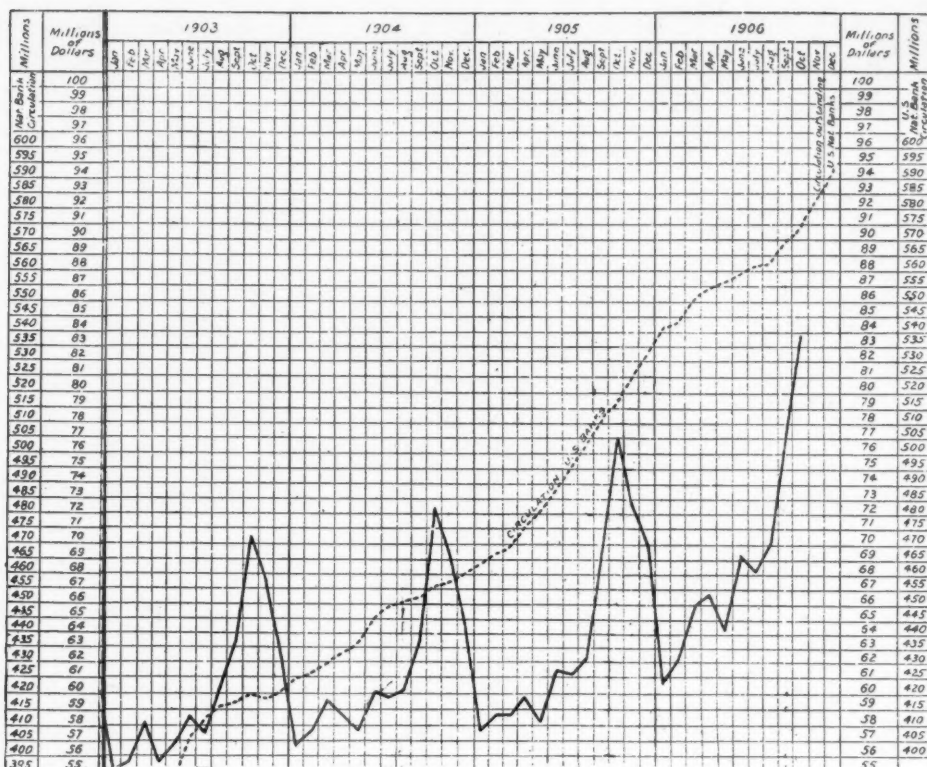
THE four plans of relief around which most of the financial experts and would-be experts are grouped are: (1) Chairman Fowler's plan for a credit currency to be issued by national banks to the extent of 37½ per cent of their capital; (2) the plan for a central bank of issue, reviving in a general

way the old United States bank of Jackson's time; (3) a central organization, a sort of national clearing house, combining the national banks through their clearing houses; (4) a bill allowing national banks to issue bank notes secured not only by federal bonds but by municipal and state bonds and bonds of certain corporations. Every one of these plans has developed prominent advocates and equally prominent opponents. It is evident even at this early stage (1) that we must do some-



BRINGING IN THE YULE LOG

—Bartholomew in Minneapolis Journal.

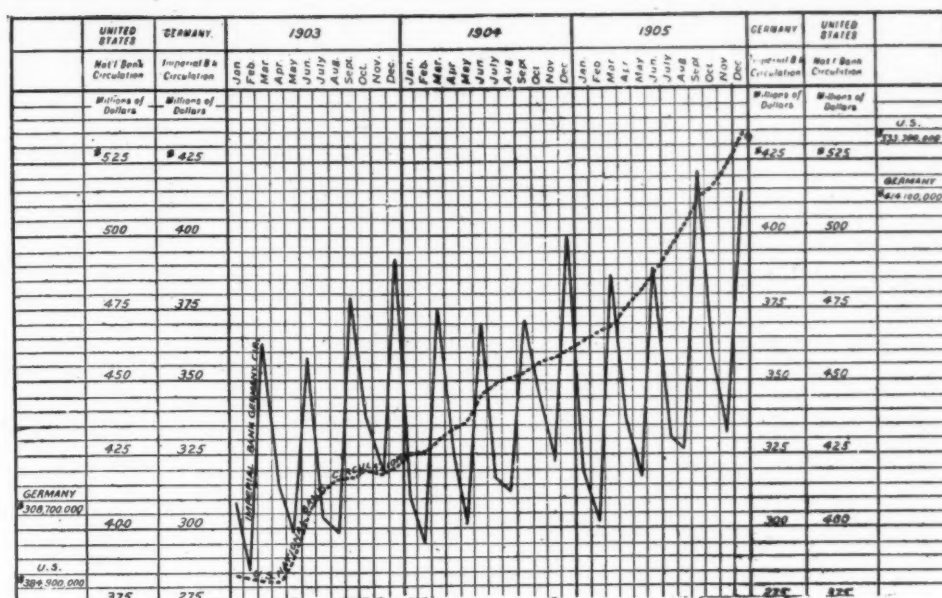


OUR INELASTIC CURRENCY

The dark line shows how the currency supply of Canada increases and decreases month by month in response to the demands of trade. The dotted line shows the inelastic character of American currency in the same period. This and other similar diagrams are prepared and published by the House Committee on banking and currency.

thing; (2) that the men who ought to be experts are widely at variance as to what we should do. Nor does it add any to our confidence in the experts to find a man like Frank A. Vanderlip cheerfully discrediting them all in a mass, so to speak. Mr. Vanderlip was formerly assistant secretary of the treasury. He is now vice-president of the National City Bank, New York. He believes that "the gravest need" exists for legislation that will provide "a scientific system of bank-note currency," and that the responsibility for such legislation lies heavily on the bankers, especially the New York bankers. But he goes on to say (in *The Independent*): "The principal reason that New York has been unable to influence the public opinion of the country on financial matters has been that New York bankers have had no well-considered conclusions. They have not accepted the responsibilities of leadership. They have failed to give the subject the consideration it merits. They

have reached no agreement in regard to the course which ought to be followed." Many of them, Mr. Vanderlip goes on to say, have devoted less earnest consideration to the national question of currency reform than to any one of dozens of corporate underwritings or reorganizations. "If greater financial disaster should ever come because we have failed to enact proper legislation, the blame for that disaster will lie against the bankers of New York more directly than against any other group of people." The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* defines the general situation at the opening of Congress as follows: "Everybody agrees that the currency needs reforming, and at once, especially in the matter of providing a truly elastic medium; but there is no sign of any substantial agreement, not only upon details but upon basic principles. The chaos which has so long been the chief outcome of a financial discussion in Congress seems to have come again."



GERMANY'S CURRENCY AND OURS

Our present financial troubles are attributed to the inelasticity of our currency as compared with that of other countries. The dark line shows the wide fluctuation each year in Germany's currency, the dotted line shows the absence of such fluctuation in our own supply.

OF the four proposed measures for re-constituting our currency system, that which is known sometimes as the Shaw plan and sometimes as the Fowler plan has undoubtedly the first right of way. In the first place, the measure was adopted by the committee on banking and currency of the lower house of Congress in December, 1906. As the committee is substantially the same in the present Congress, the bill will doubtless be reported again. In the second place, it is apparently the measure referred to by President Roosevelt in his last two messages. He has not indorsed it as the right thing to do, but simply as one of the plans "possibly feasible" and "worthy of consideration." The Fowler bill gives to any national bank the right to issue "credit currency" to the amount of 40 per cent of its bond-secured currency (bank-notes) outstanding, but not to exceed 25 per cent of its capital. On this credit currency, the bank is to pay an annual tax of 3 per cent, the proceeds to go into the federal treasury as a guarantee of this credit currency. It gives the right, also, to issue additional credit currency to the amount of 12½ per cent of the bank's capital, but on this additional issue a tax of 5 per cent must be paid. The present capital of our national banks totals in round

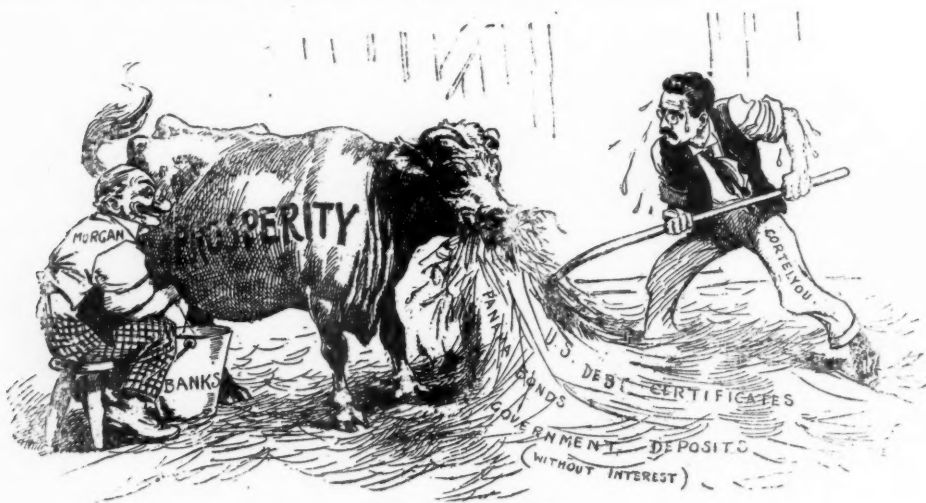
numbers \$850,000,000. This bill would therefore make possible a credit currency of about \$320,000,000. Each bank is to carry the same reserve against this credit currency that it now carries against deposits, that is 25 per cent in the large cities known as reserve cities and 15 per cent elsewhere. The principle that underlies this bill is that there is no practical difference between this credit currency and deposits subject to check. Mr. Fowler's contention is that a bank-note credit and a bank-book credit are essentially the same thing. During the last four months the banks have had to send into the country districts about \$300,000,000 of currency. Of this amount \$250,000,000 was "reserve currency"—that is, gold and silver certificates and United States notes. If the banks could have sent credit currency instead and retained their reserve currency, the latter would serve now as a basis of more than \$1,250,000,000 of credits or loans "and the present crisis would have been averted." The Fowler plan is identical in its main features with that endorsed unanimously by the New York Chamber of Commerce in November of last year and with that endorsed almost unanimously by the American Bankers' Association in September of last year.

see one established here. Mr. Carnegie agrees with him. On the other hand Prince André Poniatowski, president of the French Finance Corporation, sees in a central national bank our only hope of reaching a solution of the currency problem. He says:

"Imagine how different the situation would have been during the last fortnight in New York if the National banks had been able to rediscount at a central bank of issue the millions of first-class commercial paper in their possession, and which, instead of an asset, remained in their vaults as so much dead weight through the storm. I should hate to see our big French banks with their huge deposits attempt to weather a financial storm such as New York had to face recently without having back of them the Bank of France, which affords them almost automatically the conversion of slow assets into immediate cash through the rediscounting of the commercial paper held by them."

IN the meantime, while our financial experts wrangle over our crazy-quilt currency (which has seven colors, like Joseph's coat, consisting of gold coin, gold certificates, silver coin, silver certificates, treasury notes, United States notes and national bank notes), and while banks all over the country have been hoarding money and shouting to the rest of us to quit doing the same thing, the country has gone on breaking records in the creation of wealth. The secretary of agriculture reports the total value of farm productions for 1907 at \$7,412,000,000, a value two and a half times as great as that of the entire stock of money of all kinds in the country. It is also ten per

cent greater than the value of the farm products of 1906, which was the record year up to that time. The *New York Evening Post* remarks: "The West is rich, in a degree never paralleled in its history. Our wheat and cotton, for which we could hardly find a market in the distresses of fourteen years ago, are in such demand by the whole outside world to-day as to make the American farmer directly, and the whole American market indirectly, masters of the international situation." Our greatest manufacturing concern, the United States Steel Corporation, reports earnings for the three months ending October 1 of \$43,804,285, as compared with \$38,114,624 the corresponding quarter of 1906. This is the next best quarter in the history of the company. It was "a good times panic," says Dean Johnson of the New York University School of Commerce. "The volume of trade in the United States for the last twelve months, indeed for the last two years," says the *London Statist*, "has been getting beyond the capital supply." Prince Poniatowski sizes up the situation as follows: "You in this country are having a bankers' panic. This has been brought about by the fears of the bankers of your currency system, and in consequence all over the United States the banks have drawn in great sums of money to strengthen themselves to the detriment of industry. Many bankers have told me that they are to-day stronger than they ever were, and, in fact, this is true. Industry needs money, and is not able to obtain it."



DIVISION OF LABOR

—Johnson in Philadelphia North American.



ITH Taft returned, with Foraker openly a candidate for the presidency, with Roosevelt reiterating his election night declaration of three years ago, with Bryan announcing his willingness to make the race again, and with the time and place of the national conventions selected, the presidential combat of 1908 seems to have a fairly blithesome start. "I have not changed and shall not change the decision thus announced," is the short and (to other candidates) sweet statement of the President, referring to his original declaration that "under no circumstances" will he accept another nomination. This is the third time that the President has put aside the nomination; but unlike Caesar with the crown, there is no apparent softening of purpose in the gesture of renunciation. It seems to be accepted as conclusive, tho not even now unanimously so accepted. Senator Hansbrough, of North Dakota, still says, "if conditions should demand his nomination the convention would nominate him, and I do not see how it would be possible for him to decline, however earnest he might be." The *New York World* expresses the same view in these words: "Can he turn back the tide? Suppose the Roosevelt shouters, as Governor Hoch, of Kansas, has threatened, ride over the convention like a herd of Texas steers. Will he still

decline? Will he be able to decline?" The *New York American* thinks, however, that this latest statement from the President has cleared the atmosphere entirely. "None can doubt him now."

NEXT to this renewed renunciation, the principal developments of importance on the Republican side of the presidential campaign are Foraker's open bid for support and the well-advanced still hunt which Secretary Cortelyou's friends seem to have been making for him in the South. The revelations of this still hunt, made at the recent meeting of the Republican national committee, seem indeed, in the opinion of Washington correspondents, to have drawn out the President's statement. It appears that certain federal office-holders who have been in constant consultation with Mr. Cortelyou have been cooperating in the formation of a coalition of southern members of the Republican national committee pledging themselves to Roosevelt's renomination, or, in case that proves impracticable after all, to act together to select some administration candidate and to act together on all other matters coming before the convention. It is represented that the President's conviction that this scheme was really being worked in the interest of Cortelyou and in opposition to



DR. ROOSEVELT'S LATEST CURE

—Hy Mayer in *New York Times*.

Taft, caused him to break his silence again on the third term. The Taft men are all jubilant. So are the Knox men. So are the Hughes men. So are the Fairbanks men and the La Follette men and the Cannon men. So are the Democrats. At least if jubilation is not as widespread as this the profession of it is. For it is one of the first rules of the game among presidential boomers that whatever happens you must jubilate.

WHEN Mr. Bryan was asked what he thought about Senator Foraker's candidacy, he smiled and said it would "add to the gaiety of nations." Senator Foraker's formal entry into the race is not, however, a joke to the Taft men. "It is a maxim of war," says the *New York Times*, "that a foeman who does not mind being killed is formidable." It applies this to Senator Foraker, who, in order to enter upon this presidential race, declares that he will forego the honor of a renomination for the Senate, holding it not a wise thing to run for two candidacies at once. The Senator's announcement came in response to the action of the advisory and executive committees of the Ohio Republican league of clubs. Those two committees met in Columbus 98 strong and "by a unanimous vote and with much enthusiasm" endorsed the Senator for both offices. According to the Ohio manager of the Taft campaign, insurance commissioner

Vorys, these committees were not elected by the Republicans of the different counties they represent, but were "named by a representative of Senator Foraker." The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (Dem.) asserts that the league which the committees represent was organized twenty years ago for Foraker's benefit and is simply "a cog in the Foraker machine." It has dwindled, says the same authority, "to a handful of Foraker manikins, mostly brass band and officers, like a Central American army." However that may be, the Senator's entry is made in good form and, as the *Toledo Blade* admits, his right to become a candidate for the presidency is not questioned. We have yet to see a journal of consequence that regards his candidacy in any other light than a maneuver to force the Taft and Roosevelt men into a compromise whereby Taft shall be named for the presidency and Foraker named to succeed himself in the Senate. The same sort of tactics was successfully used by him in 1896, says the *Brooklyn Eagle*, and again in 1903, to force the McKinley and Hanna men into a similar compromise. It remains to be seen whether Taft and Roosevelt will be any more resolute than were McKinley and Hanna.



WHEN HIS TERM OF OFFICE

Will he become a City Alderman and eventually rise to the title and dignity of Sir Theodore Roosevelt, Bart., Lord Mayor of London?



HAS BEEN COMPLETED

Will the Bishop of London, in recognition of his muscular Christianity, give him a curacy in the Shadwell or Wapping district, with the prospect of working his way up the river to something better?

—*London Punch*.

AFTER appealing to Mr. Bryan for many moons to withdraw from the presidential race of next year, in order to give the Democrats a chance for victory, Henry Watterson, of Kentucky, sighs and submits to destiny in these words: "The practical and sensible thing for Democrats to do now is to close ranks and keep step to the drumbeats of destiny which announce the third coming of the man from Nebraska." The only ripple that has been made in the current which is bearing Mr. Bryan on to another nomination is the action of that Democratic convention that met six weeks ago in Nashville and resolved in favor of a Southern man for nominee, on the ground that the Southern Democracy is entirely free from the domination of corporate interest and predatory wealth, yet has always been a bulwark of conservatism, and, tho it furnishes most of the electoral votes for the Democracy, has not had a nominee named from its section since Polk was nominated in 1844—sixty-three years ago. No Southern man was suggested by the convention. "Our sole desire," said the convention's pronunciamiento, "is to present the South as the best source from which an available candidate can be drawn." Neither this action in Nashville nor the action of

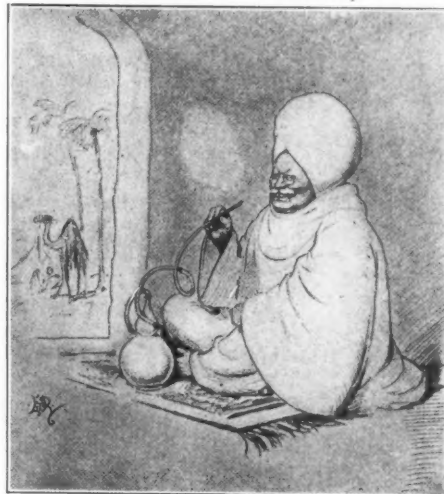
"several hundred prominent Democrats" of Jefferson county, Alabama, who issued an address of "uncompromising opposition" to Mr. Bryan's renomination, has been taken very seriously.

THAT there is a considerable degree of opposition to Bryan in the South is generally conceded. The *New York Tribune* names among the leaders who regard Bryan as an incubus Senators Raynor and Whyte, of Maryland, Senator Daniel, of Virginia, Senator Simmons, of North Carolina, Senator Bacon, of Georgia, Senators Culbertson and Bailey, of Texas, Senator-elect Williams, of Mississippi, and Henry Watterson, of Kentucky. But the *Tribune*, nevertheless, can see "no real depth or vitality" to the anti-Bryan sentiment in that section, the voters having been unmoved by the campaign of education in hostility to him. The *Tribune* infers that the South is "more than half way satisfied to be defeated" as long as the Roosevelt policies are pursued by the victor; and are as willing to be defeated with Bryan as with any other standard-bearer. This seems to be a fair interpretation of the attitude, tho it is made by a very partizan paper. There seems, however, to have come a gleam of new hope to Mr. Bryan and to the Democratic leaders from the recent bank panic and the situation that has developed out of it. Mr. Bryan himself has been quick to seize on the new issue thus made possible



WHAT WILL BECOME

Will a Music Hall Syndicate offer him a three-years' engagement in Europe at £500 a week, for a fifteen-minutes' turn of bronco-busting, revolver-shooting, etc.?



OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

Or will he accept an invitation from the Emperor of Sahara to act as Deputy Emperor, under the name of Tedi-Rozuv-el-Tin, during his Majesty's visits to Paris?
—*London Punch*.



"THE DONKEY—PATIENT, PERSISTENT AND ALWAYS AT WORK."—W. J. BRYAN.

—C. R. Macauley in *New York World*.

and advocates an act of Congress instructing the federal government to guarantee all deposits in the national banks—a suggestion before which the *New York Times* and *Evening Post* stand aghast. Even Henry Watterson sees some hope for the Democrats in recent events, provided the business and banking flurry "is succeeded by a yet worse depression among the work people."



ANOTHER DEMOCRATIC HALLOWE'EN TEST

MISS DEMOCRACY—Oh, pshaw! I never see a NEW face!

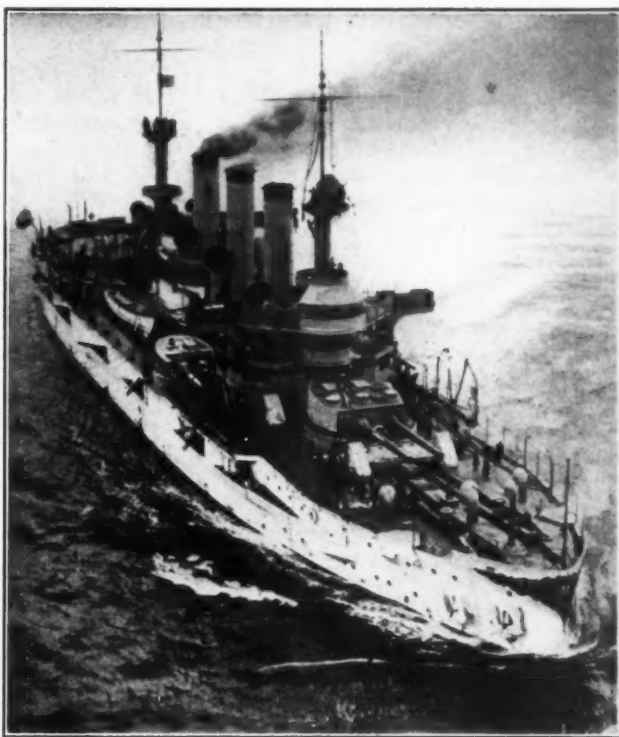
—Webster in *Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

COMPACTNESS of battle formation, flexibility of the squadron as a unit, ability to change formation in the least possible time and space, attended last month the initial stage of that demonstration of battleship speed, battleship armament and battleship displacement which the whole world now refers to as the Pacific cruise. The armada sailed on a war footing fully equipped for action. Nothing transpired to discredit the official assurance that the sole object of this gigantic maneuver is to give the fleet actual practice as a test of its potential utility to the nation should we be involved in hostilities with any power. The new fire control system, of which so much has been written, seemed to function perfectly. The labor of supplying the battleships with the necessities for the entire voyage—enough for about 12,500 men for several months—was completed just in time. The fleet under Admiral Evans will—unless present arrangements are modified unexpectedly—call at Trinidad, Rio de Janeiro, Punta Arenas, Callao and finally Magdalena Bay, before entering the golden gate. Colliers went with the squadron. The destroyers are to hug the coast while the battleships steam on blue water. Coal will be on hand at every port of call as well as at fifteen coaling stations along the South American coast, to which the ships will enjoy access. The whole fleet assembled in Hampton Roads—the Connecticut, Kansas, Louisiana, Vermont, Virginia, Georgia, Alabama, Illinois, Kentucky, Minnesota, Missouri, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Ohio, Maine and Kearsarge—their departure leaving only three battleships on our whole Atlantic station.

RUMOR and contradiction have alternated so busily with reference to the causes of the President's transfer of this Atlantic fleet—it would be almost true to say, thinks that eminent naval expert, Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, of the whole navy—of the United States to the Pacific that the movement of the armada may most safely be considered from the point of view of strategy. Only Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers can know, points out this authority, whether a war between Japan and the United States ought to enter just now into the practical calculations of Washington. "Certainly it does not seem at present within calculable distance." The gigantic squadron has started. Will it ever return? In answering a question so frequently asked in vain, Mr. Wilkinson

ventures to think that all Americans have so far belittled the crucial factor. "International complications do at times develop unexpectedly and quickly. There can be no guarantee that in the next year or less there may not arise cause of dire offenses between the United States and some European country." If such a thing should happen and should find what is practically the whole of the American navy in the Pacific, "a monstrous naval panic" would inevitably ensue.

BY way of proof the distinguished British writer on naval topics refers to the "panic" on the Atlantic seaboard ten years ago when "an attack from a very inferior naval power" threatened or was believed to threaten the security of the republic. "What would happen in the conditions supposed if relations with, say, Germany should become strained?" Once the people of the United States had become used to the presence of a large fleet on their Pacific coast, thinks Mr. Wilkinson, they would come to look upon its presence there as essential to their safety. "Its mere existence would dominate the whole question of the mastery of the Pacific and of their relations with Japan. Its removal might be expected to become impossible." It is reasonable, therefore, we are assured, to suppose that when the Atlantic fleet arrives in Pacific waters, the demand for its presence there will become insistent. Moreover the mere fact of a temporary lull in the excitement of world politics will not absolve the Atlantic coast from the necessity of likewise possessing its fleet. "As soon as the armada has begun its cruise, this fact will become abundantly clear to every newspaper in the United States." An agitation may be expected to begin immediately for the creation of a new fleet to replace that which has been transferred. The United States would then be demanding a navy practically double the size of that which it now boasts. There would be only one way out of



ONE OF THE SIXTEEN PACIFIC CRUISE "UNITS"

This is the first class battleship "Louisiana," first of the battleships to steam away from the Brooklyn Navy Yard, for the Pacific cruise, under the orders of Admiral Evans. She is ready for battle practice, which means that she could, at two minutes' notice, deliver a broadside from all her guns simultaneously. The photograph was made from the Brooklyn Bridge.

the difficulty—speedy completion of the Panama Canal.

WITH a completed Panama Canal in reserve for purposes of strategy, the existing navy might operate at need on either front. Having regard to all these considerations, therefore, it looks exceedingly likely to Mr. Wilkinson that some political motive has a great deal to do with the transfer. "Heroic measures have been held to be necessary if the people of this country are to be persuaded to put their hands deeply enough into their pockets to double the navy and hurry the great canal. It would be a twofold strategic gain if the fleet were doubled first because there was no Panama Canal and the canal was constructed immediately to allow of the junction at will of what would otherwise be in effect two separate navies." But in the indulgence of this somewhat prophetic strain, the able writer on naval topics in England whose authority is

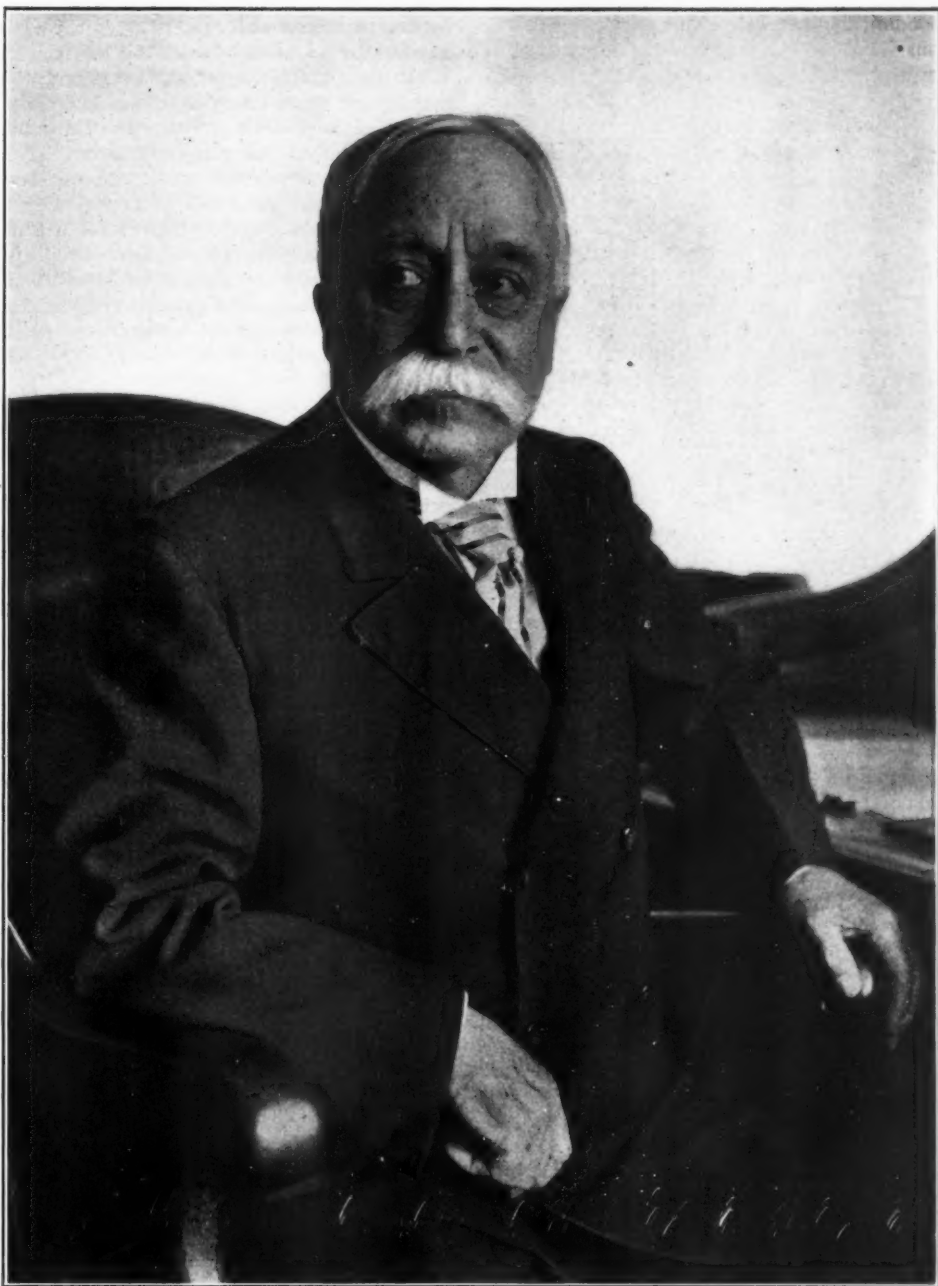
undisputed is surpassed in definiteness by an authority on world politics to whom all London organs defer—Mr. A. Maurice Low. A forecast of the German Emperor's action is made by this writer in the *London Post*, who has access to sources of the best information in Washington. He has reason to believe that when the excess of nervousness in the Americans of our eastern seaboard is at its height a great German squadron will appear suddenly in the vicinity of New York. "Americans will probably be in almost as great a state of panic as the people of Boston and the adjacent cities were during the war with Spain." They then sent their valuables to the interior, in fear, according to Mr. Low, that some morning they would wake up to find their metropolis under the guns of a Spanish squadron. "When the people of New York are in that psychological condition, what could be more pleasing to them than the spectacle of a German fleet at anchor in their harbor?" Mr. Low replies, none.

OFFICERS and men of this hypothetical fleet sent by William II to New York at the height of the anticipated alarms will be dined and wined, predicts this looker-on in Vienna. "It does not require an over vivid imagination to visualize the American reporter asking the German admiral what he is doing in New York harbor." The German admiral will thereupon refer mysteriously to sealed orders and instructions from Berlin. This will create the impression in the American popular mind that William II and Theodore Roosevelt understand each other very well indeed. The admiral commanding that dynastic squadron from Kiel will tell all reporters aboard his flagship of the profound admiration his imperial Majesty feels for the President, dilating, by the way, on the help extended to Washington at Valley Forge by the encouraging letters received from Frederick the Great. To what extent this display of the German Emperor's comprehension of the American mind enters into the calculations of President Roosevelt, our prophet does not feel called upon to divulge. But Berlin, he feels confident, is giving the appropriate instructions even now to the units of the Kaiser's battle squadron, now cruising in the North Sea.

QUITE lost sight of in the framing of these hypotheses of panic, is the circumstance that the nucleus of a powerful American squadron remains on our Atlantic coast. No

less than three new battleships, powerful as regards displacement and armament, will be completed—at the present rate of progress—within three months. Ready for service at about the same time will be two armored cruisers, three scout cruisers and four submarine torpedo boats. The work of coast defense construction is proceeding at a rate almost unparalleled along the whole Atlantic seaboard. These operations include coastal fortifications at Guantanamo, the United States Naval station in Cuba, and others at Hawaii and the Philippines. Congress has been asked to authorize this winter the laying down of four new battleships of the largest size and four swift cruisers of that scout type by which such store is set in the British navy. Ten destroyers and four submarines are also specified in the item of new construction for this year. It will require a trifle over \$69,000,000 for construction alone if these requests, emanating from the Secretary of the Navy but inspired by President Roosevelt, are favorably considered in House and Senate. But naval construction in this country proceeds far more deliberately than is the case in either Germany or Great Britain. This is not due to labor conditions or to inadequacy of shipbuilding plants. Congress determines points of detail which in European administrations are left to the discretion of experts. That scourge of our navy, lack of homogeneity in our squadrons, is one result. This lack of homogeneity is severely criticized by foreign experts who write on the Pacific cruise now begun.

THE moment Congress had digested the particulars of those battleships, cruisers and submarines which the President believes should be laid down within the present year, the whole subject was referred to the naval committees. In the British navy, the shipbuilding program from year to year is developed by the admiralty without consulting the House of Commons. Congress will embody the presidential recommendations of last month into a bill specifying the exact types to be built and making provision, it may be, for even the details of the primary armament, and the exact location of the turrets. In recent years, on the other hand, the House of Commons in England has approved shipbuilding plans without obtaining any details of the character of the units to be laid down. Annually our Secretary of the Navy must tell Congress the minutest detail of his projects for building anything



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ADMIRAL DEWEY AT SEVENTY

No man has been more interested than he in the plans for the Pacific cruise, for no man has done so much to stimulate the nation's interest in its navy and render such a cruise possible. He made a notable Pacific cruise himself once, of which the present cruise is a sort of corollary.

mentioned in the appropriation bill. The British admiralty gets huge sums from the Commons for programs submitted in the most skeletonized shape. There is absolute independence of legislative interference as to the numbers of battleships, cruisers and torpedo boats laid down by the British navy.

OUR own Congress, insisting last month upon revelation of all our navy's secrets of construction for this year, contrasted pointedly with the ignorance of the House of Commons in regard to the manner in which the vast sum recently appropriated for new battleships and cruisers is being spent. The difference in the two systems is to the disadvantage of the United States on the score of rapidity of construction. That competent naval expert, Archibald S. Hurd, illustrates this for *Cassier's Magazine* by citing the call of Congress upon the Navy Department to prepare a general scheme of design for a battleship superior to anything in process of construction in Europe. Twelve months elapsed before our experts had an opportunity to send in their plans. Meanwhile the British battleship Dreadnought had been completed for sea and three "cruiser-battleships"—approximating the two types in speed, armament and displacement—were far advanced. Vital changes in design, after the laying down of a battleship, have been known of late in our service. In England vital alterations, once the general design has been approved, are practically never permitted.

YEARS would elapse, as a result, before the duplication of the sixteen battleships now on their way to the Pacific need enter into practical calculations. But the point is, admits Mr. Hurd, that Rear Admiral Robley Evans now commands a war force more powerful in battleships than the "high sea fleet" of William II and comparing advantageously with the British Channel fleet of fourteen battleships under the orders of Lord Charles Beresford. "The German high sea fleet includes the same number of battleships as are under Admiral Evans, but they are not of equivalent fighting power, as eight of them carry nothing more formidable than the 9.4 inch guns of 40 calibers. On the other hand, the sixteen American ships mount heavier primary weapons and are superior ships in most respects, particularly now that the Vermont and Kansas have replaced the older and

smaller ships Iowa and Indiana." But our battleships have not been constructed in groups of four or eight after the British ideal. When the parent ship of a class is laid down in England or in Germany the whole class is completed with little or no variation among the units. Thus sea-going squadrons have a homogeneity which our ships can not boast. Homogeneity is the desideratum impelling the President to ask for four battleships at a time this year. Congress has, of late years, made great concession to the principle of homogeneity and some measure of that tactical advantage is present in the squadron we are sending around the Horn.

CONSPICUOUS among the factors which render the squadron under Evans so formidable is the exclusion of all units outside the age limit for battleships. The normal period of efficiency for battleships is calculated in the German navy at twenty to twenty-five years. The period of efficiency is reckoned by the navy law from the date upon which the first instalment for the construction of a ship has been voted until the first instalment for the construction of the ship which is to take its place has been passed in the Reichstag. But the so-called birthday of the ship, it now seems from the *Norddeutsche Zeitung*, is reckoned in a technical sense not from the date of the first financial grant but from the time when the designs have been approved. Competent naval authorities abroad, quoted in the *London Times*, are credited with the opinion that the life of a battleship ought not to exceed fifteen years—in exceptional cases twenty years. Not one battleship in the whole of the Pacific squadron, if it may be so designated, would be in the fighting line, therefore, by 1923, and if the theories of our policy favored by the experts at Washington find favor with Congress we shall build forty new battleships every twenty years at least, as Emperor William intends Germany shall do. President Roosevelt is wedded to the "forty battleships in twenty years idea," as the experts call it. The Pacific cruise is an object lesson on the subject, agree foreign experts, and it may be nothing more.

THE true significance of the Pacific cruise is studied from the strategist's point of view by the one American naval expert whose writings have become authoritative in Europe, Captain Alfred T. Mahan, who presents this

side of the case in *The Scientific American*. Great Britain maneuvers her warships up and down the North Sea. London organs discuss complications with Germany at the same time. Yet there is nothing sinister in that coincidence, argues the Captain. Why, then, he inquires, connect the diplomacy of Washington and Tokyo with this latest practice cruise? Captain Mahan adds that he has no clue to the secrets of the Roosevelt administration. None the less does it appear to him that the experience to be gained by the fleet in the course of so long a voyage, "which might otherwise have to be made for the first time under the pressure of war," is worth the millions of dollars involved. The renewal of stores and coal will be a big problem, distinctly military in nature, to grapple with which is as really practical as fleet tactics or target practice. The experiment ought to have been made long ago.

DEBATABLE at least, Captain Mahan further says, is the question whether in the near future the Pacific will not have become the great center of world interest. In war, he continues, much the same problem might be presented to our admiral in command as faced the ill-starred commander of the Russian squadron that went from the Baltic to the far east, with the additional problem of whether or not the South American nations would supply coal, which the Russian admiral secured readily enough. "It is demonstrable, therefore, that the voyage is in the highest degree practical—not only advisable but imperative." Nor should it be a "single spasm" but part of our naval routine. The battle practice of the fleet, upon which Captain Mahan lays such stress, will take place chiefly on the way up the Pacific Coast. Of the various practices aboard the squadron units, battle practice will be the most important, the others being merely parts of a course of instruction leading up to it. In the gunlayers' tests the captain of the gun or the gun aimer is called upon to demonstrate his capacity for hitting a mark. But the gunlayer is only one of the crew which manipulates one of the big guns. There are two or more besides himself.

ALL must be trained to work together so as to load, close the breech, lay the piece and fire to hit the target safely, accurately and quickly. When the crew of a gun are perfect in this practice, when



Photograph by Fach

ADMIRAL EVANS'S RIGHT HAND MAN

Captain Royal Rodney Ingersoll will serve as chief of staff and captain of the fleet in the Pacific cruise. He is a Michigan man, just turned 60, and has written text-books on ordnance and gunnery and exterior ballistics that give sleepless nights to the students at Annapolis.

they have proved their individual skill in a competition at which they are not permitted to have any assistance from their officers, they are in condition for the severe ordeals of battle practice. Thus the whole organization for "fighting the ship" will be brought into play aboard every unit of the squadron. This battle practice is to be carried on at ranges of four to five miles with ships making fifteen knots at least. One estimate of the expense attached to this feature of the cruise is a million dollars, if not more. In American battleships the turrets and magazines are mostly connected by a shaft up which ammunition is hoisted. There is nothing to prevent fire falling from the turret into the magazine on most of the ships in the cruise. Over a hundred lives have been lost through recent turret explosions and the navy's pessimists are predicting repetitions of the killing of two officers and four men by a single explosion in the turret of the Georgia. When the cruise is terminated its gunnery—the crucial test—will show what it amounted to.



MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM H. TAFT ON TOUR

They have just landed in Japan and are about to proceed in a carriage to an official reception.



LL the resources of the Czar's vast empire were strained last month to impress upon the mind of William H. Taft that the might of Russia is a real thing. From the hour of his arrival at Vladivostock until the farewell audience in the Czar's own study at Tsarskoe-Selo, the American Secretary of War was literally in the toils of the immense

Russian military machine. When he was not confronted by bayonets of the infantry or not under escort by squadrons of cavalry he was deafened by the roar of artillery. Mr. Taft's entreaties that his reception be made informal and unofficial were politely ignored, for the reason, as the *Paris Temps* believes, that the Czar wanted his distinguished guest to realize that tho the Mikado may possess a fine fighting force, that of the Romanoffs is even finer. No pomp and circumstance likely to convey ideas of irresistible might was overlooked. Mr. Taft was sedulously excluded from contact with the masses of his Majesty's subjects nor did he get a chance to converse at all intimately with the bourgeoisie or with the intellectuals. The official world claimed him for itself. His tremendous dash across the width of Asia was contrived with an eye to its strategical effect. Mr. Taft, observes the *Temps*, must have seen with his own eyes that Russia could to-day hurry her troops to the Pacific with infinitely greater facility than was possible in the dark days of Kuropatkin's flight up Manchuria with the Japanese at his heels. Should Taft report to Roosevelt that the "might of Russia" is, after all, more than a phrase, the object of the Czar will have been attained completely.



MR. TAFT AND HIS JAPANESE HOSTS

The Secretary of War is surrounded by the Japanese gentlemen who represent, chiefly, the Mikado's household and who are seated to right and left, altho the Major in uniform, standing at Mr. Taft's left, is present to represent the Japanese army. The United States Army Officer is Colonel Dodge, the military attaché of the embassy in Tokyo.

VLADIVOSTOK, barely emerged from its ruins, for this terminus of the great Siberian line was a smoking heap one year ago, seemed at first to be warning William H. Taft away from his invasion of the Asiatic continent. For, incited by agitators, including a Jewess who had managed to get aboard, the crew of a torpedo boat destroyer had mutinied in the harbor and hoisted the red flag. The rebels steamed out into the bay and opened fire on the town. A battalion of sappers ashore seized their rifles, which had been stacked in the armory, and opened fire on the barracks. Such was the local situation when news of Mr. Taft's coming reached Vladivostok: Two more boats' crews joined the mutineers, killing their commanders and opening a hot fire on the government buildings. Houses were unroofed and several naval officers perished in the fusillade. Yet the assemblage and equipment of the special train placed at the disposal of the United States Secretary of War, upon imperative orders from St. Petersburg, proceeded apace. Ambitious hopes of breaking the Siberian trans-continental railroad record were immediately awakened when it was reported that the Czar himself had commanded all loose rails to be freshly spiked, freight and passenger trains side-tracked and a pilot train to run ahead of the flyer to insure its safe passage. The best locomotives, manned by the most skilful engineers, were in readiness.

HAVING shot the mutineers, the municipal authorities of the Czar's far eastern port put Mr. Taft aboard the most luxurious train that ever speeded through Siberia. Between each car and the engine there was electrical communication, says the *Paris Figaro*, and the train was fitted with the Westinghouse brake as well as with the vacuum brake. Day cars and sleeping berths were lighted by electricity. The crew included not only a high official of the line but a gang of skilled laborers, ready to make any repairs at a moment's notice. A complement of expert telegraphers managed to keep the Secretary of War in communication with Washington at every stage of the long journey. Every time the train came to a stop, greasers, linemen and stokers plied the wheels and trucks with grease and oil. Switches all the way to Moscow were locked a full hour before the equipage bearing Caesar and his fortunes could possibly have arrived. All ordinary traffic was held up. Times had changed greatly since the most magnificent Siberian ex-



"CHARLIE"

The son of William H. Taft is on the bridge, keeping a lookout for Yokohama.

press took a week to reach Irkutsk from Moscow and freight trains were known to require a month. Quite recently, indeed, trainload after trainload of freight dispatched from the far east to Moscow has been blocked in transit at various points. Serious loss to importers has been occasioned by the annoying breakdowns of the past six months. The handling of trains by the railroad employes is generally most careless, damaged casings and packings being frequent. Collisions have been so numerous that one might almost imagine, it is said, that the administration pays a premium to the crews for diminishing the rolling stock. The Czar's personal interest in the conveyance of Mr. Taft was therefore evidence of his sagacity.

FOR all that, Mr. Taft had one or two very narrow escapes. One of the great difficulties of the Siberian traffic is presented by the fact that switches at stations where two trains going in different directions can cross each other were originally made so short as to be unable to hold the long trains now run. New switches are in process of construction everywhere at average intervals of twenty miles. The old switches are still in position on the opposite side of the road bed. Misunderstandings of signals, with so many trains held up for the Secretary of War, led to the discovery and rectification of a misplacement barely a minute before the Taft special came along. The Paris *Figaro* is even inclined to suspect that the life of "the next President of the United States" was jeopardized by the attempt to make a record. The Russian imperial idea was to average three quarters of a mile a minute for the entire journey between Vladivostok and Moscow. The rails are so light that the run was hazardous. These rails are laid upon transverse wooden ties "in ballast," which means that they rest for the most part on black soil without stone or gravel. Hence subsidences are frequent notwithstanding the fact that the ties are placed unusually close together. The soft pine of which the ties are made quickly rots, the more so as no preservative expedients are resorted to. The general effect is rickety, the jolting, even in so luxurious a train as Taft's, being described as "maddening." On the fourth day out all efforts to make a record run had to be abandoned in view of the official desire to get Mr. Taft alive to Moscow.

THE annoyance of the Czar at the ignominious failure of this trip on its spectacular side is said to have made life unpleasant lately for the heads of the railway administration in St. Petersburg. His Majesty, it must be remembered, has had a close and peculiar connection with the Siberian railroad. It was during his tour through Siberia as Czarevitch sixteen years ago that the scheme took final shape while the realization of it in fact was largely due to his great interest and enthusiasm. The imperial rescript which permitted the commencement of the line—it is about twice as long as a line which connects New York with San Francisco—was given in the name of Nicholas II. The Czar wheeled the first barrowful of earth and placed the first stone in position with his own hands, the start being thereupon made at both ends. One

of the psychological causes of Witte's remarkable failure to find his way into favor with the Czar is affirmed to be the credit given to that statesman for the completion of this tremendous engineering feat, a credit, his Majesty believes, accruing to himself alone. It would have been one of the grand disappointments of the Czar's life, the *Figaro* is inclined to think, had the distinguished American made his way home without crossing Siberia over the great railroad. Yet it looked for a time as if that mutiny at Vladivostok might frustrate the plan. However, as has been noted, the rising was suppressed. But Mr. Taft was taken to the train by two brigades of troops—nominally a mark of excessive respect. From the moment he landed on the soil of the Czar's empire, in fact, the Secretary of War was hedged in and around and about by aides-de-camp and bayonets.

FIFTY soldiers were stationed in the corridors and vestibules of the train—which had in the end to abandon all pretense of speed—at one point, while at all stations were displays of artillery and saluting regiments. The *Figaro* has a rather sensational story of a break-down caused by a mutiny of the crew in the Lake Baikal region, where the train passes through 19 tunnels and over 189 bridges and 10 viaducts. The lake is bordered by a kind of country locally known as taiga—a region of crystalline slate upheaved and contorted by veins of granite and other hard rock, forming a labyrinth in which the loftiest summits alternate with valleys buried in masses of primeval jungle. Mr. Taft, as appears from the account of the *Figaro* correspondent who rode on the same train, was profoundly impressed by the skill of engineers capable of carrying a line of railroad through such a country. The line goes clean through a succession of mountain chains and over three wide rivers and lies along a rocky track that has been for the most part cleared by blasting. Bureaucrats in St. Petersburg are declared by our authority to be delighted by the impression Mr. Taft derived from the run along these steep and rocky shores, where cuttings had to be made by means of extremely dangerous and costly boring and blasting operations. He must by this time be convinced, according to the French paper—stout champion of the Dual Alliance, by the way—that Russia would emerge far more creditably from a war with Japan to-day than the difficulties of the Siberian line permitted her to do when Togo

was lying off Port Arthur with his squadron. In a word, the Czar had stage-managed this whole trans-Siberian spectacle for the overpowering of Taft.

UNAWARE by the military splendors of this long ride, Mr. Taft seems to have dumbofounded all the Russians aboard by his affability. He had insisted at Vladivostok that the train be not "imperialized"—in other words, cars bearing ordinary first class passengers were coupled with his own. The sensation of riding with the next President of the United States—Mr. Taft being persistently viewed in that light at Tsitsikar, Irkutsk, Tomsk and other stations along the line through Siberia—proved tremendous. Newspapers throughout Russia are already interviewing men who made the run from Vladivostok to Moscow with Taft. His reputation, meanwhile, was preceding him to St. Petersburg. The *Novoye Vremya* saw reason to believe that the distinguished gentleman was arriving in a diplomatic capacity for the conclusion of a treaty of alliance. In this, the more or less officially inspired organ was but repeating what has been said by many of its contemporaries on the continent of Europe. Denials of this statement emanating from Washington carry no weight abroad, because, as the *Paris Gaulois* explains, "the exact situation in world politics to-day is but dimly realized" in this country. Mr. Taft bore with him to the Czar and to the able adviser of the Czar in diplomacy, Minister of Foreign Affairs Isvolsky, credentials from President Roosevelt authorizing important negotiations on the subject of China. That, at any rate, is the sum and substance of European conjecture outside of England, where the press is non-committal. The integrity of China—that is the cat in the Taft bag.

JUST what Mr. Taft said to the Czar, with whom he was closeted for five hours at Tsarskoe-Selo, no one even pretends to know; but the subjects of discussion, as the month's dispatches catalog them, included the Philippines, the naval strength of Japan, Russia and the United States, and the state of the Russian forces. It seems to be no secret that Nicholas II is annoyed by American disparagement of the might of Russia ever since the conclusion of the unlucky war with Japan. For that reason, if we may accept the gist of much European newspaper interpretation, he is anxious to prove that Russia's benevolent neutral-

ity would have something substantial behind it in the event of hostilities between Washington and Tokyo. Nicholas II, adds the *Paris Matin*, is inclined to think there may be war in the far east between two great powers inside of another year. His idea is that either his own country or ours will have to fight Japan ultimately. Why not effect an amicable arrangement between St. Petersburg and Washington beforehand? Thus the French paper. Be all this as it may, it would require something more than a simple general denial from our Department of State to convince the European public that Mr. Taft did not come to the Czar's palace empowered by President Roosevelt to conclude a diplomatic pact of some sort. The point that such a pact would have to be submitted to the United States Senate for ratification is quite irrelevant, thinks the *Berlin Kreuz Zeitung*, for the simple reason that two great rulers can combine unofficially for the attainment of common ends in world politics.

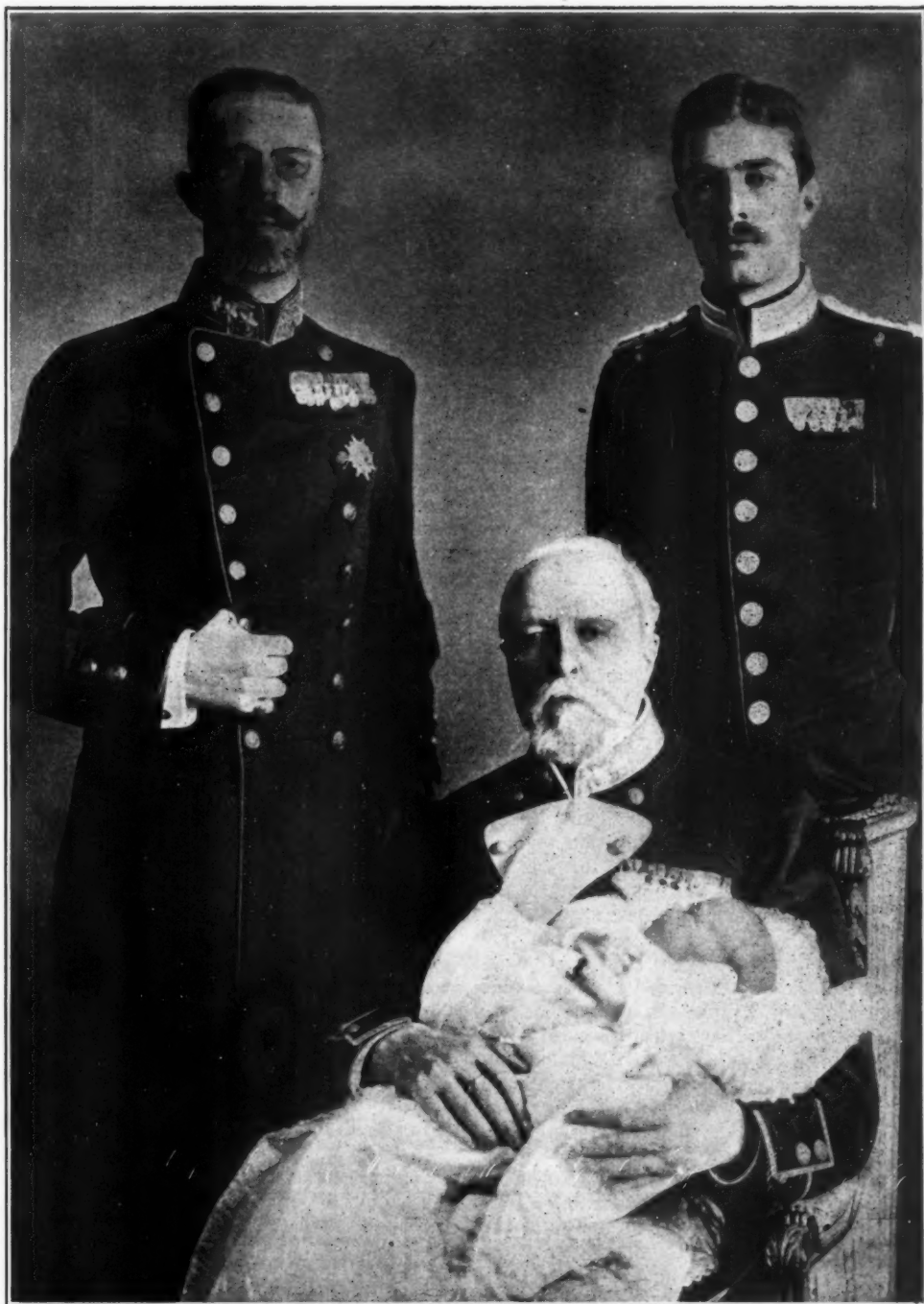
THAT diplomatic arrangements of some sort were definitely concluded seems apparent to the European dailies owing to the participation of the Czar's Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Taft festivities at Tsarskoe-Selo. Alexander Isvolsky, who holds in the councils of Nicholas II the position of Elihu Root in the cabinet of President Roosevelt, is the eminent Russian diplomatist who lost his post as minister to Japan for warning St. Petersburg to keep out of a war with Tokyo. Subsequent events quite regained for this candid envoy the favor which his unpalatable dispatches had forfeited. Nicholas II is said to follow faithfully all the suggestions he now receives from Isvolsky on the subject of world politics. Isvolsky is about fifty, a polished diplomatist of the traditional school, who began his career in the Balkans. He was an attaché at Bucharest when Russia was quarreling with the Vatican on the subject of the Polish Catholics. Isvolsky was sent on a special mission to the Pope. Leo XIII is said to have been charmed by his Horatian Latinity, his perfect breeding and the profound respect he professed for the traditions of the Holy See. But that arch reactionary, Pobiedonostseff, was then at the head of the Synod in the Czar's dominions and Mr. Isvolsky could not promise much in the way of concessions to the Pope's spiritual subjects. Nevertheless, the delightful personality of the Czar's representative is appreciated at the Vatican.

AS for Mr. Taft, he has been of scarcely less importance to all Russia in the past month or two than he is, for the time being, to all Ohio. His picture and his career, embellished by every device known to the censored journalism of the Czar's dominions, have become household words from Nijni Novgorod to Ekaterinoslav. The nice discrimination and sound moral sense by which his intellect is distinguished impress the *Birsheviye Viedomosti*. The constitution of his mind is so singular and so happy that throughout his life his humor and his wit have always been compatible with a general direction of his mind to serious and momentous subjects, according to the *Novoye Vremya*. He remains to-day, affirms the Moscow *Viedomosti*, the one check upon Roosevelt. It is Taft's business to restrain the impetuosity of the President's generous disposition, to rescue America from those embarrassing predicaments in which the heedlessness of the executive places her. Mr. Taft, altho Secretary of War, we learn further, wears no military uniform, preferring the ordinary dress of civilians in the United States. He lives plainly and was reared a Christian. Many Americans believe he will succeed Mr. Roosevelt in the presidency, in which event he will not fail, while engaged in the administration of his vast responsibility, to profit by the lesson of his visit to Russia.

MR. TAFT will find the Russians his friends, his supporters in the great work of civilization in the far east. There was some effort on the part of Mr. Bryan's friends among the constitutional democrats in the Duma to organize a press campaign against Mr. Taft. The organ inspired by Rodicheff, for instance (often censored out of existence and republished under a new name with such bewildering frequency that one knows not how to cite it), insinuates that Taft is nothing to Bryan. Bryan, not Taft, will be the next President of the United States. Taft is a mere instrument, a mediocrity. Bryan is a genius. However, these efforts to create a diversion were not very successful and Taft left Russia as big a man as when he arrived, bearing with him, as continental Europe feels convinced, the draft of one of the most important international treaties concluded since the peace of Portsmouth. Yet the boldest Russian newspapers refrain from revelation of the exact terms of this secret pact. The truth, they hint, will transpire when Taft is President.

NO living monarch is more imbued with the aristocratic spirit than Gustavus V, who ascended the throne of Sweden last month. The new King's father, that aged and artistic Oscar whose passing at Stockholm had been discounted by a long invalidism, was said to have grieved more at the failure of his last play than at the secession of Norway. King Gustavus, while possessing the artistic temperament, is less of a dreamer. He comes to the throne at what a famed Italian has called the crafty age—fifty. The act of the Norwegian Storting in voting secession was denounced by his present Majesty—then Crown Prince—as "treason," which, legally, it was. That Norway should have chosen for this display of disloyalty the days preceding the marriage of the heir-apparent to their crown to an English princess made the pill a bitter one to Gustavus. The succession, he is said in the *Indépendance Belge* to believe, was instigated by Russian intrigue. There is a family feud between the Bernadottes and the Romanoff dynasty which Gustavus V, as long as he fills the throne of Sweden, will do nothing to assuage. St. Petersburg saw that if Norway once shook off the trammels binding her to Sweden, an available seaboard with ice free ports might be opened to exploitation. The foreign office in the Czar's capital did its utmost to aggravate the discord between Christiania and Stockholm. Russian agitators filled the Norwegian press with disloyal screeds. Russian officers, disguised as itinerant peddlers, toured Sweden making plans of the country. Gustavus kept himself informed of these doings. His hatred of Russia is now affirmed to find bitter expression among his intimates.

UNLIKE the late Oscar, whose manners were those of an instinctive democrat, the new King of Sweden is a Tory to the finger tips. He is quite grave in deportment. He reveres tradition. He is proud of the aristocratic foundation of Swedish society. Ibsen he simply loathes, conceding, indeed, the genius of that great Norwegian, but ascribing to his influence much of the volatility of the world's sisterhood of shrews. Gustavus will not only reign in Sweden, it must be remembered, but govern more directly than any other living constitutional sovereign, not even excepting the German Emperor. The cabinet in Sweden is responsible to the Riksdag but the members are appointed and dis-



FOUR GENERATIONS OF SWEDISH ROYALTY

The elder man, seated, is the late King Oscar of Sweden. His son, now Gustavus V, stands at the reader's left with a hand grasping the edge of his coat. The present Crown Prince stands at the right. The infant in the old King's arms is the eldest son of the present Crown Prince.

missed by the King upon what is practically his own initiative. It has long been the practice to bring even matters of insignificant detail before the King for his decision. During the regency necessitated by the late Oscar's spells of illness, Gustavus administered the realm in a temper so masterful that some of the most reactionary Swedes opened their eyes. The King of Sweden is still, as he was in ancient times, the supreme judge in the land. Should he be present when a case is before the High Court of Justice, his Majesty has two votes. This might result in a tie ballot. The King has in that event a casting vote. Now while these constitutional procedures were mainly theoretical to the late Oscar, the new Gustavus V interprets them practically.

IT is a source of dismay to the new Swedish monarch that the heir to his throne, the youthful Prince Gustav Adolf, who married Princess Margaret of Connaught about two years ago, has taken to painting and sculpture. Gustavus V attributes the family misfortunes of the Bernadottes to the artistic temperament of them all. Nor is his Majesty fond of being reminded of the peasant origin of his house. His wife, it is well to remember, is the only child of the late Grand Duke of Baden, whose consort was the only daughter of the "great" Emperor William. The interminable reminders in the newspapers of the existence of a peasant cottage in France locally maintained as a Bernadotte museum with an inscription to the effect that the peasant founder of the "house" planted cabbages for a livelihood on the premises, are not relished in the royal palace of Stockholm. Nor is the theme popular in the aristocratic society of the King's capital. The court is excessively ceremonial and under Gustavus it will probably become more so. Etiquette is a matter of tradition, its mysteries having been handed down from father to son among those dominant families which have made Swedish history from century to century. The King will at once abolish, it is predicted, that footing of comradeship upon which so many unofficial Swedes lived with the late Oscar. Gustavus believes in that part of the marriage vow which makes the wife swear obedience to her husband, but he extends the obligation to the children. His sons are despotically governed. They must, it appears, give regular accounts of their expenditures and proceedings to their parent, the young men becoming at times so exasperated at the despotism to which they are

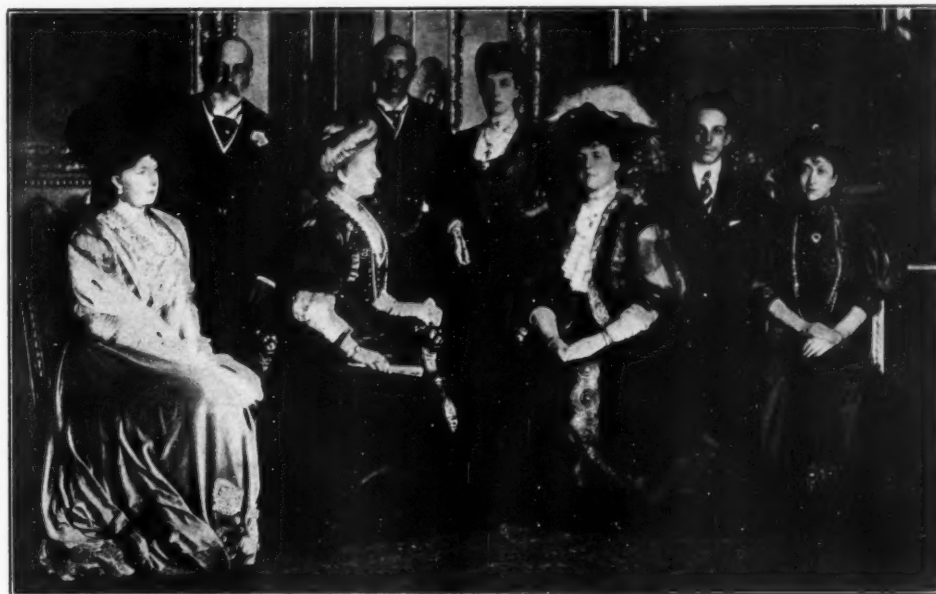
subject that domestic life in the royal palace is made stormy. The new Queen is the keeper of the peace, her tact in effecting reconciliations between the sire and the sons over money matters and, it is hinted, love affairs, being well known. Gustavus V is a rich man but his curiosity to ascertain how his children spend their money proves his descent from that French peasant of whom he is anything but proud.

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SPECTACLE more agonizing to republican susceptibilities in Paris than that of the American Ambassador at the Court of St. James's—decked out in silk breeches and silver buckles—dancing attendance upon the exiled King of France cannot, according to some of the ultra-Socialistic dailies of the third republic, be imagined. Mr. White-law Reid is said to have gone, with infinite pomp and circumstance, to that stately home in England under the ornate roof of which the head of the royal family of France dwells in kingly splendor and to have hailed his uncrowned Majesty with the title of "Sire." The King and the Queen of Spain were there, and so, too, was the Queen of Portugal, the occasion proving positively historical as a gathering of Bourbons. Nominally the assemblage was a family party in honor of the wedding of one of the most beautiful women in Europe, the Princess Louise of France—to give her the title she insists upon wearing—and Prince Charles of Bourbon. In reality, it would seem, the various heads of the proudest royal dynasty in Europe were holding a conference on the subject of the crisis in Portugal. The King of that country was prevented from attending by the increasing tension at Lisbon. As the great wrought iron gates emblazoned in gold with the royal arms of France swung open to admit the Queen of Portugal, herself one of the proudest of Bourbons, to the home of her English bred sister, a rumor was circulating that the whole navy staff had revolted at Lisbon and proclaimed a republic there. It turned out, however, that the number of exiled Bourbons was not to be increased, at least until after this historic wedding.

THE twenty-five year old bride, divinely tall, like her sister, the Portuguese Queen, went to the altar in a white satin wedding dress embroidered with huge branches



A ROYAL STRAIGHT FLUSH

Seated at the reader's extreme left is the Queen of Spain. At the reader's extreme right is the Queen of Norway. Standing in the center is the Queen of England. The Queen of Prussia (who is also German Empress) and the Queen of Portugal are seated facing each other, the latter with a hat on. The King of England has a flower in his buttonhole. The King of Spain is seated behind the Queens of Portugal and Norway. The King of Prussia (likewise German Emperor) stands between the King and Queen of England. The royalties were assembled at Windsor some weeks ago when this picture was taken.

of white orchids and fitted so perfectly that, in the estimation of those who saw her, she well deserved Rodin's tribute as the possessor of the most exquisite bust in the world. The beauty of the sisters of the Duke of Orleans, as is noted by the London *Sphere*, has rounded more advantageously to the prestige of this generation of Bourbons than his own persistent claim to the throne of France. It is the eldest sister of the Duke who now reigns in Portugal as the consort of the corpulent Carlos. The second of the Duke's lovely sisters, the Duchess of Aosta, was the mother of the heir-presumptive of the throne of Italy until the birth of a son to King Victor Emmanuel. The third sister, famous for her complexion and the shapeliness of her very long arms, married the Duke of Guise. By this latest wedding the youngest and fairest of all the four sisters has married the father of the heir-presumptive to the throne of Alfonso XIII. The whole affair was made as royal as ceremonial splendors would permit.

HAD it not been for the firmness of the representations from Paris, King Edward himself, it is rumored, would have vis-

ited the "court" of the "King of France," maintained in a pretentious house of many gables at Wood Norton, just outside the quiet and essentially English town of Evesham. The famed royal lilies of the Bourbon dynasty are duplicated almost to infinity on the carpets, ceilings and china of the establishment. The retainers, uniformed and numerous, address the Duke as "Sire." He has his chaplain and his chamberlain, his master of ceremonies and his lord of the bedchamber, while the people of the town of Evesham, on the plea that such pageantry is good for local trade, maintain a guard of honor in uniform for the salutation of "His Majesty" on gala occasions like the wedding of the other day. "His Majesty" is something of a sportsman. He has stocked the parks about his domain with antelopes and a species of European deer. There is the traditional court costume at Wood Norton, which the Bourbons of the continent of Europe regard as a royal palace. Bourbon kings and princes kiss "His Majesty" on both cheeks. Being royal, he leaves no cards. The irreverent have even affirmed that if Wood Norton had a box office on the premises just now, it would be a comic opera.



THE HEIR TO THE TOTTERING THRONE
OF PORTUGAL

This young man has recently had serious differences with his father, who, say the dispatches, had him imprisoned in a fortress for insubordination. The Crown Prince lately completed a tour of the colonial dominions of Portugal, but when he returned to Lisbon the notabilities of the city refused to welcome him. This was intended as a protest against the present dictatorship.

THROUGHOUT the wedding festivities the Queen of Portugal, who, the London papers say, kept up a constant communication by telegraph with Lisbon, seemed grave and preoccupied. Dispatches from her husband's capital told that the situation both for King Carlos and for the dictatorial premier whom he persists in maintaining at the head of affairs had become one of extreme difficulty. Each day witnessed an addition to the number of monarchist politicians who made declarations "in a republican sense," abandoning their former support of the King. The only method of dispatching press news from Portugal last month was to proceed by train from Lisbon to the frontier and telegraph by way of Madrid; but for the sake of the Queen of Portugal the rigors of this system were relaxed. Her Majesty got news so serious on the eve of the wedding, says one account, that she referred jestingly to the possibility of

making her home at Wood Norton in the near future. For all that the Queen was tremendously admired in the chapel when she appeared in blue velvet, incrustated with tulle and silver embroidery, with sapphires and diamonds at her smooth white throat, while her hat, of biege velvet to match the gown, was trimmed with an immense aigrette. Besides being the only royalty on earth upon whom a doctor's degree has been conferred, the Queen of Portugal is one of the best dressers in Europe, altho how a woman of her age can possess such a slim waist unless she laces inordinately tight is a problem which the *Vie Parisienne* gives up altogether.

IN the uniform of a Spanish Hussar regiment, booted and spurred, made the more conspicuous by a white dolman, trimmed with sable, the bridegroom, Prince Charles of Bourbon, brother-in-law of the King of Spain, was thought to be looking every day of his thirty-seven years. He married the sister of the Spanish King some years ago. When this lady died, her son seemed likely to inherit the throne of Spain, but that prospect has been made remote by the arrival of the little son of Alfonso XIII. The last named monarch had expected, the gossips say, to go over the whole Portuguese situation with King Carlos at Wood Norton. It is assumed that he discussed the matter with the Queen of Portugal instead. In fact, the latest Bourbon crisis is said to have been the theme of much not wholly harmonious debate in the intimate circle of "His Majesty" the "King of France." The absence of the King and Queen of England had caused disappointment to begin with. Their Majesties were at that moment entertaining the German Emperor and his consort at Windsor Castle, where, likewise, was the Queen of Norway with the little Prince Olaf. The King and Queen of Spain and the Queen of Portugal joined the party at Windsor immediately after the Bourbon family conference at Wood Norton. The five Queens and the three Kings—counting Emperor William as King of Prussia—are said to have discussed the Bourbon crisis in every aspect. The relations between King Edward and Don Carlos, it should be noted, are very personal and intimate.

STORIES of the imprisonment of the crown prince of Portugal by his own father, of the discovery of republican conspiracies in the army and of the contemplated

flight of Don Carlos from Lisbon, in connection with the rumors of what may have been said at the Bourbon family conference in the "palace" of "His Majesty, the King of France," leave the whole subject of the month's events in obscurity. It was impossible for even the best equipped newspapers in Europe to get uncensored dispatches out of Lisbon. The suspension of newspapers continued with the sanction of the King. It is thought significant that among the organs thus punished are various Roman Catholic, clerical and conservative journals. At the various Portuguese legations in Europe it is maintained that the month's rumors have to do with nothing more serious than measures against anarchists and republican agitators. This sort of talk is pronounced "silly" by that sincere friend of the Portuguese dynasty, the *Paris Temps*. The King, it says, is "outside legality" and the question now is when he will return to measures of "legality."

MONTHS have come and gone since that prince of high livers, the present head of the house of Braganza, set up the existing dictatorship at Lisbon. His Majesty is still, as he was then, under the influence of the wealthy, energetic and youthful Senhor Joao Franco, who, since May, has been ruling Portugal "unassisted by parliament." Whether Senhor Franco's aims in this line of policy—declared by himself to be efficiency in the army, adequate stipends for the humbler servants of the state, order in the finances and a real system of education—have by this time been achieved, remains a thing unfathomable. The Senhor has dried up all sources of information on the subject of Portugal so effectually that information is at a premium. If Franco is correctly quoted, he will call the cortes together in about a year, pass a new suffrage law and retire to private life. For the moment, he has all factions in the state—republicans, liberals and conservatives—combined in one national rising against him. But Carlos is with the Senhor. The dynastic crisis grows out of the King's support of Franco. The masses are said to side with their sovereign. The classes rebel.

TRUE to her Bourbon instincts, the Queen of Portugal, exercising her boundless influence over the mind of her husband, has held him to his course. "Since the inauguration of the dictatorship," to quote the *London Times*, "his Majesty has taken a very promi-



THE GERMAN EMPRESS

The consort of William II is shown in the costume affected by Prussian royalty in the time of Frederick the Great. The German Emperor is passionately addicted to the glorification of his ancestor, and for this reason court costume in Berlin reverts to the models of a past period on occasions of solemnity.

nent part in the measures adopted and has made some very direct appeals to the loyalty of his army and, as his personal popularity in the country is undoubted, this support means very much to the present system." It therefore seems at present to this commentator on events in Lisbon to be "a clear-cut issue" between Don Carlos with his favorite on the one hand and the combination of all political Portugal on the other. The King himself condescended last month to be interviewed by a correspondent of the *Paris Temps*, affirming in language the authenticity of which is seemingly beyond a doubt, that he will not recede from the position he has taken up. The Queen of Portugal made her visit to Wood Norton for her sister's wedding the occasion for presenting her husband's side of the case to her family. She won to her way of thinking not only all the Bourbons but, it is said, King Edward himself. Don Carlos has seen reason



EMPEROR WILLIAM LANDING ON ENGLISH SOIL

His imperial Majesty stands on the edge of the dock with a hand raised in an attitude of salute. The Prince of Wales, representing his father, King Edward, is in uniform pacing behind the Emperor. The regiment of the Portsmouth garrison is lined up under the officers in command, all in a state of readiness for the inspection of William II. The German Emperor invariably inspects troops turned out on an occasion of this sort. He examines the uniforms and the weapons with care, commenting freely upon all that pleases or displeases him.

to feel aggrieved at the freedom with which revolutionary Portuguese juntas are permitted to agitate in Madrid. Spain is a constitutional monarchy. Alfonso XIII claims to act always within the limits of the organic law of his kingdom. Madrid, however, is the news center of Portuguese revolt. The extent to which the influence of the Queen of Portugal was exerted in England to terminate her husband's embarrassments from Spanish sources is one of the most delicate topics connected with the great family gathering of the house of Bourbon.

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ENGLAND was still aglow with the warmth of her welcome to Emperor William when news reached London dailies that his Majesty will build three battleships yearly during 1908, 1909 and 1910 and two battleships in 1911, while in the remaining six years up to 1917 one battleship annually is to be placed on the stocks. "It betokens no lack of equally friendly and equally peaceful dispositions on our part," commented the *London Times*, "if we follow that example." Forty-eight hours previously it had affirmed that his Majesty's presence at Windsor Castle was the finishing touch to the Hague conference. Those British newspapers which made the Emperor's presence the occasion of reminders that he is the

grandson of Victoria and the nephew of Edward VII were completely disillusioned when they learned that by 1914 the imperial navy will consist of thirty-seven battleships, including thirteen of the largest type—19,000 tons and over—with fourteen large cruisers. "By 1920," adds the *London Standard*, "this rate of construction would bring the strength of Emperor William's navy up to thirty-eight battleships and twenty large cruisers, of which the majority would be of the largest type." So that while the head of the house of Hohenzollern was the honored guest of the British sovereign and his people, the London newspapers were urging the admiralty to look to the two-power standard, and felicitating themselves that England has now six Dreadnoughts under construction.

FOR all that, the chancellor and other dignitaries of the University of Oxford referred unctuously to the subject of peace when they invested his imperial Majesty with that blue ribbon of the intellectual world, the degree of D.C.L. William referred with no less felicity of phrase that he is already a citizen of London of some sixteen years standing. "Peace," he added, "has always been my object. The main prop and base for the peace of the world is the maintenance of good relations between England and Germany and I will further strengthen them as far as lies in my power." "Nations do not," observed the *London Times* in its next leader, "rely upon friendly international relations as a substitute for such defensive provision as they think necessary for their own security." The *Journal des Débats*, watching the comedy from the point of view of Paris, wondered what President Roosevelt may be expected to do for peace in the shape of new battleships. The President of the United States, it believes, wants a navy for his own country sufficiently strong to retain for America the command of the sea wherever the Monroe Doctrine is open to attack. That means a squadron for the Atlantic as well as a squadron for the Pacific. Just now one coast must be denuded to demonstrate on the other. Thirty-nine battleships of the first class for Germany can only mean, the Paris paper concludes, thirty-nine battleships of the first class for America. The net result of his Majesty's visit to his English relatives is to be, consequently, an increase in the German navy followed by an increase in the British navy followed by an increase in the United States Navy.

THANKS to his discovery of a new method for determining the velocity of light, that widely known physicist, Professor Albert A. Michelson, suddenly found himself a member of that small and brilliant group of Nobel prize winners among whom President Roosevelt is the only other American. To win the Nobel prize for physics from Scandinavians, so proud of their Professor Arrhenius and their professor Angstrom, was thought at one time an impossibility. Dr. Michelson is head professor of physics at the University of Chicago. He was reared in San Francisco, although born in Germany, and was graduated at the United States Naval Academy. For a Nobel prize winner he is comparatively young, fifty-five, while the interest he has taken in the upbuilding of the navy makes him to-day the most conspicuous figure among the officers of the Illinois naval militia. Some years have passed since his celebrated invention of a spectroscope that has a higher separating power than any other instrument in use. His instrument for measuring the velocity of light was perfected sufficiently long ago to have stood the test of severe trial, and it is for an improvement of his original method that he has now received the Nobel prize. The Nobel prizes, founded with his vast fortune by the inventor of dynamite, are pecuniarily substantial and include the bestowal of an illuminated diploma and a gold medal with an appropriate inscription.

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ASPASM of the heart is given in the physicians' bulletins as the cause of that sudden illness of the British Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, which led to last month's report that he is a dying man. As the day draws near for the reassembly this month of that parliament in which Sir Henry remains the great fighting figure, expectations of some fundamental change in the leadership of the Liberal party grow definite. The Prime Minister is now seventy-one. His tendency to coughing spells has become alarming. His trip to the south of France five weeks ago did not bring about that complete restoration to health which Mr. Birrell, the sorely perplexed chief secretary for Ireland, predicted as a foregone conclusion. If Sir Henry be in no condition to speak when the Commons come together, his campaign against the Lords collapses.



THE SECOND AMERICAN TO WIN A NOBEL PRIZE

He is Dr. Albert A. Michelson, who for some years past has been head professor of physics of the University of Chicago. He received a gold medal, an honorarium of about \$37,500 in cash and a glowing eulogy in Stockholm last month in acknowledgement of his discoveries regarding the velocity of light.

CATTLE-driving is to be the theme of that severe arraignment of Sir Henry's administration which the uncompromising leader of the opposition, Mr. Arthur James Balfour, has taken in hand. Nobody believes that Sir Henry will be physically fit to make headway against the attack to be directed against the most vulnerable of his subordinates. The facts and fancies with which Mr. Balfour is prepared for the coming full dress debate reveal most of the farms in the south of Ireland "unfenced, unused, unsalable, unstocked, uncut, bleeding and withering, whitening and rotting, cursed by God." But this is rather too perfervid, says the *London News*. The lands scourged by cattle-driving are cleared by violence of the herds upon them. Farms are rendered by this means worthless property, more especially those "farms" which we Americans would describe as grazing land. The object in this depopulation of grass acreage is to force the landlord to sell to the estates commissioners, who will in turn parcel the property among the sons of neighboring peasant farmers.

THIS offence of cattle-driving is regarded in many parts of Ireland to-day, complains the *London Outlook*, as a harmless form of agitation. Mr. Birrell himself once described it as a "technical" crime only. Beginning in a plan of cooperation among those of the Irish poor who wished to purchase lands on the instalment plan, it has become the best organized system of boycotting against which the British government has ever contended. Men have been murdered as they stepped from church, it is charged, for refusing to part with their acres under the suasion of cattle-driving, and as they fell, shot from ambush, the congregation has refused to come to the assistance of the victims. These stories are credited by the *London Spectator*, which accuses Home Rulers in the House of Commons of inciting to such violations of the criminal code and of sheltering themselves behind the indulgence of Mr. Augustine Birrell. That statesman, within the past few weeks, has modified his idea that cattle-driving is only "technical" and has pronounced it "reprehensible." He has done within the month, and he means to do, he declares, everything in his power to suppress such outrages. The cautious and conscientious *London Spectator* tells Mr. Birrell flatly that he must put some Irish members of Parliament in jail without more ado. Let him try it. Such are the words of Mr. John Redmond. He denies all the tales of murder in his native land with which the columns of the *London Times* are taken up. But Mr. Balfour will cite chapter and verse, we are told, when parliament meets in the latter part of the month.

ON the day following the most important gathering of his party since the last general election in England, Mr. Balfour paid a visit to Joseph Chamberlain. That eminent statesman was at his Birmingham home of Highbury in strict seclusion and still incapacitated, it is evident, from anything like leadership. He strolls through his garden on sunny mornings. He reads an occasional letter. But his American wife is obliged to nurse him day and night. Just what is the matter with the great politician is not publicly known. One story is that he has had a stroke of paralysis. He cannot, it is affirmed, use his eyes. But the contradictory accounts of the condition of the eminent patient agree in nothing beyond the fact that he is an invalid. Fresh from his interview with Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Balfour, addressing a party gathering, affirmed

that in the coming session the burning question, in addition to that of Ireland, will be that of Socialism. In a nebulous moment some days previously Mr. Asquith, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, had denied that the Liberals have any sympathy with Socialism. There is a point, he said, at which what is called Liberalism parts company with what is called Socialism, that point being "when liberty in its positive and not merely in its negative sense is threatened."

THERE are people uncritical enough to accuse Mr. Balfour of excessive subtlety of statement, retorted that gentleman himself to these words. That is the point—"when liberty in its positive and not merely in its negative sense is threatened"—at which Liberalism becomes Socialism and Socialism becomes no longer Liberalism. "Now, it is my happy destiny to sit opposite the crowded benches of the government side, and when I return next session I shall look with the greatest curiosity between the seats of the Liberal contingent and the seats of the Independent Labor Party to see where this fissure occurs." Thereupon he attacked the cause of Socialism, as represented in the House of Commons to-day, without qualification of phrase. The meaning of this by-play between Asquith and Balfour is more than Mr. Keir Hardie, the labor leader, professes to understand. But he has been haranguing the labor members of the House, warning them that the opposition, long divided on the fiscal question, has found in Socialism an issue upon which it can reunite. Mr. Balfour is presumed to contemplate an attack upon that old age pension scheme which the Prime Minister has permitted his laborite supporters to bring before the House of Commons in one form or another ever since he assumed office. Great Britain has had no less than five official inquiries into the subject of old age pensions within recent years. Three inquiries made by experts have condemned the project. Two sets of political inquirers have endorsed it. The labor members intend, according to one account of their policy in the next session, to demand that an old age pension be given every person in England over sixty. The money is to be found by an additional tax on incomes. That, as the *London News* remarks, "smoked Balfour out." He is defying the Prime Minister to bring in an old age pension bill with all the vehemence of Keir Hardie in defying the Prime Minister not to.

Persons in the Foreground

JOHN A. JOHNSON, THE "DARK HORSE"

IN THESE days, a Democrat who has no friends that look upon him as a "presidential possibility" is not much of a Democrat. There are at least as many "dark horses" as there are states, perhaps we should say counties. But John A. Johnson, governor of Minnesota, is something more than a dark horse. He is *the* dark horse, or he was when Colonel Watterson first turned on him the full light of newspaper publicity. Since then, Johnson has had so much of the limelight that his eyes squint. He is not a man who is afraid of the light, but he is not the kind of a man who likes to make a spectacular leap into national fame. His career from the time he began to earn a living at the age of twelve down to the present has been one of steady climbing, and the toe of his hind foot never leaves the ground until the heel of his front foot is touching it. His gait is not saltatory. He is a heel-and-toe statesman.

It is not necessary, however, to regard Governor Johnson as a presidential possibility to find him interesting. His career has in it elements of human interest almost equal to those of Lincoln's early life. Johnson's father was a blacksmith who came to this country from Sweden in order to escape the boon companions who had helped make him an exemplar of the Japanese saying: "First the man takes a drink; then the drink takes a drink; then the drink takes the man." He kept straight for some time after he came to this country, and married an orphan girl named Caroline Haden. She was alone in the world, having lost her parents by death and her brothers by one of those chances that enter at times into the life of an immigrant and separate members of a family for years. She knew nothing at the time of her marriage of her lover's weakness, and he probably thought it had been overcome for good and all. But it hadn't. It came back upon him and he fell hard. By the time John was thirteen, his father had drunk up his blacksmith shop, his reputation and his self-respect, and had been committed to the county poor-house for "alcoholic dementia."

John left school to help his mother. She took in washing and John delivered the wash-

ing. Two years later he got a job as clerk in a grocery store and then prevailed upon his mother to quit her job and let him support the family! One would think that an early experience of this sort would have hardened and soured the boy's character. Being the son of a common drunkard in a village where everybody knows everybody else is about as undesirable a fate for a boy of thirteen as one can conceive of. But there was one fact that saved him from an excess of ridicule and persecution. There wasn't a lad of his age in St. Peters that could beat him playing base ball. He would come home from his work day after day and make his brother stand up against the wall in the back yard while he practiced straight-arm pitching. There is no chance for a boy to become a pariah in an American town if he can get a swift ball over the homeplate and can wield the willow for an occasional home run. The governor is still a baseball enthusiast, and only second to his interest in that is his interest in football. "His enthusiasm and his exact information about football," says William Hard, writing in *The American Magazine*, "cost me an hour of politics, and I left him at Frontenac still telling me that a half-back ought to be able to run a hundred yards in so many seconds and so many fifths of a second."

Young John soon left the grocery store for a drug store. This was a distinct social advance. He no longer delivered packages at the kitchen door, but at the front door of his customers' abodes. The proprietor of a general store then offered him \$20.00 a month, and John accepted with alacrity. He slept in the back part of the store, and in the evenings practiced oratory on a fellow clerk. For his mind was reaching out after greater things than clerkships or even the plaudits of the baseball field. A customer one day noticed a worthless book in his hands and told John he would give him a subscription to the local library if he would read three books, namely, "The Conquest of Mexico," "The Conquest of Peru," and "Ivanhoe." Once started right in his reading he kept on, and in his twenties, when the Democrats wanted to start a Democratic paper, they picked out John Johnson, tho he had never written any-

thing to be printed and knew nothing about the mechanical side of publishing. But he knew everybody in town and this counted for more than a knowledge of Kane's "Elements of Criticism" would have counted. Says Mr. Hard:

"John Johnson not only liked people, but he also liked to be with them. He joined the militia and became a captain. He joined the Knights of Pythias. He joined the Woodmen. He became secretary of the Nicollet County Agricultural Association and for a great many years managed the county fair, which became famous. He sang in the church choir. He belonged to the Elks and he became a Presbyterian church trustee. He was always interested in getting up entertainments, especially lectures. The wife of one of his old employers told me that 'John was always strong for intellectual entertainments.'

"He was the same person, now that he was a mature man, as he had been in earlier days, when he had acquired a local reputation by importing a whole 'Encyclopædia Britannica' and by reading it diligently, if not consecutively, while at the same time he showed a great fondness for dancing. The two tastes did not often go together in St. Peter. But Johnson's two passions were books and people. And while he read his books till late at night he always had time to go to the dances. When two or three families got together to give a little dancing entertainment in the hall in the old skating-rink, John Johnson was always there. And he always danced with the girls who had no partners. People laugh when they tell you about this. They say, some of them, that John was always a wonderful politician, altho they did not suspect it at the time. But most of them say that John danced with the wall-flower girls because he couldn't help it. They looked lonely, and John simply had an instinct to go where he seemed to be most needed."

Then his political career began. He was a Republican at first, but Grover Cleveland's famous tariff message made a Democrat of him. His personal popularity secured for him the Democratic nomination for state senator. It seemed to be an empty honor, for the district was strongly Republican; but he won the election and became at once a marked man among politicians. He just missed being re-elected in 1902. Two years later, the nomination for governor came to him. Again it looked like a desperate hope that he was called on to lead. Minnesota was a Republican state and especially was it for Roosevelt Republicanism. And Roosevelt's name headed the ticket that year. But Johnson had a streak of luck. The gubernatorial candidate opposed to him was distrusted by a large faction of his own party and especially was there distrust of his

loyalty to President Roosevelt. On election day, while Roosevelt carried the day for President by 161,000 plurality, Johnson was elected governor by 6,352. In other words, over 80,000 voters—about one in four of the total number voting—voted for the Republican candidate for President and the Democratic candidate for governor. Not Johnson's merit so much as his opponent's demerit elected him. Two years later, however, he was elected on his merits by a plurality of 72,000. Then he became, willy nilly, a "dark horse." He never has liked the term. "I never was a dark horse," he said a few weeks ago to an interviewer, "but if I were I'd like to run by daylight, in the open, without a machine behind me." His course as governor has been dominated by much the same spirit as that that has animated the policy of Governor Hughes, of New York. For instance, when a law was passed by the Minnesota legislature creating a state tax commission, Johnson's announcement of his appointees brought the Republican senate to their feet in an immediate rising vote of confirmation, and the lower house, also Republican, tho it was called on for no action, adopted a gratuitous resolution of appreciation of his course. On other important matters there has been cooperation between the governor and the legislature despite the differences in partisan faith. The party politicians never quite know what to do with such a man. He refused in both his campaigns for governor to accept contributions from corporations. He is an effective campaign speaker, and he goes in strong for concrete issues rather than for glittering generalities. And he keeps growing. Says Mr. Hurd:

"They said he had no training to be an editor, but he expanded to be an editor. They said he had no training to be a governor, but he expanded to be a governor. When you read the articles Johnson wrote in his newspaper in St. Peter you are impressed with his knowledge of local affairs, but you see no evidence of the information about State affairs which he afterwards put into his first inaugural message. And when you read his first inaugural message and afterwards read the second, written two years later, you find that you have passed from something strong but confused to something strong and definite. And finally and especially when you compare the speech he made at the Merchants' Club in Chicago in 1905 with the speech he made at the University of Pennsylvania last spring, you experience the sensation of having jumped across a mental chasm. . . .

"It isn't his mind alone that has taken him forward. The quality that makes the little girls in St. Peter call him 'John' is largely responsible



"A MAN OF THE PEOPLE WHO LOOKS WELL IN EVENING CLOTHES"

John A. Johnson, the governor of Minnesota, was earning his own living at twelve, supporting the family at fifteen, editing a paper at twenty-two, helping to make laws for his state at thirty, governing the state at forty-three, and to-day, at forty-six, is talked of as a presidential possibility. He is a Swede by parentage, an American by birth, a Democrat by conviction, and a "dark horse" by grace of Henry Watterson and his own surprising record.

for John Johnson's advance. It is a sort of universal human interest and kindness. It is by this quality that he feels the needs and moods of the people of Minnesota just as he used to feel the needs and moods of the little girls of St. Peter. He succeeds not by being a superman but by being so intensely a human being. He has a good mind, a very good mind, an expanding mind. But if he has genius, it is genius not of mind but of temperament."


His personal appearance, according to a writer in the *New York Times*, has little similarity to that of Abraham Lincoln, with whom he has often been compared." He is a very tall, athletic, lithe young man of 46 years, and if the early struggles have made him prematurely gray they have not taken youth or tolerance away from him. He has the manner of a man city bred, who punctiliously invites and receives ceremonious attention. No, Governor Johnson is not at all the type of Abraham Lincoln, whose rugged eccentricities made him conspicuous anywhere. * * * He might have

been a New Yorker, so correct and so unassuming was his manner. He shook hands cordially, his smile was sociable and spontaneous, his voice quiet, his ideas those of a man who saw politics from an impersonal tho studious standpoint."

Henry Watterson has watched Johnson's career for years and he sums up the impressions created by his personal acquaintance with him in these words: "He is a most exceptional man both in character and ability; a steady-going, level-headed man, who thinks first and acts afterward; a man who does things worth doing; nothing visionary or fantastic about him."

Here is what Johnson says of himself: "As a lifework, I would rather be able to provide for the needs of a family, enjoy the fellowship of good books and good friends, and write one book that would be read one hundred years from now, than to be able to amass all the money in the world."

THE STORY OF HEINZE, A TALE OF COPPER—AND BRASS

"ELL and get out or take the consequences." That was the ultimatum. It was delivered by the Clearing House committee in New York to F. Augustus Heinze, sitting in his office in the Manhattan National bank, New York, a few weeks ago. At last the financiers of New York city had Heinze on the hip, and he knew it. He was afraid to face those "consequences," so he sold and got out of the presidency of the bank. The bank was saved, but the panic was started. When the full inside history of the panic is revealed it will be found that two fights among financiers, dating back several years, had a great deal to do with it. One was the fight between the Clearing House banks and the trust companies, which, with the Knickerbocker Trust leading the way, refused several years ago to accede to the demands of the banks for a larger surplus and severed relations with the Clearing House in consequence. The other fight was the one between F. Augustus Heinze and his allies and the Standard Oil group which organized Amalgamated Copper. The forcing of Heinze and Morse out of their chain of banks was the first signal to the public that the trouble had

at last reached an acute stage, and the closing of the Knickerbocker Trust doors was the first of the consequences that gave a chill to the nation's prosperity. These things once accomplished, Morgan and the Standard Oil joined forces to keep the fire from spreading any farther than necessary.

The fight between Heinze and "the System" has been picturesquely related by Mr. Lawson in his long serial on "Frenzied Finance." We don't purpose to relate it here except to the extent necessary to bring out characterizations of Heinze's personality as made by Lawson and other writers. For Heinze is not yet a back number simply because he is no longer a bank president. His capacity for fighting is impaired but not destroyed. The word "Finis" has not yet been put to the Chronicles of Copper.

"The flag has never been lowered at 26 Broadway," Henry H. Rogers is reported to have said in an interview in the *Wall Street Journal* in January, 1904, "and I'll drive Heinze out of Montana if it takes ten millions to do it." It was Rogers who organized the Amalgamated. When Marcus Daly died and William A. Clark made terms with Rogers, there was no conspicuous enemy in Montana

left. Then Heinze entered the game. Says Thomas Aloysius Hickey in an article published some time since in *Tom Watson's Magazine*:

"It was another incident of a David and Goliath. Heinze was only twenty-eight years old, a rosy-faced boy. When the apple tree blossomed at Appomattox he had not been born. When the panic of '73 swept over the country he was just learning of Santa Claus. Heinze was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1871. His mother came from the famous Irish family of De Lacy, which traces back its ancestry to 1150 A.D. His father was an American Hebrew. Those who make a study of such matters say it is a magnificent cross. On the mother's side there is all the splendid imagination, fighting spirit and audacity of the Irish, while on the paternal side there is the cool, calm judgment and immense grasp of detail of the Hebrew. Heinze was educated in the public schools of Brooklyn, and took a course in mining engineering in Columbia University.

"In 1889, at the age of eighteen, he came to Butte to work for the Boston & Montana Mining Company, at a salary of \$5 a day. He lived alone in a little log cabin in East Butte, and did his work underground to the satisfaction of his employers. He soon became known as a man-about-town.

"He was hail-fellow-well-met with all, and made friends rapidly. He was called the handsomest man in the State, and he looked the part, standing five feet ten inches in height, weighing 200 pounds, with the torso of a Yale half-back, muscles of steel, and a face of ivory whiteness, lighted up with a pair of large blue eyes. Heinze conquered the feminine portion of the rough mining camp without effort. The young engineer was a fine musician, a brilliant linguist, and, when necessary, could box like a professional. Later events showed that, in spite of all his gaiety, no man ever went underground, tripod in hand, who had a more intimate knowledge of the Butte ore bodies than he."

After one year's practical experience in Butte, Heinze went back to New York and organized the Montana Ore Purchasing Company with money left him by a wealthy uncle. In 1891 he traveled back to Butte and began work as an operator. He speedily showed that he was master of all the tricks of the game. For instance, he leased the Estrella mine from one Jim Murray, "the shrewdest man in Butte." The terms of the lease were that all the ore running over 12½ per cent. copper was to be Murray's and all under that figure was to be Heinze's. At the time of the lease all the ore was running over 12½. Murray knew it, but he didn't know that Heinze also knew it. Heinze signed the lease and instructed his miners thereafter to blast waste rock as well as ore. The result was that he got all the

proceeds and Murray's reputation for shrewdness was irretrievably ruined. He sued Heinze but was beaten.

Another trick neatly turned in the opening of the fight with Amalgamated was the securing of a bond for \$700,000 required by the Supreme Court in one of the suits against Heinze. His enemies had fixed Montana so that he could not get any man in the state to go on the bond. This was just after Clark had gone over to "the System." But Heinze had foreseen Clark's action and had made arrangements for that bond. A month or two before the suit was reached he went into his office seemingly in a towering rage and summarily "discharged" five of his clerks. They left the office and the town at once, taking \$25,000 which Heinze gave them, and betook themselves speedily to Wilmington, Delaware, where they at once organized the Wilmington Bonding & Casualty Company. The company issued just one bond, it is said,—a beautiful bond for \$700,000 to F. Augustus Heinze.

Heinze, however, did not win his way entirely by such tricks. He leased the Glengary mine that had become the despair of its owners, and made it pay him \$500,000. Then he bought the Rarus for \$400,000 and in twelve months had made a \$10,000,000 mine out of it.

Then Heinze began buying property adjacent to the rich copper mines owned by Boston companies, and proceeded to "discover" that their veins of ore "apexed," or cropped out, on his property. He claimed the right, under the "apex law," of following these veins wherever they might lead, and on that basis began his fight against the richest companies operating in Butte. It was this fight that Rogers took over with the property which he purchased and consolidated into the Amalgamated. Heinze tied up their richest mines with injunctions. His miners invaded the adjacent mines, driving the other miners out. One hundred and thirty-three suits were pending between him and his opponents at one time in the Silver Bow courts. Heinze had 37 lawyers on his staff, and most of the money to pay them was coming out of the mines owned by the Amalgamated, but claimed and worked by Heinze. The Amalgamated brought suit for \$32,500,000 against him later on, claiming that he had taken that much of their ore.

We have been following Mr. Hickey's account so far. We take up now Lawson's characterization of Heinze as he saw him when Rogers and Lawson began to play the

copper game together. Says Lawson of Heinze:

"He had ability akin to genius of the order that wins eminence in bunco and confidence operations; boundlessly ambitious, inordinately egotistic, he was totally devoid of moral perception; and, utterly heedless of the consequences of his actions, there was nothing he dared not attempt. Heinze had been but a short time in Butte before he had acquired throughout the State a reputation for absolute fearlessness. Among the keepers of gambling-hells and barrooms he was reckoned a prince of good fellows. Seven nights in the week he could drink under the table every man among the licentious company that frequented these gilded establishments, and then sit in at a faro game whose proprietor had never been known to put on a limit and make him 'quit.' Actresses of a certain order adored him, and to the ladies of the red-light district of Butte Fritz Heinze was the beau ideal of manly beauty and heroism. Even in those days, before he had made his first strike for fortune, Heinze's colossal egotism—which is of the I-must-be-in-the-lime-light-when-it-strikes-the-grand-stand order—had made itself felt; but while his admirers admitted it as a defect, it had not then acquired the proportions that it subsequently attained. This overweening vanity is the key-note of Heinze's make-up, for the courage he sets so much store by is absolutely its offspring. When the crowd turns its back this bold, bad man seeks a shell. Popularity is the breath of his nostrils, and he was cowardly enough to deny his Jewish origin because he imagined it would detract from his distinction."

That, of course, is Heinze as one of his enemies saw him, and like all of Lawson's characterizations (and advertisements) is to be taken with several grains of salt. The attempts to settle Heinze or to settle with him resulted in nothing but exasperation. Rogers's best emissaries could accomplish nothing, and finally Rogers himself sent for Heinze. The interview was long but futile. Said Rogers afterward:

"Lawson, that fellow is one of the few people on earth who are absolutely impossible. He sees nothing in all the world but himself. It is positively degrading for a man to be in his presence. I held myself in and smothered my self-respect for over an hour, and we can now make up our minds we must fight him to a finish. Never will I attempt to compromise with him again. I finally told him he could take his choice of accepting all that his property was honestly worth and an amount as large again for his ability to cause us trouble and loss, or we would fight him regardless of cost, and I left him."

But Rogers was forced to swallow his pride and make still another effort to settle with Heinze. Another two-hour interview was equally unavailing. Heinze now demanded not only three millions for property costing him three-quarters of a million, but demanded

also that he be taken into partnership in Amalgamated to show that he had won in the fight. "If you could only hear his arguments and see his brazen assurance," Rogers said to Lawson, in one of the intervals of the interview, "you would not hold off even as long as I have. A stranger would believe that my office was Heinze's, and that we were begging his favor. It is humiliating beyond anything I have gone through before."

Rogers having failed to bring Heinze to terms, Lawson undertook the task. He sought Heinze's office and gives us a pen-picture of the office and the man as seen through the colored glasses of a bitter foe:

"Thirty minutes after he had left the Standard Oil building, I was outside Heinze's big barn of an office. The man's career had been one bold, plate-glass bluff and his surroundings were in vociferous accord with his character. The door bore the pretentious names of enterprises loud-sounding but echoless. I entered a huge, barren waiting-room paneled in ground glass, from which other large offices opened, the largest marked 'F. Augustus Heinze, Private.' A few queer-looking men stood about. Great, empty desks, portentous chairs, and over-thick carpet supplied all the familiar signs of a confidence outfit. One instinctively felt for one's watch. The contrast between this brazen grandeur and the cozy, bustling office, half in size, in which Mr. Rogers transacted his great business was striking. For all the world this looked like the drawing-room of a deserted roadhouse fitted-up for the purpose of pulling off some bunco game. What slight hope I had brought in with me slumped, as I took in the effect. . . .

"In my mind's eye was a picture of this man conjured out of all the stories and descriptions I had ever heard of him, and as he stood before me I frankly looked him over, comparing the original with my imaginary portrait. He fitted its outlines to the edges. Years ago, I sat in a Boston theater spellbound by Milton Noble in 'The Phoenix,' and the dark, romantic figure of this actor, the easy elegance of his dress, his air, half brigand and half poet, had remained with me as an ideal of picturesque distinction. But Heinze, in a loose black suit, Byronic tie, a soft felt hat rakishly tilted, both hands buried in the old-fashioned waistband pockets of his trousers, left Noble's image and make-up a melodramatic commonplace. I thought of Mr. John Hawkins of Calaveras County and the lordly gamblers of old Mississippi days as I scanned his points and noted the elaborate carelessness of the ensemble."

It is needless to state that the negotiations were only measurably successful. Heinze got enough out of Amalgamated to set him up as a multimillionaire. With that money he organized a rival company, the United Copper, and from then to now the Standard Oil magnates have been waiting to "get" Heinze. They think they have him now.

THE FIGHTING CONCILIATOR OF THE PRESENT BRITISH MINISTRY



WHEN David Lloyd-George, the excessively loquacious yet infinitely discreet Welshman who in the present government of the British King holds the important post of President of the Board of Trade, met the chairmen of the railway companies of all England on the subject of the recognition of the trade union, the question of the moment, as framed by the *London Mail*, was: "Will he succeed in preventing the threatened calamity of a railroad strike?" There was an almost universal negative, because the task seemed an impossibility to all but the relatively few who knew Lloyd-George intimately. The President of the Board of Trade himself must have had his doubts, if the *London daily* just named be accurate in saying that as the period of the conference approached it acted as a "refrigerator" upon his temper. "The old vivacity had given place to reticence. The characteristic smile had flitted. Anxiety was seen lurking in every lineament of his countenance." But the conference was held. Lloyd-George negotiated every detail between the determined railroad magnates and the no less obstinate trade union leaders. The net result was a triumph for the Lloyd-George diplomacy. England has only just begun to breathe freely after realization of the narrowness of her escape from an industrial crisis in comparison with which our own great coal strike would have seemed the merest French duel.

The most prominent personality in British politics for the time being, therefore, is that of this forty-four year old Welsh solicitor who has represented Welsh constituencies in the House of Commons for some seventeen years past, whose father was a Unitarian schoolmaster and who has himself, from his own boyhood, been the spokesman of the Nonconformist conscience of Wales with an indomitable pugnacity. Lloyd-George, in a moment of candor and fury, once said that if you stir the Englishman's feelings he goes at once to his pocket; but the Welshman, when similarly moved, sings hymns. He is himself a perfect instance of the soundness of his own hypothesis in all that relates to hymns. He sings them sweetly and with fervor, it being a source of some pride to his friends that he knows by heart every really great hymn with

which the literature of devotion has been enriched. He uses English and Welsh with equal facility and leads prayer meetings in both languages fervently.

For a person of his consequence, Lloyd-George is a somewhat insignificant looking little man, given to suits of rather cheap black cloth and uncreased trowsers bagging at the knees. The contradiction between his appearance and his career matches the paradox of his chronic fury for a fight and his eagerness for peace on his own terms. Of one statesman it has been said that he meant to have peace tho he had to fight for it; but Lloyd-George will have his fight tho he must resort to peaceful methods in bringing it about. The natural sweetness of his disposition, the unaffected simplicity of the smile that seems never to leave his countenance and the flowers of courtesy that bloom perennially in the garden of his good nature impart a charm all their own to his fighting methods. For the moment he is fighting the House of Lords after a fashion suggesting to the *London Times* that noble savage who, after imbibing the higher education, returned to Africa, tore off his civilized garb and ran yelling into the jungle. This, our contemporary thinks, is the key to the mystery of Lloyd-George. He is a reversion to the original barbarian Welshman. In London, at a cabinet council, Lloyd-George seems quiet and almost educated. Among his native mountains, surrounded by roaring constituents, his hereditary instincts resume their sway.

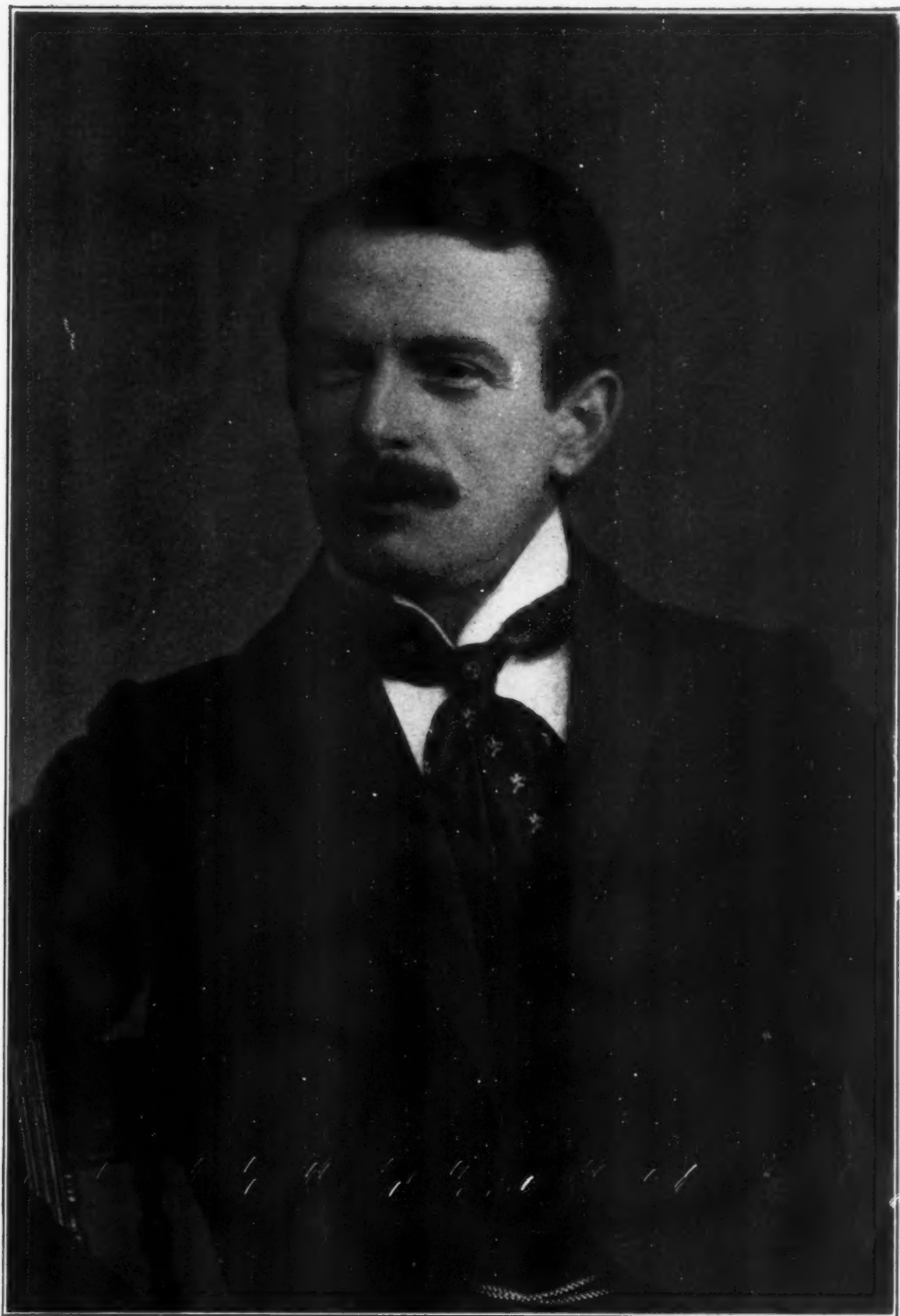
That passion for revolt which found fullest expression when he organized the whole of the county councils of Wales a few years ago into one flying wedge against the provisions of the famous education act—"so that it became necessary," says the *London Mail*, "for the government to pass a further act to save the church schools in the principality from being starved out"—asserted itself in his teens. His Unitarian father had sent him to a church school. Examination day approached. The Nonconformist children were plied with questions abhorrent to their chapel instincts. Not one of them would answer. The teachers scolded, threatened, expelled and even, it seems, flogged. In vain. David Lloyd-George, anticipating the activities of his subsequent political career, had organized the

school into a rebel camp. Teachers asked questions but all pupils stood dumb. The procedure of Lloyd-George when Wales rose as one man against the education bill put through by the government of the sometime Prime Minister Balfour, was the revolt of the Nonconformist schools children all over again.

David Lloyd-George was brought up under the eye of a village shoemaker, his uncle, for when he was two years old David lost his father. His mother, the daughter of a Nonconformist minister, went with her several children to a Welsh village known as Llanystumdwy, in that South Carnarven region which rallies around Lloyd-George to-day so devotedly as to earn for him the title of the Parnell of Wales. David never had the advantage of a university training, but his shoemaker uncle learned what French he could and taught it to his nephew, along with much geometry and no little science. The book that most influenced Lloyd-George in the formative period of his life, when he was about sixteen, was "Sartor Resartus." The Welsh lad confesses that he was inclined to irreligion at this time, but Carlyle, whom he devoured, made him spiritual, rebellious and a Christian of the most fervent type. Lloyd-George never read novels with much relish and it is said of him by all who knew the man intimately that he eschews fiction of the current sort as a baneful influence. Macaulay he loves, historical literature being the foundation of the considerable private library he has accumulated in the cottage where he dwells with his wife and daughters at Criccieth, in Carnarven, Wales.

At sixteen he had become a lawyer's clerk and by the time he was of age he had become a solicitor, that is to say, a member of that subordinate branch of the British legal profession upon which the haughty barrister secretly looks down. His local celebrity dates from the time he advised the population of a village to break into a cemetery and exhume a corpse in defiance of the village pastor. The issue was whether or not the dead man should be buried beside his daughter. Lloyd-George roused the countryside over the question, which was ultimately decided in favor of that Nonconformist conscience of which he has since been the loudest champion. At twenty-seven he found himself elected to the House of Commons over the head of the squire of the village in which his shoemaker uncle had brought him up to loathe all clerical influences heartily.

From this period may be dated Lloyd-George's application to political campaigning of that type of oratory which had hitherto flourished only at the street corner gatherings of the Salvation Army. It was a loud and gesticulating mode of speechifying, filled with references to the law of God, punctuated with roars from the audience and tending to conclude amid scenes of turbulence and the activities of the constabulary. Once in a while the orator and his audience burst simultaneously into a hymn that reechoed among the surrounding hills. His methods, like his antecedents, were thought vulgar in London, where the House of Commons had no particular desire to hear him at any time; but back in South Carnarven, among the mountain wilds, his gestures, his allusions to the fortitude of Job and his confidence in God's eternal justice, set forth in the ornate Welsh of which he is a master, made him an uncrowned king. His abstinence from all forms of alcoholic indulgence set an example which has done more for the cause of temperance in Wales than all the crusades of the past fifty years put together. His unsparing absolutism in organizing a revolt against the state of the law, when the Nonconformist conscience is involved, is affirmed to be out of harmony with the democracy of his principles, but his genius for conciliation without any form of compromise is thought to atone for the inconsistency. He has made himself in Wales pretty much what stout old Samuel Adams was in colonial Massachusetts, the inciter of rebellion at town meetings, the preacher of a gospel of revolt. Nor was Samuel Adams less Spartan in the severity of his self discipline and in the monastic abstemiousness of his poverty than is Lloyd-George today. The great Welshman makes his home in a small cottage surrounded by a garden that he keeps in bloom himself. He makes a pet of a pug endowed with all his own pugnacity, and when he is getting up a speech he walks up and down his little garden path with an official report under one arm, a stick in the other and his little daughter toddling at his heels. The Lloyd-George household is presided over by a wife who cooks. The recent loss of their eldest daughter, a young lady of great charm, plunged the household into mourning. There is a nurse for the remaining little girl. Upon the training of his only child he expends all his leisure. The President of the Board of Trade has no sympathy with the Hedda Gabler type of woman, the domestic atmosphere in which his



THE POLITICAL HERO OF THE MONTH IN ENGLAND

David Lloyd-George, the President of the Board of Trade in the ministry of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, has sprung into fresh prominence by his adjustment of the railway strike which seemed inevitable and which would have brought Great Britain to an industrial and civic standstill. Mr. Lloyd-George is a Welshman, he never went to college and it is said that he may become Prime Minister.

daughter is reared being said to indicate that plainly.

There are obvious limitations in the make-up of David Lloyd-George which will prevent him, in the opinion of the *London Standard*, from attaining the distinction of the premiership. His mind is so rigidly Puritan that the warm human qualities seem weakness to it. He is respected and feared, but he is not beloved, even by the Welsh miners whom he stirs to frenzy. It is said that he has no real recreations whatever, for he plays golf in a dilatory sort of way as if he were thinking more of disestablishment or the abolition of the House of Lords. All that goes by the name of culture appears mysterious if not irreligious to him. If he attends a public banquet he eschews the drink and never tastes the delicate viands. He knows nothing of painting, while all sculpture is said to be to him a manifestation of pagan indelicacy. His speeches contain no quotable flights of fancy, no delicate comparisons of a political crisis to the play of sunbeams about the crater of a sleeping volcano, no evidence of the poetical

cast of thought. His oratorical note is defiance. His gospel is revolt against ecclesiastical tyranny. He illustrates nothing with an apt story. He is without personal magnetism. There seems not the slightest indication to the candid London daily we have quoted that he has the slightest interest in anything beyond his "political hack work" or of his being capable of cherishing an ideal for an ideal's sake or of his ability to form even an abstract conception. The great charm of his character, so far as it may be said to possess charm, is his amiability, which not the utmost longing of his soul for a fight can altogether suppress. It may be that he has lost his temper somewhere some time, but the public sees little evidence of it when he is off the platform. Deferential when contradicted, clothed with meekness of manner as with a garment, disposed to hearty laughter at each burning point of controversy, he remains none the less the most bellicose fomenter of political discord who ever established a great career upon the basis of a positive genius for conciliation, which may yet make him Prime Minister.

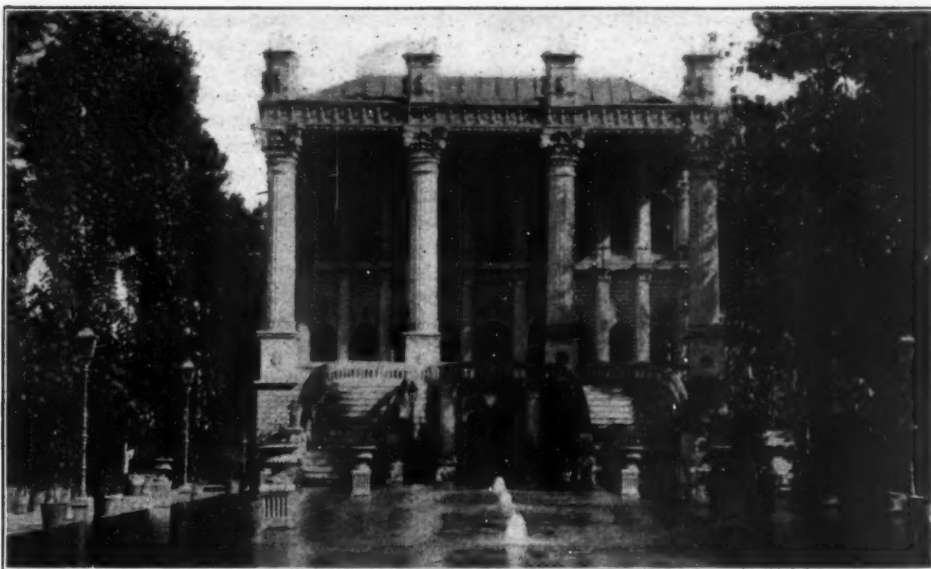
THE CORPULENT PIGMY ON THE PEACOCK THRONE

NO potentate on any throne follows with a less friendly scrutiny the vicissitudes of the Czar's third Duma than that bestowed by the fat dwarf now on Persia's throne whose official title makes him out as exalted as the planet Saturn, whose official rescripts refer to him as the sovereign to whom the sun serves as a standard, "whose splendor and magnificence are equal to that of the skies; the sublime sovereign and monarch whose armies are as numerous as the stars; whose greatness calls to mind that of Jemshid; whose magnificence equals that of Darius, the heir of the crown and throne of the Kajanians; the sublime Shah of all Persia."* For Mohammed Ali Mirza, the thirty-five year old and obese dynast thus eulogized, is said to cherish towards the parliament set up by the father whom he succeeded a year ago this very month the sentiments of Iago for Othello. The Shah of today is said by Professor Arminius Vambery, who has studied him at close range, to be a man of reactionary and anti-Liberal tendencies, who will not tolerate Persia's new and rebellious parliament a mo-

ment longer than he must. But the example of Nicholas II in bringing the simulacrum of a legislature to St. Petersburg discourages the tenant of the peacock throne in Teheran for the moment. Should the Duma be scattered to the four winds, Mohammed Ali Mirza will get rid of his own peculiar and turbaned parliament. Meanwhile he bides his time. But this is sheer slander to the Shah's liberal admirers.

In physical configuration his Majesty, like the earth, is an oblate spheroid, somewhat flattened at the extremities, bulging excessively at the equator. The Shah's double chin is jelly-like, while his cheeks are so puffed that the coal-black eyes suggest slits into which coins are inserted at a penny arcade. The excessively huge ears are remarkable for the weight of the lobe, which is pendulous on either side of the countenance, lending it the aspect of an Etruscan vase with two handles. There is no neck to speak of. The mouth pouts fleshily beneath a black mustache concealing the upper lip, even when the Shah smiles, which is said to be rarely. The fat and stubby hands find their way readily to the mouth, it being a habit of the potentate's to tug at his mustache nervously with fingers on which the nails have been bitten to the quick.

* PERSIA, PAST AND PRESENT. By A. V. Williams Jackson. Macmillan.



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

WHERE THE LATE SHAH'S INNUMERABLE WIDOWS REGRET THE GOOD OLD TIMES

In this edifice, known as the Anderoon Palace, the wives of the lamented Muzaffer-ed-Din had each her separate household, with gramophones, mechanical pianos and gimeracks from Paris. The present Shah, who indulges in one wife only, has cut down the allowance of his father's relict so that the house of mirth in Teheran is become the abiding place of tears.

That vulgarity which many observers profess to find in the Shah's whole demeanor is ascribed to something besides his stature, altho that does not exceed the inches of an average American newsboy. He never seems to find a satisfactory outlet for the energy of his fat and monstrous hands. Mohammed Ali Mirza has the ill luck to suffer from ophthalmia, his eyes being inflamed at times with the disease so acutely that he takes refuge in blue glasses. He has to project his face into the countenance of an interlocutor and peer fixedly for purposes of identification. This procedure, in connection with his more than Turkish corpulence, tends to throw the Shah off his balance, which he manages to recover in time but never without a series of ungainly gyrations accompanied by puffings and wheezings of a distinctly asthmatic kind. No physician in the Persian capital seems capable of solving the problem presented by the abnormalities of this physique. Mohammed Ali Mirza is said to be abstemious in habit, eschewing the fatty, saccharine and starchy elements in human diet as a means of flesh reduction. Yet he is declared to weigh fully a hundred and seventy pounds, which, for a man whose height does not exceed that of a parlor mantelpiece, is elephantine.

Mentally the Shah is said to possess cunning which does not, even when he reflects with most profundity, attain the intellectual level of shrewdness. He has the pawnbroker's conception of all negotiation, his mind being objective and matter of fact, the memory tenacious, the disposition obstinate and the temperament lazy. There is a poetical strain in his makeup, too, it appears, besides a little of the soldier and a good deal of the miser. The character bestowed upon him officially by the diplomatic representative of Persia in London makes him out a prodigy of learning, a cultivated linguist, a student of the sciences and a hater of Persian pomp. Not a word is spoken of the revengeful tendency ascribed to him by some French newspaper writers or of the extreme vanity and pedantical littleness of all his mental traits to which a German print alludes. It is no whit less difficult to decide from the evidence whether he hates his Parliament, as some authorities believe, or is a friend of liberal political ideas, as other writers maintain. In any event, he is acknowledged to be the mental and physical inferior of the father whom he succeeded on the peacock throne. The father was the most famous marksman in Asia. To say "he shoots like the Shah" summed up, in Muzaffer-ed-



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

THE VALI AHD

That is the official designation of the youthful heir to the throne of Persia whose latest picture is reproduced above. He is carefully instructed in the lore of Persia and Arabia, but he likewise speaks French and English. He is not the scion of a polygamous household, for his father, the present Shah, has but one wife.

Din's reign, all the praises anyone could receive for skill with the rifle. Mohammed Ali Mirza strives to give point to this proverb by shooting at glass balls as he sits astride some steed of tested docility. The Shah misses as often as he hits, whereas his father thought

nothing of putting a bullet through a small Persian gold coin tossed into the air while his horse went at a gallop. The fat little Shah would be thought a poet, too, producing verse which, the competent say, would bear the palm for mediocrity of thought and expression over the doggerel of Frederick the Great, who likewise had literary ambitions. The Shah's father, on the other hand, had worked his way to an exquisite Persian prose style and to much familiarity with the writings of the great moralist and philosopher, Sadi. The courtiers at Teheran are said to find it inexpedient to refer to the culture or the shooting of the late father of their sovereign. Mohammed Ali Mirza is, accordingly, likened to his grandfather, whom he extravagantly lauds and professes to imitate in everything. The psychology of this situation is not unlike that at the court of Berlin, where the father of William II is quite eclipsed by the grandfather of that ruler, to say nothing of the court of St. Petersburg, where the never-to-be-forgotten grandfather is so piously remembered.

The craziness of his bigotry in matters of religion is declared by the Shah's enemies—he manages to make many—to exceed that of the caliph who had the Alexandrian library burned. Mohammed Ali Mirza, it should be noted, belongs to the great Shiite sect of Islam. He does not recognize the spiritual supremacy of the Ottoman caliph enthroned beside the Bosphorus. The holy men of Persia have a hierarchical organization and an influence unrecognized among the Mullahs of the orthodox Sunni persuasion in the Turkish dominions. Mohammed Ali Mirza is affirmed to be so swayed by these wearers of green turbans who claim descent from the prophet that he will neither eat nor drink anything of which they disapprove for religious reasons. This by no means implies an ascetic mode of life, if we are to accept stories from Teheran that the Shah sometimes continues at table from three in the afternoon until close upon midnight. The long interval, we are assured, is consecrated to perusal of such classics as Sadi's ghazals and to the mysteries of Persian and Arabic philosophy, altho there is an insinuation that the Shah's legs are so swelled that he sits with his feet in buckets of hot water to keep down his dropsy.

Mohammed Ali Mirza is said on what seems competent authority to keep no harem and to be the faithful companion and friend of his only wife. If this be so, he breathes a domestic atmosphere like that of another Moham-

medan prince, the Khedive of Egypt, who is understood to be monogamous, altho the faith allows him four wives. Information on this head relative to both the Shah and the Khedive is somewhat inexact, but in the case of Mohammed Ali Mirza there is believed to be only one wife in the case because the expense of a seraglio would be intolerable to a disposition so miserly as his. A harem entails big bills for confectionery and the whims of eunuchs. The Shah's father was a good spender on these items, not to mention grand pianos, plush furniture from Paris and packing cases filled with new bonnets. Mohammed Ali Mirza has been disposing of these belongings with the least possible regard for the dower rights of his father's innumerable widows. His only wife is said to owe her despotic sway over his mind and heart to her care in nursing and feeding him. Their eldest son, styled the Vali Ahd, greatly resembles his mother, who is of the purest Persian royal strain, a distinction to which the Shah himself can lay no claim. He derives an Iranian strain and a tendency to corpulence from his mother, the daughter of a mere vizier, whom the late Shah divorced before he came to the throne. Upon her is placed responsibility for the present Shah's indifference to his father's memory.

In his detestation of all forms of extravagance, the Shah has reduced the splendors of his court to something next door to shabbiness. His father liked occasionally to dazzle distinguished Europeans by divesting himself of the tweed trousers and pea jacket in which he lounged about his gardens of a morning, and donning the high Kajar crown and golden robe comprising the regalia of the audience hall. Innumerable dignitaries stood or stalked about the anterooms through which the visitor was handed and escorted amid profound obeisances, while every now and then a file of sentries sprang with one accord from the benches whereon they sat and saluted with much clicking of spurs. This ceremonial minuteness is reserved to-day only for ambassadors. Mohammed Ali Mirza stands on a rug with his hands in his pockets to receive those who have the good fortune to gain access to him. He grants no audiences to mere curiosity seekers. Every person admitted to his presence is warned beforehand to employ no set phrases and to refrain from all obeisances, genuflections and manual salutes. Any phraseology of compliment disgusts the Shah and he manifests this disgust



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

**"THE SOVEREIGN WHOSE MAGNIFICENCE
EQUALS THAT OF DARIUS."**

Such is one of the titles of Mohammed Ali Mirza, at present Shah of Persia, against whom his subjects are threatening to rise in rebellion. The Shah is accused of plotting against the new parliament of Persia created by his father and now struggling for existence against a formidable reactionary conspiracy.

in his face. It is very bad form to set foot on the rug in the center of which the Shah has stationed himself. His attitude is described as furtive, his glance as sidelong and his most elaborate gesture is simply the extraction of one of his immense hands from the pockets in which they are very likely to be thrust. Persons appearing at court in a diplomatic capacity are handed over to the master of ceremonies, who calls in a state

coach and conveys the newcomer to the palace under escort. But the trappings of Persian pomp have faded of late, and everything is on the cheapest scale. His Majesty is even said to have considered selling some of the plates of pure gold that bedeck the peacock throne, the most profusely jeweled piece of furniture in the world.

In the course of the single year that has come and gone since his accession to the peacock throne, the inordinately obese little Shah of Persia has made the telephone a source of more awe to official misdemeanants and bad viziers than was the bastinado to the same classes in the reign of Haroun al Raschid. Any Persian with a grievance against his government is privileged—when in Teheran—to ring the Shah up on the telephone and demand satisfaction. There is a department with headquarters at the palace charged with the reception of these communications, which are brought to his Majesty's personal attention each morning as he is rubbed down after breakfast. The name and the address of every complainant has been recorded, the character of his aggravation minutely specified and the nature of the remedy he seeks fully ascertained. No claim upon the official attention of Mohammed Ali Mirza takes precedence of these transmissions of the articulate speech of his discontented masses. The practice had its origin when, in accordance with the immemorial traditions of the dynasty, the present Shah, then only Vali Ahd, or heir apparent to the throne, assumed the government of the great province of Azerbaijan. To exercise any form of sovereignty over the intrepid but turbulent inhabitants of Azerbaijan, whence come the ornaments of the Persian army, the flower of Iran's soldiery, necessitates the display of administrative genius along strictly Oriental lines. The Tabreezis, as the inhabitants of Azerbaijan are indiscriminately styled, differentiate themselves from the generality of Persians through the same characteristics which distinguish Ohioans amid the vast mass of the American people. The Tabreezis, that is to say, are very frank in protesting against all official measures of which they disapprove and they never conceal their expectation of ultimately assuming positions of the highest responsibility under the national government. The Tabreezis tend to become office holders, to involve themselves in fierce factional disputes and to cause anxiety to the ruler of their country. They rang him up on the telephone at all hours of the

day and night and kept a force of twenty men busy with the transcription of their messages. The innovation had been decided upon chiefly for the benefit of these Tabreezis who can neither write nor read. The literati, however, took likewise to the telephone, as it proved the best medium for communication with the government. Mohammed Ali Mirza is no friend of the official document, of which he complains as a tedious formality, rarely worthy of anyone's perusal.

For all that, the Shah has gained local fame by the elegance of his calligraphy and for the metaphorical embellishment of his prose style, accomplishments much esteemed by all Persians. But Mohammed Ali Mirza, although born in Tabriz itself, when his father was Vali Ahd, and educated under the supervision of that accomplished scholar, has steeped himself less completely in the lore of those illustrious sons of Shiraz who shed such glory upon the literature of Persia. The late Shah had saturated his mind with the writings of these three prophets of poetry, Firdausi, Anwari and, more especially, Sadi.

From the business standpoint, on the other hand, Mohammed Ali Mirza is infinitely more of a success than was his spendthrift father Muzaffer-ed-Din. The present Shah is the shrewdest of investors. He is always buying land and laying it out in village lots, which he leases to the lower class of natives on a system of ground rents. Every penny expended in the development of these enterprises has to be accounted for. Nor has the Shah any such passion for the purchase of phonographs and mechanical contrivances as led his father to litter the Anderoon Palace, once the abode of a great harem, with all sorts of curiosities. Mohammed Ali Mirza is said to have affirmed that the only blessings of a harem accrue to the mongrel curs who collect about the kitchen yard to devour its refuse. The ladies of the late Shah's harem ran away whenever they got the opportunity. The wives of Muzaffer-ed-Din amused their leisure with the novels of George Sand and with rather stale confectionery imported from Paris in bulk. Each spouse had a suite of rooms to herself in the Anderoon Palace. The extravagant scale of expenditure caused some bickerings between the reigning Shah and his prodigal parent. Muzaffer-ed-Din inherited a treasury in which the surplus equalled \$5,000,000. He left his country bankrupt. Here is the secret of the Shah's miserly mode of life to-day.

Literature and Art

DO WOMEN WRITE MORE BAD BOOKS THAN MEN?

THE accusation made at a religious congress in Baltimore that "women are chiefly responsible for much that is bad in the literature of the day—that they write most of what is bad and that they read a good deal of it," is but the latest word in a discussion that, in its several phases, threatens to dominate the literary world. On every side the charge is heard that literature, and especially fiction, is sinking to lower and lower levels, and that women are largely to blame for this degeneration. The French writers, it is generally assumed, are the worst offenders in this respect, but, according to Robert Hichens, "some of the new German productions outdo anything indecent that is issued in Paris." And now it is the "disease" in English and American fiction that is engaging public attention. An anonymous writer, described as one of the most distinguished of living critics, contributes to the London *Bookman* an article entitled "The Fleshly School of Fiction," which in its eloquence and intensity of utterance recalls the now historic onslaught of Robert Buchanan, thirty years ago, upon Swinburne and Rossetti. He sums up twelve recent novels, which he is unwilling to name, as "attempts at naturalizing among English readers the horrible French thing known by a name as ill-savored, not to be printed here, but with which Parisian shop windows blaze, and scorch the eyes of them that pass by, in photograph, sketch, and yellow book-binding." He does not state how many of these novels are by women, but includes several women-authors in his indictment. To one, he addresses himself as follows: "You, madam, may seize on the ignominious details of a royal massacre in Belgrade, transpose them to the courtesan key, fill your stage with bric-a-brac from the demi-monde, and protest that you mean no sensual record of passion; but who will believe you? It is the sensual record that explains the multiplied editions." Of another woman-author—"a certain fashionable woman (unmarried on her title-page)"—he says: "Her men are bad enough; but her great ladies go beyond anything hitherto described in English prose or

rhyme. They delight to plunge where no sounding line of manners or morals can follow them. The female smoking room, with its license of talk, its rivalries, intrigues, reckless unbeliefs and anarchisms, what man would have dared to put it before the world, calmly, unblushingly, as this cultivated, polyglot, widely traveled woman has done?" Such authors as this, he declares, "would sacrifice the Decalog to round a period." In even stronger language he goes on to say:

"These authors whom I cite to the bar of public opinion know, as surely as the Puritan whom they despise, that to fall deliberately below the highest and to plead for brute instinct against law is criminal. They cater to 'la Bête Humaine,' in the hope of sharing his spoils. But once for all it must be said, the great stories that shine in literature have kept their place by the faith, hope, justice, purity, strength of conviction shadowed forth in them. No supreme book preaches moral anarchy. The alternative to be decided by readers—chiefly women—who make the fortune of English fiction, is whether we shall continue the splendidly wise and tender-hearted tradition of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, or fall upon the garbage spread out in the sun by imitators of the erotic, absinthe-drenched, nerve-racked decadents who swarm about Paris cafés. Do we choose the latter? Then our novel is doomed. It will be a thing illicit and unmentionable, to be shunned by the self-respecting; a bad habit which lowers vitality, clouds the brain, and clamors for increase of poison till nothing remains but an appetite, *le soif de la mort*. Literature will have sunk to pathology; and the physician may be compelled to treat the modern story as if it were a shameful disease."

In the controversy excited by this article several women have participated. Beatrice Harraden expresses herself cautiously. It is impossible, she thinks, for realistic writers to ignore the mysterious workings of nature, the claims of sex, the demands of passion. "All one should ask of them," she says, "is that they should be well enough equipped with a true knowledge of life and of the law of proportion to remember that these vital importances, vital tho they are, represent but one part of a complex whole." Marie Corelli takes much more emphatic ground. She writes to the editor of *The Bookman*:

"I entirely sympathize with the strong feeling displayed by your contributor, 'A Man of Letters,' concerning the degrading spirit and influence of

what he terms 'The Fleshly School of Fiction,' the more especially as it coincides with what I myself have often sought to express in my own writings, notably so in 'The Sorrows of Satan,' where in the fictional character of 'Sybil Elton' I drew as dark a picture as I could of a woman's nature, once good and pure, which had been corrupted and ruined by the reading of questionable literature. Those who care to make references in this regard can turn to page 201 and 276-7 of the book in question, if they wish to convince themselves of the earnestness with which I then put forth a warning and strove to protest against the positive criminality of authors who, like Zola and D'Annunzio, commit what may be called premeditated murderous outrage upon unprepared and innocent minds."

In this country, the subject of objectionable literature and of woman's relation to it has been debated from many points of view. Mrs. L. H. Harris, the well known Southern writer, contributes to *The Independent* an amusing article in which she suggests that the only way to get rid of bad fiction, by women as well as by men, is to license novelists. Every novelist, she declares, should be required to hold a license certifying to decency of imagination and a sense of moral responsibility. Mrs. Harris is evidently qualifying for the post of licensee herself, and as she makes it clear that the worst novels of to-day are written by women, the woman novelist would have a hard time under her administration. Elinor Glyn and Hallie Erminie Rives, it is certain, would not be allowed to publish a single book. Mrs. Harris admits that her plan has its drawbacks:

"Naturally, a few novelists would experience grave disadvantages under the license law, and quite a number would cease to be novelists at all. Still others might lose in popularity because they would not be permitted to produce such diabolically interesting books as they do now. But the best story writers would have no difficulty in obtaining licenses, because, as a rule, they do not deal in sex occultism or the undercurrents of the merely physical life, which is such a damaging feature in the objectionable 'popular' fiction. . . . Margaret Deland would be entitled to a license, because in her reformation of Helena Richie she proves that she knows how to persecute a woman suffering from moral anemia into a state of rigid virtue. But Edith Wharton would be 'conditioned.' Mrs. Wharton has a noble mind and a literary manner which indicates the presence in her of a great white soul, to say nothing of her good intentions, but her heroines are not always credits to the sex or suitable persons to be decorated with so much fine writing."

A more hopeful view of woman's influence in fiction is taken by Maud Nathan, a correspondent of the *New York Times*. "It is scarcely fair," she remarks, "to point out that women are responsible for the publication

of many coarse novels, unless at the same time mention be made that some of the most wholesome, ethical and inspiring ones are also the works of our sex." She continues:

"Women may be proud of the fact that the delightful 'Old Chester Tales' and 'The Awakening of Helena Richie' are the work of a woman—Margaret Deland, one of our foremost novelists. The names of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Edith Wharton, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Elizabeth Robins, Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Ellen Glasgow, Margaret Sherwood, and Zona Gale stand out nobly among those writers who uplift, while it must not be forgotten that the author of 'Elizabeth and Her German Garden' and the author of 'The Garden of a Commuter's Wife'—those charming books which are so widely read and have contributed so much real pleasure and zest to life—are women, too."

The Independent argues, similarly, that "if a few women authors are condemned for violating the code of decency in literature, the great majority of women must be commended for having established that code." It comments further:

"The leaving of literature to the ladies has had undeniably some deleterious effects, but increase of coarseness is not one of them, notwithstanding that a few authoresses have tried to prove their emancipation by cutting capers. The curious thing about this sensual fiction from feminine pens is that it always portrays passion from the masculine standpoint. A year or two ago there appeared a novel, tropical in its scene as well as its emotions, in which the male note was so dominant as to cause comment by many of its reviewers, and they did not take it back when it was disclosed that the masculine pseudonym concealed a feminine author. The same adoption of the point of view of the opposite sex is almost always observable in feminine love poetry. The 'Sonnets from the Portuguese' is the most conspicuous exception. The history of literature is as full as a Shakespeare play of examples of women successfully masquerading as men—George Eliot, George Sand, Currer Bell, Charles Egbert Craddock, etc.—but there are very few instances of the opposite. . . . On the stage, too, the assumption of male rôles by women is commonly successful. If it be true, as is often said, that the portrayal of masculine character and motives is generally more truthful in the novels of women than of woman's nature in the fiction of men, it would bear upon the same side, indicating perhaps that man is the easier to understand or that women have a deeper insight and sympathy for an alien personality. Unfortunately, as we say, the writings of the women who have outstepped the conventional limits in their portrayal of passion have not rendered any service to psychology by disclosing the secrets of their sex. What they have written men could write if they dared and wanted to. The only result of their breaking of the taboo is, therefore, an addition to the number of books that every gentleman's library should not contain and of the poems that no child should know."

THE RIVALRY OF LITERATURE AND LIFE



HAVE never been able," John Addington Symonds once said, "to take literature very seriously; *life* seems so much graver, more important, more permanently interesting than books." And this, one may argue, is bound to be the attitude of the vast majority of mankind. Fact is stranger than fiction, and practical men will always turn to reality rather than to its shadow or reflection. The *New York Outlook*, indeed, has been so deeply impressed by the growing vogue of the newspaper and by popular absorption in the events of the day rather than in books, that it recently asked three of our veteran authors—Edward Everett Hale, J. T. Trowbridge and Thomas Wentworth Higginson—to express their views on this whole subject, in reply to questions thus formulated: Is it not possible that in periods of such intense activity as our own the daily story of fact may take the place, to a certain extent, of the serial story of imagination? Is it not possible that there may be, at times, a rivalry in this sense between literature and life?

None of the three authors addressed answers these questions directly, but all have stimulating reflections to offer. Dr. Hale seems to feel that there cannot be, in any real sense, a rivalry between literature and life. The creative spirit expresses itself in literature as in life, and there is more reading done to-day than ever before. "If you mean to take the world of to-day and the people of to-day," says Dr. Hale, "and to compare their reading of fiction with the reading of 1857, they read at least fifty times as much fiction as men and women did then." Mr. Trowbridge is also of the opinion that novel-reading is on the increase. He remarks that the assistants in the public library which he most frequents smile incredulously at the hint of any decline in the reading of fiction. But of course, he says, the modern daily paper, "including that enormously swollen seventh wave, the Sunday edition, which breaks at our doors in a foam and surge of miscellany," is bound to divert some attention from more serious forms of literature. He continues:

"Yet I believe most thoroly in the daily paper, even in that poor man's library, the Sunday edition, only deploring that it is not better adapted than it commonly is for improving the public taste instead of depraving it, and almost wishing there

might be some law to prevent the abominably coarse colored supplement from meeting the eyes of impressible childhood."

Colonel Higginson suggests another aspect of the subject. The truth seems to be, he says, that the best literature is simply a transcript of human life, whether shown in its highest or its lowest form. In this sense, there should be cooperation, not rivalry, between literature and life. But if at times we become more absorbed in the facts of life than in their transcription, whether in newspapers or novels, that is not to be wondered at. As we grow old enough to choose our paths, we find ourselves inclosed in a network of events and influence one-tenth public and nine-tenths private in its origin. By middle life, or much sooner, we are all acquainted with facts which, if made public, would convulse our whole circle. No novelist has ever been able to overstate the mystery and entanglement of the strange world in which we live, and for this reason those who are brought up on novels are apt to meet in later life with experiences which so far eclipse mere invention that they grow tired of such a poor substitute for the reality. Colonel Higginson continues:

"The seeming contradictions in the character of Hamlet, over which the critics have wrangled for a century or more, are not really so great or improbable as those to be found in many youths who pass for commonplace; and that man's experience is limited who has not encountered in his time women of more infinite variety than even Shakespeare's Cleopatra. Character in real life is a far more absorbing study than character in any fiction; and when it comes to complexity of plot, fiction is nowhere in comparison. Toss a skein of thread into the sea, and within two hours the waves and the floating seaweed will have tangled it into a knot more perplexing than the utmost effort of your hands could have woven. And so the complex plots of life are created by the currents of human existence itself—not by the lesser ingenuity of mere romancers."

In an editorial gathering together the threads of this discussion, the *New York Times Saturday Review* makes the optimistic comment:

"The fact of the matter appears to be that the writing and reading of fiction is increasing. People may be more than ever alert to the interest of life as it passes; the newspaper may have taught them the engrossing attractiveness of actual events that fill this wonderful day. But the effect of that lesson has not been to transfer the attention of men from literature to life. It has been rather to transform the character of literature to bring it nearer to life. It has given literature a reality, a sincerity, has brought it into a nearer

relation with truth, than it ever before possessed. True in every field of writing, this is especially true of fiction. No novel to-day can win an instant's consideration that does not at least profess to be true to real life, and, tho neither critics nor public unfailingly distinguish truthfulness from falseness, we have reached the stage where we at all events demand sincerity.

"The significance of our literary era is to be

seen in, and its worth is to be judged by its tendency, the principle according to which by common consent it is criticized, the universal understanding that its one business is to seek truth. Say what you will of the novels men, and chiefly women, are writing to-day—you can't say things adequate. Yet, after all, to-day, as never before, it is truthfulness, likeness of reality, that is the acknowledged imperative."

THE SPECTRAL LOVES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE



HE world of Poe is unreal; it is a world of shadows where mystic ravens flap their wings, and Ulalume walks through the ghoulishly haunted night. Poe's women are fantastic children of nightmares and of dreams. His caresses were uncanny and his tenderness gruesome.

My lady sleeps. Oh! may her sleep
As it is lasting so be deep,
Soft may the worms about her creep.

Such, surely, is not the language of earthly passion. When the unhappy poet loved a real woman, he was sure to misplace his affection. Only the specter ladies of his dream brought solace to his heart.

Thus there is a story that the mother of one of his playmates befriended the poet, that she became "the confidante of his boyish sorrows," and that when she died he haunted her grave night after night. It is easy to say, remarks Mr. John Macy in a monograph* on Poe recently published, that this romantic lingering upon a lady's grave foreshadows much in Poe's poetry and prose; it is also easy to see that Poe's prose and poetry suggest a story which he himself has related. He called the lady Helen because Jane, her real name, displeased his fancy. The change, Mr. Macy says, was evidently made by a poet with a mature ear; that is, after he had written "To Helen," who is nobody in particular. Poe's ladies, we are told, are as visionary as the Altheas and Julias of Herrick. Whereas Herrick expressed a fleshly warmth towards ladies who never were, Poe attaches his phantasmagoria, creatures of a pretty name in his head, to whatever lady happened to interest him at the moment. He fitted the same poetic abstraction to several women, and since there is singularly little human passion in his work, it is likely, Mr. Macy remarks, that his conception of women was usually untinged by

desires of the blood. Mr. Macy goes on to say:

"The grave-haunting yarn belongs in Poe's biography because he made it and because it may have root in fact. At the age of thirty-nine, a year before his death, Poe referred to this story in a letter to a poetess. Poets and poetesses communicate and receive ideas which the facts of life do not support.

"It is not necessary either to take too seriously the story of Poe's attachment to Sarah Elmira Royster, his young neighbor, except to credit her statement that her father intercepted Poe's letters. Miss Royster was presently married at the age of seventeen. She appears later in Poe's life as the severe-lipped widow, Mrs. Shelton."

One real creature of flesh and blood, "Mary," entered Poe's life, but they quarreled and he ungallantly published a satirical poem about her in a Baltimore paper. When the young lady's uncle interfered, Poe horse-whipped him, and flung the whip at Mary's feet. Two years later he married Virginia, at that time only thirteen years of age. She and her mother, Mrs. Clemm, were tender and loyal to him. The unhappy man who has been so blackly drawn certainly spent a great many days at home, working hard. To his mother-in-law, Mr. Macy affirms, he was more natural and frank than to any other person. For once there was a human tone in his terms of endearment. But it seems that every purely human affection on Poe's part was bound to perish, and soon little Virginia joined the spirit loves of the poet, Leonore, Annabel Lee, Ulalume, Morella and Berenice.

Like Hawthorne, Poe was interested in the shadowy problems of psychology, metempsychosis, the nature of personality and mesmerism. Hawthorne, however, leaves his creatures in the distance of poetic and religious wonder, while Poe, to whom they were more real than life itself, fetches the shadows out of the dark into the flashlight of his brilliant analysis. "The specters in whom Hawthorne embodies mesmeric suggestion," Mr. Macy avers, "his victories of conscience, the spooks that appear and disappear amid allegorical portents, now

* EDGAR ALLAN POE. By John Albert Macy. Small, Maynard & Company.

and again step forward and speak with human voices."

"Poe never contrived a human being: the conversations of his characters are but the vehicles of expository ideas. Compared to the dramatically real double person, Jekyll-Hyde, William Wilson is a ghost. 'Morella,' 'Berenice,' 'Ligeia,' are but the transparent images of revery laid against the plane surface of a mathematical plan. When Poe reached out for a human being, one who might come ready-made from the byways of life into the particular course he was laying out for his story, he pressed human truth out of the figure after a minute of handling. For an instance, the more important because it concerns a minor character who had nothing unnatural to do in the interests of the story, 'The Gold Bug,' written three years later, contains a negro servant. Poe had lived at the South and knew negroes, but the talk of Jupiter is more remote from negro talk than the utmost devices of black-faced minstrelsy. Poe found his material in himself and in his reading rather than in his fellows. The first person in one of the tales says, 'Feelings with me had never been of the heart, and my passions always were of the mind.'"

In his later years in New York Poe was a lion in literary circles. His comportment was dignified and quiet; he was a fluent conversa-

tionalist and a gallant and sensible man. He began at this time one of his many literary love affairs of which each ended in disillusionment and sorrow. It was Poe's ill luck, his biographer assures us, to leave behind him a multitude of suspicious clews and circumstances for every sin which he had time and capacity to commit. Nevertheless, many of these love affairs were merely epistolary and, in a sense, the ladies who held his affection are less real than those which haunt the pages of his books. It is not necessary therefore to throw up virtuous hands at the tender exchanges of perfervid rhetoric between the female poets of America and this real poet of the glowing eyes, the soft voice and the winning manners.

After Virginia's death he was broken and irresponsible. There was nothing left to charm him in reality. He made love to Mrs. Shew, Mrs. Whitman, Mrs. Shelton and Mrs. Royster. He was even engaged at various times; but no mortal woman was able to chain his affection. That belonged to the spirit of Virginia Clemm.

THE PRESENT RANKING OF WHITTIER



NOT long ago, Mr. Paul Elmer More, the literary editor of the New York *Evening Post*, declared that if he were called upon to choose between the "homely conversation" of Whittier and the "wind-swept rhapsodies" of Swinburne, he would surrender the latter. It would be interesting to know how many Americans share his predilection. Of four leading essayists who make literary contributions to the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Whittier's birth, none sets so high a valuation on the work of the stern New England poet. All four, however, unite in thinking that Whittier's great fame was never greater than it is to-day, and one of the four goes so far as to say that he is the only genuine "singing voice" that America has yet produced.

Mr. H. W. Boynton, whose characterization this is, bases his judgment on a certain native and spontaneous note in Whittier's utterance. Writing in *Putnam's Monthly*, he declares:

"Whittier, quite as truly as Burns—and of what other American poet can it be said with any approach to truth?—was indigenous, incorrigibly provincial in the narrow sense, yet, thru his

very loyalty to the province which nature had made his own, achieving an integrity of effort and result hardly to be attained by the most ardent cosmopolitanism, the most skilful compliance. The Haverhill farmhouse was not merely Whittier's birthplace; it was his home for some thirty years, and the rest of his long life was lived within a few miles of it. He did not 'drag at each remove a lengthening chain,' for there were no removes. He was not translated from one state to another, from one plane of living to another, like Longfellow and Bryant. He would never travel; he refused repeatedly to go to England, tho the warmest of welcomes awaited him there. He was content to take always deeper root in the soil from which he sprang. There are plenty of farmers in the neighborhood to-day who are equally immovable, equally stubborn in their parochialism. They are a silent race, but they have had their voice. . . .

"For any evidence we have to the contrary, the conditions of his birth and rearing, yes, and health, may have been the happiest possible for the development of his rare powers. By his powers I do not mean his practical effectiveness, or his eloquence. The notion is not uncommon that he is chiefly memorable as the prophet of anti-slavery and the painter of New England country life. Reformer and *genre* poet he was; but he has a clearer title to fame in the fact that he is a true singer—the only remarkable singer America has certainly produced. Due tribute has been paid to his ardent and generous services of a pub-

lic nature and to the beautiful serenity and purity of his private life. We may remember him here for a moment as a singing voice."

Prof. William Lyon Phelps, of Yale University, points out, in *The North American Review*, that Whittier's poetry has won immortality despite the fact that it lacks many of the qualities that have brought fame to other writers. The eternal and predominant theme of poetry—Love-Passion—is almost entirely absent from his work; so is a sense of humor. There is very little internal struggle for, while Whittier's religious faith was weak in dogma, it was strong in assurance. His narrative is often impeded by didacticism; his imagination seldom rises to thrilling heights. "Yet," says Professor Phelps, "he unquestionably belongs to the glorious company of true poets." And for these reasons:

"In the first place, he had something which is the only real foundation of Art, as it is of Character—absolute Sincerity. Both the man and the poet were simply incapable of deliberate falsehood. His best poems are transparent like a mountain lake. The pure in heart shall see God; and they see many lowly things as well, for their eyes are clairvoyant, unclouded by selfish desire. No taint of self-pity mars—as it does in Byron—Whittier's poems of Nature. He could not interpret Nature like Wordsworth, but he could accurately portray in verse the things that he saw, a very rare gift.

"Again, if Hawthorne was, as has been happily said, the Ghost of New England, Whittier was its Soul. The rocky hillsides of the North Shore had complete dominion over his heart. And (whether we like it or not) New England, tho narrow geographically, has always held the intellectual and moral hegemony of America. There was a vast difference between the Yankee farmer and a European peasant. The former owned the land that he tilled, as his fathers had before him. The Yankee farmers were often poor, often uncultured: but they were never servile; they were kings, recognizing no superior but God. Now, Whittier knew the Massachusetts farmer's life as well as any man who ever lived: and no one has ever expressed it better than he."

Prof. George Rice Carpenter, of Columbia University, begins an analysis of Whittier's work, in *The Book News Monthly*, by roughly marking off his limitations. One must frankly acknowledge, he thinks, that Whittier is not a great national poet. "His verse is so closely associated with New England that even to be ignorant of the topography of that part of the land puts the reader at a considerable disadvantage." Moreover, he was still further limited, in Professor Carpenter's opinion, by his consecration in early manhood to a special propaganda, that of abolition. "It was a noble cause, and he served it well, but much of his

verse became thus directed to awakening public sentiment in what are now dead issues, with which it must soon die also." Finally, he was limited by poor health, by the loneliness of his life, by his isolation from association with men of power and activity—an isolation that "may have deepened the intensity of his thought, but which tended always to cut him off from great sources of sympathy with national life in many of its aspects." Having said so much, however, Professor Carpenter proceeds to a positive estimate:

"As Whitman—in many respects the most just and sympathetic critic of his contemporaries—pointed out, Whittier was 'a grand figure—pretty lean and ascetic—not composite and universal enough (doesn't wish to be, doesn't try to be) for ideal Americanism.' If he does not stand for the whole nation, he stands at least for a noble and characteristic part of it—for all gentle, sweet-minded, earnest people, full of love for God and man, full of a faith that is bound by no strictness of creed, full of desire to live their own lives well and to make those of others better, full of affection for the old life in the old days before we were caught up by the seething flood of modern industrialism, bearing us we know not whither."

Bliss Perry, the editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, in an introductory sketch to a new selection* of the poems of Whittier, is inclined to exalt the very qualities in Whittier that Professor Carpenter depreciates. He says:

"It is doubtful if European readers will ever find him richly suggestive, as they have found Emerson, Poe and Whitman. But he had a tenacious hold upon certain realities: first, upon the soil of New England, of whose history and legend he became such a sympathetic interpreter; next, upon 'the good old cause' of freedom, not only in his own country but in all places where the age-long and still but half-won battle was being waged; and, finally, upon some permanent objects of human emotion,—the hill-top, shore and sky, the fireside, the troubled heart that seeks rest in God. Whittier's poetry has revealed to countless readers the patient continuity of human life, its fundamental unity, and the ultimate peace that hushes its discords. The utter simplicity of his Quaker's creed has helped him to interpret the religious mood of a generation which has grown impatient of formal doctrine. His hymns are sung by almost every body of Christians, the world over. It is unlikely that the plain old man who passed quietly away in a New Hampshire village on September 7, 1892, aged eighty-five, will ever be reckoned one of the world-poets. But he was, in the best sense of the word, a world's-man in heart and in actions, a sincere and noble soul who hated whatever was evil and helped to make the good prevail; and his verse, fiery and tender and unfeigned, will long be cherished by his countrymen."

* JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. A Sketch of His Life. By Bliss Perry. With Selected Poems. Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

WILL THE NOVELS OF GEORGE MEREDITH ENDURE?

THERE is no other English writer of equal fame with George Meredith whose public recognition has been so slow and about whom the most highly critical of his contemporaries have differed so widely in opinion. From the extravagant praise of Robert Louis Stevenson to William Watson's scathing "Mr. Meredith can do anything better than he can tell a story," the controversy over Meredith has raged through three generations, for he began publishing when he was only twenty-three and he is now almost an octogenarian. But the question in the critical mind has changed with the years from one of doubt as to the authority of Meredith's genius, which is now generally conceded, to the uncertainty whether or not his intricate work, especially the novels, is of the stuff which endures.

Lafcadio Hearn, in a letter just published, speaks reverently of Meredith as the "greatest philosophic poet of the nineteenth century," but he omits praise of his novels and regards the bulk of his work "as doomed to vanish because of its obscurity." And Arthur Symonds, that most subtle of English critics, states the problem of Meredith baldly thus: Why has a poet spent most of his life in writing novels which are the most intellectual in the language, and yet are not great novels? Meredith, he says, is a decadent, not in that narrow sense of the word which has come to be a mere label on a certain school of recent writers, but in the "learned corruption of language by which style ceases to be organic and becomes, in the pursuit of some new expressiveness or beauty, deliberately abnormal."

It is quite possible, then, that this decadent, or idiosyncratic, style of Meredith's, fascinating as it is to the literary artist or the student, will forever prove a barrier between him and a wider public. "The English people know nothing about me. There has always been something anti-pathetic between them and me," Meredith himself is reported as saying in a recent interview. He says it, however, without bitterness, for he is supremely the philosophic artist, an intellectual aristocrat, tho oddly enough, he is socially and politically an extreme radical. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the novels of George Meredith, along with his poems, have had a sure if very slow growth in genuine popularity. Mr. Elmer

James Bailey, their latest interpreter, ventures, in a new work,* to predict, their permanent greatness. It is, he thinks, as certain as that law of compensation—the Greek Nemesis—which makes "the duration of attention attracted in direct ratio to the time consumed in awakening adequate appreciation." He briefly outlines Meredith's peculiar career as follows:

"Beginning to strive for the ear of the public as early as 1849, the year in which Dickens was bringing out 'David Copperfield', and Thackeray was writing 'Pendennis', Meredith during the next half century placed before the public a dozen novels, several volumes of poetry, a few short stories, and occasionally an essay or a review. In no possible sense of the word, however, did he become popular. The first editions of the novels and of the poems supplied the public for years; there was no marked demand for them at circulating libraries; and until recently a uniform issue of Meredith's works was the last thing which a publisher would have considered with the expectation of adequate financial return."

It seems, however, that Meredith did not cease to keep the road which he had chosen for himself.

"Publishers and editors found that there was no use in tempting, friends that there was as little in advising, until, finally, nearly all of even those who wished him well began to shake their heads and mourn over the inevitable shipwreck which they prophesied must be the lot of perverse genius. This stubborn following of his own bent by Meredith may have been the chief cause of the general indifference with which he was regarded; but nevertheless, little as he was known, he was not without an audience, and this audience endeavored, almost vicariously, it might be said, to proselytize readers."

Toward the close of the nineteenth century, the attitude toward Meredith began to change, and a widespread appreciation of his work became evident.

"Buyers of books ceased to think that 'The Ordeal of Richard Feverel' was a ballad bound up in complete editions of Owen Meredith's poems; and altho some of them never got beyond that knowledge, others, who were readers as well as buyers, began to feel that George Meredith possessed the qualities which abide. To his admirers this long delay in the general recognition of his genius has been a source of regret; but, on the whole, perhaps it is best. The tardy appreciation of Meredith means, if the law of compensation holds, that his present repute must persist."

Mr. Bailey makes a very interesting division of Meredith's novel-writing into three stages

* THE NOVELS OF GEORGE MEREDITH. By Elmer James Bailey. Charles Scribner's Sons.

of production—the apprentice, the journeyman, and the master-workman. The first—a period of about ten years, from the age of twenty to thirty—is little more than the struggle of brilliant youth with adverse circumstances and difficult literary experiments. Poverty, unhappy marriage (with the widowed daughter of Thomas Love Peacock), constant journalism, in the midst of which he managed to publish one volume of very significant poems, a fantastic Arabian story, "The Shaving of Shagpat," and "Farina," a German legend; until, finally, in 1859, he found himself in "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." "With this book," says Mr. Bailey, "Meredith's period of apprenticeship came to an end; his ten years of experiment had taught him that his work must be done in the field of novel-writing." There are many who still doubt the wisdom of the teacher. So early, however, as this period of apprenticeship, Meredith had begun to develop his conception of evolutionary philosophy, and to attack the conventional attitude towards women, justice for whom, political as well as social, became one of the integral parts of his life work.

To the second decade—the journeyman period—belong the novels "Evan Harrington," "Sandra Belloni," "Rhoda Fleming" and "Vittoria," which Mr. Bailey classifies as dominantly concerned with attacking sentimentalism, and the shams and conventionalities especially of English society.

The later and more familiar novels, grouped in the master-workman period, Mr. Bailey separates into two parts: one including such studies of selfishness as the incomparable "Egoist," "The Adventures of Harry Richmond," "Tragic Comedians" and "Beauchamp's Career"; the other, those final works which center around the problem of unhappy marriage—the immediately popular "Diana of the Crossways," "One of Our Conquerors," "Lord Ormond and His Aminta," and, last of all, "The Amazing Marriage." "Since each of the novels of this division," adds Mr. Bailey, "is a study of the separation of a husband and a wife through troubles arising from incompatibility of temper, disparity of age, or inequality of rank, and since Meredith apparently approves of the parting of man and wife under such circumstances, the works of the last decade belong to the period of attack upon conventional ideas of marriage."

The evolutionary philosophy, which Meredith expresses so perfectly in many of his poems

and sums up in that single great sonnet, "Earth's Secret," is the ethical basis of his novels. To quote Mr. Bailey in full:

"Certain phases of this philosophy—of this need for man to learn from Nature whether she appear in field or wood or in the thickly populated city—may be found in every one of Meredith's novels. But it is safe to say that in 'One of Our Conquerors'—the novel to which Meredith unexpectedly treated his readers in 1891—there is a stricter adherence than in any of his other prose works, to the terms which he systematically employed in the poems bearing the burden of his message. Earth and Nature, for instance, are used almost interchangeably; and either or both may be referred to as the Great Mother in the sense that from her all things spring. On the other hand, Society, together with the laws and conventionalities which Society has dictated, is given the designation of Circumstance. Now, according to Meredith, these two forces, to one of which Man owes his origin, and by the other of which, when it acts alone, he is more often delayed than assisted in his advancement towards fullest development, are not always mutually helpful. Between them, rather, Man is carrying on an 'epic encounter.' Nor seldom is he in a quandary. Often he is compelled to pause and ask himself, Is Man in fact harmonious with the Great Mother when he yields to the pressure of his nature—that is, to his impulsive human nature? To this question his reason can give but one answer, No! 'Man may be rebellious against his time and his Laws, but if he is really for Nature, he is not lawless.' Where, then, he may justly inquire, is to be sought the power, the wisdom, which shall dictate the laws transcending those formulated by Society? It is found resident, reason again replies, in the Intellect, that attribute of Man which distinguishes him from the brute, and which by its development has filled the Great Mother with joy. Not yet, however, is she sure that Man is to be her crowning work. The heart, that is the beast within, would ravin hourly if it could, nor is the Intellect at all times the conqueror. The head may yet be the victim; the heart may yet gather force again to be

The lion of our desert's trodden weeds;

Again to be the lordly paw
Naming his appetites his needs
Behind a decorative cloak."

Mr. Bailey points out the influence of Meredith on the best of contemporary writers—how they acknowledge his superiority, look upon him as unapproachable, and delight to call him Master. He refers us to Stevenson's letters, the essays of Oscar Wilde, Swinburne's fiery tribute and William Sharpe's biographies; to the appreciations of Rossetti and Browning. He finds all that is richest in the literature of to-day "thickly embroidered" with the name of Meredith, and he does not hesitate to predict, tho with well tempered

enthusiasm, the permanent greatness of his novels.

But there is yet another aspect of Meredith's genius which Mr. Bailey, with most of his other critics and interpreters, seems quite to have overlooked. Meredith, in early life, found himself out of sympathy with the spirit of his age. Now, for the thinker who has lost faith in *laissez-faire* democracy, there is nothing left but aristocratic retreat or an heroic plunge into more social democracy. Meredith chose the former, invoking the spirit of classic comedy in an essay of surpassing

brilliancy, but which Bernard Shaw, the vital comedian of a younger day, is, in all admiration, constrained to drop with a "hollow laugh."

As evolutionary philosopher and poet, the genius of George Meredith is deep-rooted in our common life, and there is no question here of his permanence, but as a novelist he is the intellectual aristocrat par excellence—the invoker of "silvery laughter" in an age when its sound is almost blasphemy—he is, in his aloofness, decadent and obscure, and therefore, it may be, destined to perish.

THE ABSORPTIVE NATURE OF GENIUS



GENIUS is primarily a collective function, so George Sylvester Viereck claims. He has set forth this conception in a fantastic novel, "The House of the Vampire,"* and elaborates it in an article published in *Der Deutsche Vorkämpfer*. This assumption, he says, explains why there is hardly a literary Titan against whom charges of plagiarism have not been made. In many cases these charges have been substantiated. It is suggestive, Mr. Viereck opines in connection with this hypothesis, that in the passage of time the personalities of the greatest poets tend to disintegrate into their several original factors. We doubt to-day the individual existence of Homer, and the authorship of Shakespeare's plays is questionable. We know that Shakespeare based the majority of his plots upon those of older playwrights. In fact he appropriated whole scenes from already existing dramas. His measure is borrowed from Marlowe, and lengthy monologs are mere transcripts from Holinshed's chronicles. Even the "sugared" sonnets, in which some have discovered the most authentic expression of the poet's heart, are largely transplantations from the literatures of Italy, France and Spain. "The great Elizabethan," we are told, "undoubtedly possessed what, for lack of a more precise term, I should call the genius of absorption. Yet it is true that Shakespeare hardly ever borrowed without adding a touch that in itself was creative. He not only absorbed, he intensified. It is this faculty which differentiates the absorptive genius from the plagiarizer."

Shakespeare's borrowing, the writer goes on to say, need no justification to-day. Even lesser craftsmen are justified in taking their material from any source, contemporaneous or ancient, provided they can add to it, mold it, and in some way approximate more nearly to finality of expression. "The greatest world-poets are vocal sun-glasses. They concentrate the dispersed rays of minor luminaries in one splendid flame that, like a giant torch, lights up the way of the world. Their stature, defying the laws of normal growth, must be immense so that they can stand in all men's sight against the somber background of infinity." To quote further:

"Every age has its central literary figure that like a magnet draws everything towards itself. Shakespeare was such a figure in Elizabethan England, and Homer has focussed the legends and the poetic genius of his race in the epics that have come down to us under his mythical name. The same may be said for his Germanic rival, the unknown author of the *Nibelungenlied*.

"The greatest forces in literature, it may be safely affirmed, were unoriginal. Our own Walt Whitman borrowed from East and West and consciously strove to make himself a collective ego. Poe has been branded as a plagiarizer, and he, in turn, has hurled a similar accusation against Longfellow. In the whole body of Goethe's work, with the exception, perhaps, of his color theory, it would be a difficult task indeed to unearth a single startlingly novel thought. Yet the poet and those who brilliantly misinterpret him have made 'Faust' an intellectual treasure-trove without parallel in the literature of the world. Of Victor Hugo a recent critic, Remy de Gourmont, the editor of the *Mercure de France*, asserts that 'he borrowed the form of his poetry from Lamartine and Baudelaire, and his plays from De Musset and Vigny, while the unmistakable imprint of Eugene Sue is discernible in his novels.'"

* THE HOUSE OF THE VAMPIRE. By George Sylvester Viereck. Moffat, Yard & Company.



META VAUX WARRICK

The negress sculptor whose productions are being compared with Rodin's.

Mr. Viereck proceeds to explain his theory on a quasi-scientific basis:

"A dying man may be sustained by the warmth of young bodies in whose veins the life-force wells and throbs. Materialistic thinkers who seek a physiological basis for every psychic phenomenon will readily admit that an analogous result in the sphere of mind is not irreconcilable with human experience. Every mind is more or less absorptive. We have at all times been robbed of ideas and have unconsciously robbed others of theirs. The same mind may react differently on different people, and on various occasions victor and victim change places. The mind of the man of genius differs from others by its extraordinarily developed power of absorption."

The writer then instances a number of cases of literary vampirism that have come under his own observation. He also quotes a very remarkable passage in Wright's "Life of Pater." Lionel Johnson is recorded in that work as having said that the author of "Marius the Epicurean" was at once his envy and his despair. "He is a literary vampire, sucking the poetry out of the heart of every man he meets."

Mr. Viereck differentiates between two classes of minds: those who originate, or at least first reflect, flashes of thought, and those who bring multiple thoughts from every possible source to a focus. Both faculties may be equally developed in one individual, but from what has preceded it seems clear to him that the master-minds, the light-bearers of the ages, invariably belong to the focussing type. There is, however, Mr. Viereck asserts, one variation of which Bernard Shaw is perhaps the supreme instance. Their function is to render the light thus focussed endurable to the uninitiate eyes by coloring it and diminishing the intensity of its glare. They are—in no opprobrious sense—the vulgarizers of great ideas. To quote again:

"Thus Shaw has caught the radiance of Ibsen and Nietzsche and, shall we say, with diminished candle power, colored by his wit, translated their message into the consciousness of the intellectual middle classes. There is a certain tragedy in this; for when their eyes shall have learned to tolerate the new brightness they will turn from him to the masters themselves. President Roosevelt is likewise a popularizer of the ideas of others. I have diligently read the majority of his books and most of his messages and speeches. I have been at a loss to discover a novel or unusual thought in any of these. Most truths he utters are almost axiomatic and have all been said before, but by his dynamic personality he reanimates theories previously neglected, and lends a certain color and force even to ideas in themselves sterile and trite.

"The vampire mind appears in all branches of life. Rockefeller possesses the genius of absorbing gold even as Napoleon possessed the genius of absorbing power. The founders of the great world-religions have never been what is commonly known as original thinkers. Messiahs have come and gone and the same message has been reiterated again and again in the flights of the eons. Thus the founder of Christian Science has followed merely in the steps of comparatively recent mystics and her philosophic system is brazenly copied from the writings of the obscure Phineas P. Quinby."

"There is no thought or gospel," Mr. Viereck concludes, "that cannot be traced to an ever remoter antiquity. Even our most advanced theories of the atom are previsioned in the works of the Greek. Man cannot create matter, neither can he create mind. The origin of all things is ultra-human, and, in the last analysis, Homer and Shaw, Edison and Thales, Bramah and Mrs. Eddy, only focus or reflect imperfectly the scattered rays of that ultimate and unimaginable sun, which, perhaps, is God."

A NEGRESS SCULPTOR'S GRUESOME ART

FROM Philadelphia come vivid accounts of a negro girl who is already ranked by art critics among the leading women sculptors of the United States. Her name is Meta Warrick, and her work has won the commendations of the great French master, Auguste Rodin. One of her best sculptural groups was made for the Jamestown Tercentennial, and represents the advancement of the negro since his landing at Jamestown in 1619. Others of her works have been exhibited in the Paris Salon.

Meta Warrick is a living proof of the high capabilities of her race. Like the negro poet, Paul Laurence Dunbar, whose bust she has made, she excels in work that requires artistic *finesse* and emotional power. Like the negro painter, H. O. Tanner, whose pictures have

during the last half dozen years taken highest honors in Philadelphia, Chicago and other American cities where the very best American artists were pitted against him, she gets her effects in primitive and elemental fashion. Mr. Tanner pays little or no attention to the laws of perspective and chiaroscuro, as ordinarily recognized, and uses strange, weird colors applied, one might almost think, with a stick rather than a brush. Yet in this very garish appearance of his canvases critics have discovered wild fervor, great imagination and a wild, romantic spirit that reflects the life of the African jungle. The same spirit is discerned in Miss Warrick's work in clay. She has simply modeled what was within her—what has been carried down through the blood of generations from the African wilds—without the least apparent concern as to whether it con-



"THE WRETCHED"

This haunting portrayal of human torment is generally regarded as Meta Warrick's masterpiece. It was exhibited in the Paris Salon in 1903.



"SILENT SORROW"

When Miss Warrick took this figure to Rodin for his judgment, he said: "My child, you are a sculptor; you have the sense of form."

forms with the approved style or not. The result is work not pretty or superficial, but strongly individual, intensely vital. Miss Warrick has viewed life from the nether side. She has chosen to depict the horrible, the gruesome. She has felt the tragedy of life, rather than its joy. There is something haunting and appalling in her portrayals of "Silent Sorrow" and "The Wretched." The iron of life has pierced deep into her soul.

This negress sculptor, as we learn from an article by William Francis O'Donnell in *The World To-day*, is a descendant of slaves, and is proud of the fact. But she also has royal blood in her veins, and perhaps this strange combination may help to account for an art that almost seems to unite a regal imagination with a slave's wretchedness. Says Mr. O'Donnell:

"Researches which she has made have convinced her that her great-great-grandmother was an African princess. It is known that she was brought to Philadelphia in a slave ship, sold into the family of a wealthy resident of the city, and so captivated her captors by her beauty and a sort of refined savagery that she was given a white husband. And this, Miss Warrick declares, is the only infusion of Caucasian blood which she has been able to find trace of in either branch of her family. Her father was a barber, her mother a hairdresser. Her people have all been of the laboring class, poor."

As a small girl, Meta Warrick saw her sister modeling clay leaves and vegetables, as all kindergarten children do, and she would steal pieces of clay and fashion animals and people with it. When she was older she won a free scholarship in the Pennsylvania School of Industrial Art. It was here that her talent developed and compelled serious recognition.

The first original piece in clay that she made was a head of Medusa. It marked her début as a sculptor of horrors. All who viewed her conception—with its hanging jaw; beads of gore clinging to the face; eyes starting from sockets; lines of agony; the whole enmeshed in the folds of fearful serpents—instinctively cried, "Horrible!"

Criticism, says Mr. O'Donnell, affected her not at all; for when, shortly afterward, she was required to contribute something original for metal work, she made a crucifix upon which hung a human Christ torn by every



"A DANCING GIRL"

One of Miss Warrick's few joyous subjects.

human anguish. It was frowned upon, but she protested: "If the Saviour did not suffer as human beings suffer, then wherein lay the sacrifice?"

In 1899 Miss Warrick went to seek her fortune in Paris, that Mecca of art students. She suffered there the hardships that so many have undergone before her, but she also came into contact with Saint Gaudens and Rodin and had the satisfaction of getting her work into the Paris Salon. Mr. O'Donnell tells very charmingly the story of her first visit to Rodin:

"One bright summer afternoon six years ago, a little negro girl who had spent two discouraging years as an art student in Paris, walked out toward one of the pretty residence suburbs, Meudon, carrying a bundle which contained photographs of some of her finished pieces of sculpture and one clay sketch of an old man eating his heart out, 'Silent Sorrow,' she called this rather lugubrious production.

"She reached a fine villa with big shade trees all about it and the most fascinating brass knocker on the street door. She stood demurely contemplating this for a space, then pulled it, and asked of the kindly lady who opened the door, 'Is M. Rodin at home?' It was the residence of the great master whom the critics of Europe were then proclaiming as they are more persistently now, the Michelangelo of his age.

"Yes," she was told by Madame Rodin, 'he is expecting you; go right out to the garden.' There she found the sculptor sitting on a bench under his favorite tree, smoking. Tremblingly the girl watched him as he passed photograph after photograph over in his hands—for she had come to hear judgment on her artistic hopes—and noted with sinking heart that his manner spelled disapproval. Without speaking, he handed the pictures back. She prepared to go. But she had forgotten to show him the clay sketch, and now held it forth, timorously, almost certain that it would prove the last straw on the master's patience. Mechanically he turned the bit of clay this way and that, to view it at different angles. Gradually his squinting eyes parted wider. He ran his fingers along the muscles of the old man's back. Something in it had claimed his attention. Then—was it a dream or reality?—he walked over to where she stood, laid a fatherly hand on her shoulder, and, with bearded face beaming, said:

"My child, you are a sculptor; you have the sense of form!"



"OEDIPUS"

In this horrible figure Miss Warrick shows us Oedipus at the moment when, according to Greek legend, he is overwhelmed by his misfortunes and plucks out his eyes.

When Rodin permits one to visit him, that one must be of no common parts. When Rodin visits one, that one's career is assured. In due time Rodin visited the young girl and praised her statues. Her cup of happiness was full, and it must have been by some strange paradoxical law that she produced during this period one of her most gruesome works, "The Wretched." It shows forms of suffering most intense and hopeless: the suffering from loss of a dear one; from old age; from shame; from poverty; from hunger; from incapability; from melancholia; from incurable sickness; and the philosopher she portrayed as suffering through sympathy for all these.

Then came "Silenus," a depiction of Bacchic saturnalia; "The Dancing Girl" and "The Wrestlers," more normal conceptions; and, finally, the horrible "Oedipus" and "Carrying the Dead Body." To quote again:



"A BRITTANY PEASANT."

Miss Warrick's sympathetic portrayal of a humble worker.

"Roman and Grecian mythology gradually obtained a hold on the young sculptor, and when this influence was at zenith, she fashioned, in all the crude, unvarnished originality of the Theban legend, 'Oedipus' in the act of tearing his eyes out after having been accused of murdering his father and wedding his own mother. It startled Paris, but finally won fulsome praise for the originality of the idea and the correctness of the anatomy, and for very gratitude Miss Warrick was prompted to make a fat, laughing 'Falstaff,' which was well received.

"But in the very next thing she did, the 'Sculptor of Horrors' took a deeper plunge than ever into the depths of the lugubrious, this time with 'Carrying the Dead Body,' in which she depicted a man bearing away on his back a corpse which has lain on the battlefield, one would think, for days! Who but a brother could undertake such a task of burial?

"Why did you do it, with so many pleasant themes at your disposal?" I asked.

"Because I wished to show the extent to which duty should spur one—how we should perform it, no matter how unpleasant, without a murmur."

"So, if this be morbid, there is method in it."

Since her return to America, Miss Warrick has turned again to more normal themes. It would be difficult, at the present stage, to estimate her career properly or to prophesy her ultimate ranking among the artists of our time. Mr. O'Donnell goes so far as to compare her with Rodin, not, indeed, in creative inspiration, but in the modes of her expression. "In a radical departure from the prosaic, the conventional," he says, "rests her strongest earnest of success approaching Rodin's."

THE LITERARY SIGNIFICANCE OF GEORGE SAND'S LOVE AFFAIRS

IT IS surely a striking coincidence that the two most powerful women-novelists of the past century in England and France—George Eliot and George Sand—should have challenged the attention of the world no less by the irregularities of their private lives than by their literary genius. There are many admirers of George Eliot's novels who have never been able to forgive her for her unconventional union with George Henry Lewes; and to this day a jest is repeated in regard to George Sand that may be said to embody the whole of her life-story. "My heart is a cemetery," the great novelist is reported to have sighed in her later years.

"It is a necropolis," corrected her friend, Jules Sandeau.

George Eliot and George Sand, in their lives as in their writings, were national types. An essential difference between the English and French temperaments, as Francis Gribble points out in a most interesting account of "George Sand and Her Lovers,"* lies in the fact that English-speaking people resolutely refuse to regard love tolerantly when the relations of the lovers are "irregular," whereas the French are incurably romantic and tend to idealize even illicit relations. Or, to put it in another way, the French often treat as ro-

*GEORGE SAND AND HER LOVERS. By Francis Gribble. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

mance what the English can only regard as intrigue. George Eliot was typically English even in her revolt. She broke the conventions, but she seems to have been almost ashamed of her action. In her novels she preached a rigorous marriage ethic, and when Lewes died she married legally. A Frenchman would argue that by her attitude she degraded romance to the level of intrigue, and would add that the aim of his own countrymen and countrywomen is to raise intrigue to the dignity of romance. "Certainly," says Mr. Gribble, "he might cite many instances in support of the latter proposition both among the romances which have ended happily and among those through which hearts have been broken." There is the case of Victor Hugo's exaltation of Juliette Drouet; there is the case of Alfred de Vigny writing his "Colères de Samson" because his Delilah had behaved after the fashion of her kind; there is the case of Chateaubriand celebrating the woman with whom he lived while writing "Le Génie du Christianisme." But the case of George Sand furnishes the most striking instance of all.

She gloried in her course. Her feeling apparently was that, when she loved, she was making history, and she carefully preserved the documents relating to her love affairs for the benefit of the future historian! Frederic Chopin went into one novel, and Alfred de Musset into another. She cannot be said to have exaggerated her importance, for her audience was enormous. "Elle et Lui," the novel in which she immortalized the story of her love affair with De Musset, ran through the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the leading French magazine; and the controversies it started are still reverberating. She was a dominating figure in that "Romantic Movement" which swept over France at the beginning of last century. "One really needs to have the life of George Sand before one," Mr. Gribble asserts, "in order to understand how much more the Romantic Movement was than a revolt against the classical traditions of literature and the stage."

The real significance of George Sand's attitude, as Mr. Gribble interprets it, is to be found in the fact that she expressed herself as a woman, and gave the woman's point of view. At the time she wrote, Saint Simonism was in the air, and there was much talk and some practice of "free love." The men, however, looked at free love from a man's point of



GEORGE SAND

The great French novelist of whom Balzac wrote: "She is an artist, she is great, she is generous, she is devoted, she is chaste. Her dominant characteristics are those of a man. Therefore, she is not to be regarded as a woman."

view, which is pretty much the same in all ages. They took Don Juan for their prototype, and were more inclined to be libertines than preachers of a new sexual gospel. One can even imagine them saying of their mistresses what Cato said of the prostitutes of Rome, "Behold the protectors of our wives and daughters!" But George Sand spoke for the wives and daughters, urging that they should be freed from the tyranny of convention, and that love should be their only law-giver. "Just as her life illustrated this side of the Romantic Movement in practice," remarks Mr. Gribble, "so her early stories expounded it in theory, deducing the conclusions from the premises with an unflinching logic."

Her minor premise was supplied by her own unhappy marriage, and by a realization that her own heart was fickle even in intrigue. Her major premise came to her from Rousseau through Madame de Staël. Like them, she "posited" that love is a divine instinct and the act of loving is ever a virtue. Like Madame de Staël, she felt virtuous even when

she behaved badly, and even when she made herself ridiculous. It is the same with the heroes and heroines of "Lélia," "Jacques," and others of her early novels. Their irregularities and infidelities are represented as acts of compliance with the Divine Harmony and of obedience to the Higher Law! The motto that "the end justifies the means" is simply transferred from clerical to amorous affairs. In some of George Sand's novels love is treated not as "three parts of life" but as the whole of it. Her characters have no interest in anything except loving, and when they cease to love they want to die.

George Sand has explained quite fully why she regards love as the supreme sentiment. Here is the gist of her argument:

"The immense superiority of this sentiment above all others—the proof of its Divine origin—is that it does not originate as an act of human will, and that man, unaided, is powerless to direct it. He cannot bestow it, and he cannot recall it, by an act of volition; but the human heart receives it from on high, no doubt for the purpose of conferring it upon the creature chosen for him by the designs of Providence; and when a soul of strength and energy has received it, it is in vain that human considerations raise their voices for its destruction. Its existence is self-sufficient and independent."

In "Jacques" this train of thought is carried even further, and the reader is asked to believe that Providence sanctions not merely falling in love, but also falling out. The hero of the story neither seeks to "revive sentiment which has become extinct," nor imposes constancy upon himself as a duty. "When I have felt my love failing," he says, "I have admitted the fact without shame, and without remorse, and have obeyed the Providence which attracted me elsewhere." A transfer of affections takes place with almost religious solemnity, and when, in the same novel, Jacques's wife, Fernande, forsakes him for Octave, she cries: "Oh, my dear Octave, we will never pass the night together without first kneeling down and praying for Jacques."

The whole argument of George Sand's early romances is in these quotations, and "perhaps the *reductio ad absurdum* of the argument," Mr. Gribble suggests, "is in them, too." He continues:

"Certainly it shocks one's sense of humor—to look at the matter from no higher point of view than that—to find the Christian God represented as the tutelary deity of the adulterers, and the

suggestion put forward that those who are about to profane the marriage tie should open their proceedings with prayer for those whom they spitefully use. It is a proposal which seems even to pass the limits of farcical extravaganza.

"None the less, it was made seriously, and has been taken seriously, even by readers whose sound moral preconceptions forbade them to take it literally. It has appealed, for instance, to George Sand's English critic and admirer, Miss Bertha Thomas, who appears to find in such passages a high allegorical significance, who has persuaded herself that George Sand's 'ideal of marriage was a high one,' and who insists that 'the alleged hostility of her romances to marriage resumes itself into a declared hostility to the conventional French system of match-making.'

"It is not, indeed, very easy to see how the text is to stand the interpretation which British respectability thus aspires to put upon it. Certainly nothing we know of George Sand's life favors Miss Thomas's gloss. But the important thing is not that Miss Thomas has offered an inconclusive apology for George Sand's expression of her views, but that she has been moved by them, instead of being shocked. For if they have thus moved her, one can understand how much more they must have moved thousands of others—and especially of the women unhappily married, who indulged in day-dreams of what might have been. . . .

"Little of the message of George Sand was really new. Most of it had been written before by Jean Jacques in 'La nouvelle Héloïse.' But it seemed new because it was explicit, and because it was written from the woman's point of view. It was, in fact, the first emphatic presentment of the subject from a woman's point of view in literature; and tho it is very obviously the point of view of a woman who had the blood of many light o' loves coursing in her veins, that is why we are bound to admit that the books count even if we find them unreadable. . . . They may be bad, but they are unique."

Moreover, it was in her early novels, dealing pre-eminently with themes of love, that George Sand sounded her most original note. When she attempted, in later years, to deal with humanitarian and religious themes, she seemed to get out of her depth. "As a thinker," says Mr. Gribble, "George Sand was shallow and second-hand—an Aeolian harp that made music of a sort when blown upon by any wind of doctrine. She is most interesting—because she is most original—when she feels for herself, and does not stop to think at all." To quote, in conclusion:

"The real literary landmarks in her life are the novels of the 'Jacques' and 'Lélia' group. They at least strike a new note, a feminine note, and an individual note. They are the expression of a temperament at once typical and unique; and tho they leave the modern reader cold, or even give him cause to smile, they had a real influence on the generation to which they were addressed."

Religion and Ethics

HARNACK ON THE PRESENT CRISIS IN THEOLOGY AND CHURCH LIFE

THE student of religious conditions in Germany during late years can hardly fail to have been impressed by the growing strength and forcefulness of the radical propaganda. Not merely the Monists and materialists outside the church, but the "advanced theologians" within it, are striking at the very heart of what has hitherto been regarded as integral Christian doctrine. The "new theology" is organizing to take possession of the land and to become the controlling force in the church. More than two hundred thousand of the radical expositions of Biblical doctrine known as the "Religionsgeschichtliche Volksbücher," and published in Tübingen, have been circulated. The "Freunde der Christlichen Welt," or liberal societies named after the famous organ of advanced theology, are at work spreading their teachings all over the Empire.

In view of this state of theological ferment, which seems only to be aggravated by the passage of time, it is not surprising that the man who is doubtless the most influential theologian of the Fatherland, if not of the Protestant world, and who is himself charged with being to a great extent the cause of anxiety on the part of conservatives, namely Professor Harnack, of the University of Berlin, should raise his voice in an effort to allay the storm. This he does in the *Christliche Welt*, in a lengthy and remarkable article.

That the faith and life of the church, he says, is being seriously disturbed, and that such disturbance is even characteristic of our times, especially in its relation to the inner condition of the church, is something that we hear and read on all hands. And this cry is raised not only by conservatives, who claim to have a reason for viewing the future of the church with grave concern. Even among those who are the authors of this disturbance, the protagonists of the advanced views, there are some who lament that they have been unfortunately placed in a period of transition more critical than any that has heretofore occurred in the history of the church, and that

against their own will and inclination, in the interests of independent research and truth, they have been compelled to disturb the church's faith and piety in a manner that is almost revolutionary.

As Professor Harnack interprets the facts, however, there are no real grounds for fear. Such "disturbances" in the church, he avers, are as old as the church itself and at the present time are no stronger and no more revolutionary than they have been in former periods, but rather, if anything, weaker. That they are as old as the church is attested by the first historian of the church's development, Eusebius, who in the sixth line of his Church History declares it to be one of his purposes to show that "men at different times, out of the desire for novelty, have permitted themselves to fall into the most grievous errors, and have become the founders of a science (Gnosis) falsely so called whereby as ravenous wolves they have mercilessly devoured the fold of Christ."

Religious disturbances, Professor Harnack continues, arise from four different sources—connected with church doctrine and dogma, public worship, the religious ideal of life, and church organization; but as these four are closely united, the spark that starts the conflagration may easily pass from one to another. There is no great disturbance in the church which does not in course of time affect the whole organization; and the present difficulties cannot be confined to any one phase of religious life. But when we examine revolutionary disturbances in the light of their regular recurrences and disappearances, we find that they grow in intensity up to a certain point and then subside. This appears paradoxical, but is confirmed by the history of the church.

If we analyze the present troubles in the church and compare them with those of earlier days, says Harnack, it must be honestly recognized that they are of less importance than previous disturbances, and that the church of to-day has less cause for complaint than the early church. For even the representatives of

so-called liberal theology, are, in the main, conservative and even "positive." They disturb the church no more than Epicureanism, or Fatalism, did in the ancient times. If we leave the radicals out of consideration, we shall find that other differences in the church are becoming less marked, and that opposing forces are drawing closer together.

At present Professor Harnack finds only one problem of which it can be said that it causes real disturbance in the church. This is the "Christological" problem. In many circles of the church, even in so called "positive" circles, men are perfectly willing to apply the historical conception of the origin and development of Christianity to the entire historical antecedents of Christ and to all that followed his career, but are afraid to apply it to Christ himself. This standard, in Harnack's opinion, is bound to be applied sooner or later. But even in the din of this battle concerning the character and person of Christ, the voice of

coming harmony can already be heard, and he who has open eyes can see that the opposing attitudes toward this fundamental subject are beginning to crystallize. The evolutionary conception underlying the critical treatment of Christ and his work is being gradually merged with a recognition that his personality is unique, and that no law of scientific development can explain his greatness or his accomplishments. But until this higher unity in the opposing conceptions is reached, the "theological" problem is bound to cause serious perplexities to the church.

In conclusion, Professor Harnack registers his conviction that the changes which have passed over the theological world during the past thirty years have affected the periphery rather than the kernel of the Christian life. The problems of the study, it is true, have become world problems in which the masses are concerned, but the problems themselves have not been seriously modified.

CHRISTMAS WITHOUT CHRIST

THE action of the New York School Board a year ago in barring from the Christmas celebrations in the public schools everything "of a sectarian or religious character," seemed innocent enough. But when a few weeks ago one of the directors of school music in New York instructed the teachers under him to exclude from Christmas exercises all songs which contain references to Christ, the apparently harmless generalization took on a new and menacing significance. Jewish objections to "sectarian education" are said to have been responsible for the innovation, and the Jews of Cincinnati and other cities are now demanding that the precedent established in New York be followed by public schools throughout the country.

The problems involved in this controversy have vexed the educational authorities for a long while. They are due in large measure to the fact that certain school principals have shown a disposition to introduce Christian customs and phraseology in schools predominantly Jewish. Efforts have been made to adjust matters without friction, but this year the discussion has broken out fiercer than ever.

Public meetings of protest have been held,

and the New York papers have been flooded with letters, denouncing the new order as an "outrage" and an "insult" to the Christian faith. One Brooklyn clergyman has urged getting out an injunction restraining the New York Board of Education from omitting the words Christ or Christmas from the exercises. The Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity Church, New York, comments: "I am afraid this is the logical outcome of the system of non-sectarian education, but as a Christian I must protest. It will prove disastrous. I hope a reaction will result." The Rev. Dr. Charles F. Aked, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, says:

"It is a pity that the question has been opened. Why should they want Christological reference eliminated from conventional things? Christ was a Hebrew, one of the great and favored sons of their race. I don't ask them to take my view that he was the Messiah, but that he was one of the greatest children of genius their race has produced. If they would take that view why should they want to eliminate him from ordinary things?"

"Let me ask:—Are the Hebrews petitioning the President of this republic to change the almanac? Do they date their letters '1907'? If so, why? Do they want to take our almanac away?"

The Boston *Congregationalist* feels that the Jews are acting very shortsightedly. It comments:

"It would be difficult to imagine any act prompted by Jews which would be more hostile to their own interests. Driven from Russia and other countries by race antipathies intensified by their opposition to Christianity, they have found a refuge and a welcome in the United States. They have been freely permitted to share in all our public institutions and privileges of citizenship. No restrictions have been placed upon them in the exercise of their religion. If, emboldened by their rapid increase in our metropolis, they were to make any concerted effort to destroy a national institution cherished alike in all Protestant and Catholic countries they might easily forecast the time when they would be as unwelcome here as in the countries from which Anti-Semitism has driven them. The predominance of Roman Catholics in the cities where Jews most congregate would make it more hazardous for them to carry on sectarian propaganda, such as aims at eliminating the name of Christ from the thought and life of the people.

"Moreover, the next step toward having American institutions 'stripped of all sectarian influences or suggestion' would logically be the repeal of Sunday laws, which put restraint on Jews and remind them that the day has been substituted for their Sabbath in commemoration of the resurrection of Jesus Christ."

Even in the West strong feeling prevails. The Methodist paper of Cincinnati, the *Western Christian Advocate*, asks: "What are we coming to when in the largest municipality in our land the School Board legislates to eliminate from the schools songs, recitations or readings that show reference to Christ or the festivities surrounding his birth?" The same paper goes on to comment:

"If any class of people imagine they can escape Christ while here in America, they are mistaken. Wherever they turn they see the stamp of that supreme character; it is in the very air they breathe—if they choose to breathe it. When certain ones once in the world's history cried, 'away with him, away with him!' it was an easy matter to obey and thrust this Christ temporarily from public view. But the same slogan will not avail to-day. One may as well speak out to the trade-winds or command the currents of the sea. To 'away with him' would necessitate the upheaval of the religious and ethical foundations of the nation. It can not be done. A protest so deep and vehement will sound forth that this move can not but fail."

From the Jewish world varying voices are heard. The Rev. Samuel Schulman, pastor of Temple Beth-El, New York, declares: "We revere Christianity as the religion of sincere men, but unless we are to become disloyal to the martyred history of Judaism, to the spirit that has always dominated us; we cannot but ask that the laws excluding sectarian teaching in the public schools be enforced." On the

other hand, the Rev. Joseph Silverman, pastor of Temple Emanu-El, says:

"More diplomatic treatment by the Board of Education of the whole question of the relations between the Jewish citizens of New York and the public schools of the city, would undoubtedly have averted the conditions which gave rise to the protest of the Jews against some of the Christmas celebrations.

"If the Board of Education had adopted the policy of appointing Jewish principals and teachers in greater number in schools where there was a heavy proportion of Jewish pupils instead of placing Christian principals and teachers in such schools the result would have been more natural sympathy in those schools between the teachers and the pupils. There are now 900,000 Jews in Greater New York, and in some of the schools, on the East Side, for instance, 90 per cent. of the pupils are Jews.

"The protest against the singing of Christian hymns in the public schools is not intended even in the slightest degree as a criticism of Christianity.

"Christmas, contrary to the belief of many Christian ministers, does not mark the birthday of Christ. That day would fall on January 4. Nor was Christmas originally a Christian celebration. It was, in the olden days, a Pagan festival, and was borrowed by the early Christians to induce the heathen to enter their fold. Jews do not regard Christmas celebrations of themselves as essentially Christian, and would have no hesitancy in taking part in them if the celebrations were shorn of their distinctively Christian tone.

"I have always taken part in celebrations in the public schools at Christmas time where there were trees, games, presents and songs and recitations, none of which, however, was of a distinctively Christian character."

The New York *Independent* leans to the liberal side of the controversy. It comments:

"We have more than once said, in previous years, on reading the complaints in Hebrew journals, that it is a wrong and outrage that in our schools the tens of thousands of Jewish children should be required to unite in singing songs in honor of Christ's birth. We have known cases in which this was required of children the majority of whom were Jews. We cannot imagine Jesus Christ demanding such honor of them. The defense is, that ours is a Christian country, and that if Jews don't want to submit to our Christian ways they can stay in Russia. That is the essence of sectarian arrogance. Their fathers had the same right to come here that our fathers had. It is their country as much as it is ours. It is not the business of the nation to proselyte; that is the business of the church. We resent the idea of the secular power trying to control the religious opinions of acts of the citizens. In the nation all citizens have equal rights, and we are not afraid to let Christianity have its fair show and no more, and then let the best win. As to the children, if the failure of the state to make Christians of them leaves them to grow up without belief, then the blame is on the church which fails to do its duty."

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GOOD MAN?



AN Archbishop, a Japanese Prime Minister, an eminent English novelist, a Professor of Sociology in one of our State universities, and the author of the now famous series of articles on "Frenzied Finance" were recently invited by the editor of *Everybody's Magazine* to formulate an answer to the above question. Their responses are instructive, and may be said to reflect the prevailing ethical temper of our times. It is significant that, with the exception of the Archbishop, all the contributors to the symposium lay their chief stress on conduct rather than upon theological belief or observance, and that a man's "goodness" is felt to be supremely tested by his attitude toward industrial life.

The first answer recorded, that of Archbishop Ireland, lays down the law of love for God and for man, in its broadest sense, as the source of all virtues, but makes no attempt to apply this law to the peculiar problems of our age. General Count Tara Katsura, Prime Minister of Japan, indulges in the generalization: "He is of the highest type of good man who subordinates himself to the good of society, and, never departing from the principle, spends his life in constant and ceaseless exertion for the attainment of his ideal." But here again there is a lack of definiteness.

H. G. Wells, the English novelist, clears the way for a consideration of twentieth century "goodness" by making us feel the inadequacy of present standards. The commonly accepted pattern of a good man, in Mr. Wells's definition, is "a clean and able-bodied person, truthful to the extent that he does not tell lies, temperate so far as abstinence is concerned, honest without pedantry, and active in his own affairs, steadfastly law-abiding and respectful to custom and usage—tho aloof from the tumult of politics, brave but not adventurous, punctual in some form of religious exercise, devoted to his wife and children, and kind without extravagance to all men." Now "everyone feels," says Mr. Wells, "that something more is wanted and something different; most people are a little interested in what that difference can be; and it is a business that much of what is more than trivial in our art, our literature, and our drama must do, to fill in bit by bit and shade by shade the subtle permanent detail of the answer." He goes on to say:

"To describe that ideal modern citizen now is at best to make a guess and a suggestion as to what must be built in reality by the efforts of a thousand minds. But he will be a very different creature from that indifferent, well-behaved business man who passes for a good citizen to-day. . . . Essentially he will be aristocratic; aristocratic not in the sense that he has slaves or class inferiors, because probably he will have nothing of the sort, but aristocratic in the sense that he will feel that the state belongs to him and he to the state. . . .

"He will be good to his wife and children as he will be good to his friends, but he will be no partisan for wife and family against the common welfare. His solicitude will be for the welfare of all the children of the community; he will have got beyond blind instinct, he will have the intelligence to understand that almost any child in the world may have as large a share as his own offspring in the parentage of his great-great-grandchildren. His wife he will treat as his equal—he will not be 'kind' to her, but fair and frank and loving, as one equal should be with another.

"Consciously and deliberately the good citizen will seek beauty in himself and in his way of living. He will be temperate rather than harshly abstinent, and he will keep himself fit and in training as an elementary duty. . . .

"And—I speak of the ideal common citizen—he will be a student and a philosopher. To understand will be one of his necessary duties. His mind, like his body, will be fit and well clothed."

Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, offers an epigrammatic composite of his ideal. His attitude may be judged from the following quotations:

"A good man approaches a king on his feet and women on his knees. He curses and commands in prose, and grants and courts in poetry.

"He wears a brake on his passions, and gears his love to the sun, the moon, and the stars.

"A good man dedicates his heart and soul to his wife, his conscience to his mother, and his very being to his country.

"The good man engraves his friendships on his own heart, his hatred on his enemies', and keeps all edges sharp and all lines deep until death.

"A rattling good man counters the command 'Turn the other cheek' with 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,' and he speaks to blackguards and bullies with his fist instead of his tongue.

"He measures his wants by his possessions and his friends' necessities; he knows no hunger or thirst, no happiness while his women-folks or his friends seek, and he insists that the obligation of his friend be written in chalk while he styluses his own in indelible ink.

"No good man ever gets his gambling and his business money tangled, or his Bible and his card-case mixed, or ever drops an unredeemed poker-chip into the contribution-box.

"A good man carries no brass drum to church, and burns no candles trying to rewrite the Ten Commandments.

"A good man can swim the Styx if he misses the ferry."

Prof. Edward Alsworth Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, whose new book on industrial ethics has been so highly praised by the President, declares, in his contribution to the symposium, that "the beginning of goodness is to stand on one's own feet." This requires moral stamina "now that there are so many new ways of being a parasite." Professor Ross writes further:

"But the good man will help others; and when he comes to spend himself for others, two paths are open. He may minister to the suffering, like the Red Cross nurse or the charity worker; or he may uphold and improve the rules of the game. Tho less picturesque, the latter way is none the less flinty. For ages the Good Samaritan has borne the palm. But what of the inspector who reports the scandalous state of affairs on the Jericho Road even tho the chances are that his superiors will pigeonhole his report and dismiss him? What of the prosecutor who commits political *havi-kari* in order to 'get' the men 'higher up' who protect and blackmail the thieves working the Jericho Road? The Samaritan risked a big tavern bill; these risk a livelihood. Which is the better man?"

In other words, the really good man ought to be a pioneer in morality, not merely a follower along beaten tracks. Above all, if he is an intelligent man, he will strike at the roots

of evil, not merely at its superficial manifestations. More specifically, Professor Ross says:

"Your saint 'without an enemy in the world' is of less worth than the stalwart knight of conscience. For the one copes only with consequences; the other attacks causes. It is the difference between nursing the malaria-stricken and draining the swamp—between Father Damien devoting himself to the lepers on Molokai and the Eight who let themselves be bitten by infected mosquitoes to test Major Reed's hypothesis of the mosquito transmission of yellow fever. So to-day the self-sacrifice that yields a hundred-fold is—battling with the Midianites. And the lovers of men are finding it out. The good man starts out to clothe the naked, and presently he is grappling with exploiters and vice-caterers who produce more nakedness in a day than he can cover in a year. He sets forth to enlighten those who sit in darkness, and lo, he is fighting against child labor, or politics in the public schools. In the morning he goes abroad to heal the sick; by noon he is hammering quacks and food adulterators and rookery landlords. Thus experience drives home the paradox that the supremacy of law, the triumph of truth and honesty in business and in government, and the scientific adaptation of institutions to changing needs, promote human welfare more than do feeding to-day's hungry and nursing to-day's sick. For drying up the fountain-heads of evil lessens the number of hungry and sick of the day-after-to-morrow."

CHRISTIANITY UNDER FIRE



THE conflict between Christian and anti-Christian forces is nowhere more marked than in Germany, and at the present time the Christian believers of that country are urging an aggressive campaign in defense of the historic faith. As a beginning in this direction, a chair devoted exclusively to Christian apologetics has been established, for the first time in the history of the German universities, at Leipzig. In line with the same general tendency, public meetings are held in various cities for the express purpose of encouraging apologetical discussion. These meetings are presided over by able Christian debaters. Representatives of every school of religious thought are invited to attend and to express themselves freely, the leader undertaking to answer their objections as best he can. Great popular interest has been manifested in these discussions, and a vivid idea of their character is conveyed by a recent writer in the *Beweis des Glaubens*, who reports in detail the arguments used by both sides at one particular meeting.

The meeting was opened with a short address by the leader on "Jesus of Nazareth and the Modern Man." After he had finished he invited an expression of views. The first in the audience to respond was a mechanical engineer, who challenged the speaker to prove that there was such a person as Jesus of Nazareth. This objector said that he could not believe that Christ had ever existed. The social conditions in the Roman Empire, Jewish Messianic expectations, the Greek philosophy, had all combined, he averred, to create a mythical Jesus. To this objection the leader replied:

"It cannot be denied that the conditions of that period were a special preparation for Christianity. The desire for a Golden Age was then stronger than ever. The Jews had a highly cultivated Messianic hope. Philosophy had created religious ideas which were understood throughout the Roman and Greek cultured world and assimilated by many of the Jews, and which exerted deep influence. But all this was only the preparation of the field. What was to fall upon this field and bear fruit? Was it to be only a myth or a saying? It must have been a personality, unique and more remarkable than any

the world had ever before witnessed. Christianity without Christ at its head is unthinkable. Besides, such heathen authors as Tacitus and Suetonius speak of Christ and of the earliest Christians."

The second speaker was a Social Democrat, who said that he was willing to concede that Jesus actually did live. "He was an Essene, or ascetic, a noble character—perhaps the noblest being who ever lived. He sympathized with those in trouble and heavily laden, taught brotherly love and for that reason was crucified by the ruling classes, the capitalists." But after his death, continued the Socialist, the church lost his spirit and became the willing instrument in the hands of the wealthy for the purpose of oppressing the poor. "If Jesus were to return now," he concluded, "the church would be the first to crucify him." To the Socialist argument the leader of the meeting made this rejoinder:

"Jesus was no ascetic Essene; he stood in the midst of the world, participated in banquets and wedding festivities, and sympathetically interested himself in all the ups and downs of public and private life. True, he was noble, more so than anyone else; but he treated all alike, rich and poor: all were his brethren. If the church has become untrue to his ideals, this is to be regretted but it is not the Master's fault. It is for us to raise ourselves and the church to that noble and exalted spirit of all-comprehensive brotherly love taught by Christ himself!"

A physician thereupon rose to his feet and said: "It is true, Christ has taught us humanity and love for mankind. Before his day these sentiments were unknown. Every noble-thinking man follows Christ's doctrine of love for mankind. The church has a great value, in so far as she teaches this love for mankind inculcated by Christ." But the doctrines of the church, the doctor went on to say, must be rejected, as they have nothing to do with the noble work of Jesus. Jesus is not God, since he himself prays to God, and subordinates himself to God. As to the doctrines of the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection, these declared the doctor, are "simply preposterous" in the eyes of any one trained in modern natural science. "I want to be a sincere Christian," he added, "but I want a non-dogmatical Christianity." The apologist replied:

"It is a pleasure to listen to such appreciative words concerning Christ. It is true that he prayed to the Father; but it is also true that the Word became Flesh. In this one pure personality God revealed Himself fully to mankind. This is what the church wishes to convey in its doctrines on the subject. The human forms in

which these truths find their expression are not a matter of such great importance; the main thing is that we find God in the life of Jesus, in a real and practical sense, as he forgives the penitent, strengthens the weak, comforts those who trust him, and promises that eternal life to his own into which we confidently believe that he preceded us."

A fourth type of thought concerning Jesus was expressed in the words of a specialist in philosophical studies, who argued as follows:

"All that has been said is interesting, but does not hit the nail on the head. Christianity is both a good religion and a very poor one. Really strong, free, and aggressive minds will always take their stand above Christianity. Mankind is elevated through great and forceful men, not through sickly sympathy with the poor, the needy and the sick. This is something we should all learn from the great Nietzsche. Russia must be made strong not through love, but by a hardening process. And Christ's death on the cross was a sign of weakness. A hero does not die in such a way."

To this the reply was made:

"Is an oppressor, a tyrant, a strong and free spirit? To conquer one's self is the sign of freedom and strength. Jesus, by regarding himself as the servant of mankind even until the day of his crucifixion, felt that he had shown the greatest heroism, both in conquest of himself and of the hatred of mankind. It would have been an easy thing for him to have become a great ruler. And again, true love, in Christ's sense of the term, is not a weakness of the will, which submits merely to the will of others, but a firm conviction of the guidance of Providence."

Still another type of thought found its expression in the words of a merchant. "I am a business man," he said, "and those not in business do not know the terrible struggle of competition. My competitor or myself—this is the daily problem. Under these circumstances, a person cannot exercise love to others; he can only fight. Christianity is in modern circumstances only a beautiful dream that cannot be realized." This called forth the response:

"Self-preservation is a law of nature, but from the standpoint of Christianity self-preservation and love to one's neighbor are perfectly reconcilable. We are told that we are to love ourselves, but we are also to love our neighbor; and nothing contributes more to the happiness of the individual and to the prosperity of the community than the actual realization of Christ's ideal. We can close the discussion with the words of Goethe, spoken only eleven days before his death: 'No matter how far intellectual culture may progress, nor how deep the insight we may gain from the natural sciences, we will never get beyond or above the greatness and the moral ideals of Christianity, as these appear in the gospels.'"

WHEN SPECULATION IS IMMORAL



HE "ethics of speculation" is at all times an alluring subject, and just at present is invested with urgent meaning by reason of the late financial panic. It furnishes the theme of an *Atlantic Monthly* article by Charles F. Dole, a Unitarian clergyman who is not afraid to venture into a domain usually preempted by men of business and economic students. He evidently feels that a religion which shrinks from applying moral standards to industrial issues is bound to become sterile and ineffective.

It is a great mistake, he affirms, to suppose that speculation is necessarily immoral. There is a speculative element, a factor of venture or "chance," in every human enterprise. The farmer and the sailor are alike dependent upon the weather, and hunting and fishing are largely matters of luck. Some kinds of business are from their nature speculative,—mining, for example, and the introduction of new kinds of food and clothing and domestic furniture. The telephone was at first a great speculative venture. But "this element of hazard," Mr. Dole reminds us, "did not make it wrong to buy telephone stock at a few dollars a share. In fact, if some people had not believed in it and risked their money, the world would have had to wait indefinitely for the use of this wonderful new instrument of civilization. We suspect that even Mr. Emerson would have been pleased with the results, if he had trusted the proceeds of one of his lectures in the infant enterprise."

The original meaning of the word *speculator* is "scout" or "outrunner," and suggests the men who, by their farsight or mobility, explore new routes by which the marching caravans behind them may proceed, or discover treasures and supplies for the benefit of the rest. They are pioneers, and deserve generous return for their forethought, patience, courage and faith. It is only when they begin to follow their own interests at the expense of their fellows that they become blameworthy. If, for instance, they appropriate for their own use, or hold out of use, the lands, the springs of water, the forests, the minerals, and those natural resources which rightly belong to the body or society, their action becomes anti-social and unethical. More specifically Mr. Dole says:

"There is a kind of speculation which is itself righteous, namely, the discovery and promotion of new means of wealth. The injustice begins when men set an excessive price of their own on their work, as if they had performed an act of original creation. We can applaud Mr. Carnegie's and Mr. Rockefeller's enterprise, but we denounce their system of tariff, their manipulation of railways, and their appropriation of mineral lands, through which their speculation has passed over from useful social service into the form of colossal extortion. We cannot even see the social use of any sort which has attended the building of the Astor and other similar fortunes. The scout in this case has merely seized and fortified a height above the city and become a robber-baron. We must say, however, by way of excuse, that these men have turned to their own selfish use legal enactments for which we are all responsible."

But what is to be said of speculation in its more ordinarily accepted sense? What ethical test can be applied to the transactions of Wall Street? Mr. Dole makes a sharp distinction here. There is a legitimate function of the speculator, he asserts, as an appraiser of values. The men on the stock and produce exchanges are helping to fix and even to maintain the values of wheat, cotton and the great staples of the world. They determine the market price of countless stocks and bonds. So far they perform useful social service. The trouble arises when they "manipulate" the market for private ends, or enter upon speculative ventures without due consideration of social consequences. There are really two sets of speculators, says Mr. Dole, present in person or by proxy. One set are actual experts in valuation, whose function it is to study crops and harvests and the complex movements of traffic and labor. These men play the game by the use of experience and intelligence; they endeavor to eliminate "chance" elements, so far as is possible. The other set is composed of people who are only ignorant guessers and bettors. Of this group Mr. Dole writes:

"No doubt they often act under advice of their brokers, but they contribute no particle of intelligent study in the appraisal of values. This class surely are of no sound economic use in crowding upon the market. So far from helping to fix or maintain values, they probably add an element of exaggeration, excitement, and peril to the conduct of business. Their presence and the stakes which they wager tempt the *bona fide* or expert class of speculators to play upon their hopes and their fears, and to create artificial 'booms' or panics, and actually to unsettle values.

In short the people who 'take flyers' are mostly gamblers pure and simple. They pay their money to support a considerable and expensive group of bankers and brokers. To the honest question: What actual social service do you render through your speculative transactions, such as might justify you in pocketing your expected winnings, abstracted doubtless from the common wealth? they can give no rational answer. They are not merely trying to get something for nothing,—a harmless amusement,—but they are trying to get what does not belong to them."

The pathos of speculation, says Mr. Dole, in concluding, lies in the false but alluring inducements that it holds out. There is nothing wrong in the ambition of the village schoolmaster, or the country minister, or the dressmaker with her scanty earnings, to share in the fabulous wealth which modern society is accumulating. They are not to be blamed for hoping that their bit of investment in the wonderful mine they have seen advertised turns out successfully. If they are culpable it is in failing to see that they have no business to hope for success; they do not know enough. No one has taught them that every

useful kind of speculation depends upon effort, skill, experience. "Honest speculation," says Mr. Dole, "is a form of science. It is never mere cheap guesswork. But these innocent people—a great host of them—are daily matching their ignorance against the loaded dice of those whom their credulity tempts to make a business of floating all kinds of plausible and worthless enterprises." He says, in concluding:

"When will the world learn the supreme law of life? We have no right to expect to receive when we give no equivalent return. We have no right to expect ordinary gains, unless we give at least ordinary service. Much less have we right to extra gains from our investments, where we put in no extra skill, foresight, or other form of service. We only make fools of ourselves in expecting great dividends, where we have not the least knowledge of the conditions of business. Indeed, we have no right to live, even upon our own incomes, unless we are trying continually to make good to society for all that we cost. We are always servants and trustees for society or else we are robbing our fellows. No success, no secure or permanent happiness, lies away from the line of this law."

THE PRESIDENT AND THE MOTTO ON OUR COINS



WHEN the Chicago Roman Catholic weekly, *The New World*, declared recently that President Roosevelt committed "a huge blunder" in countenancing the obliteration of "In God We Trust" from the new gold coins, it undoubtedly voiced the sentiments of a great number of religious people in this country. That the President was not blind to the possibility of religious opposition to his plan, is evidenced by his own statement: "If Congress alters the law and directs me to replace on the coins the sentence in question, the direction will be immediately put into effect, but I very earnestly trust that the religious sentiment of the country, the spirit of reverence in the country, will prevent any such action being taken."

The President's action was influenced by the fact that he found "no warrant in law for the inscription," and by his own "very firm conviction that to put such a motto on coins, or to use it in any kindred manner, not only does no good, but does positive harm." He has offered the further explanation:

"A beautiful and solemn sentence such as the one in question should be treated and uttered only with that fine reverence which necessarily

implies a certain exaltation of spirit. Any use which tends to cheapen it and, above all, any use which tends to secure its being treated in a spirit of levity, is from every standpoint profoundly to be regretted.

"It is a motto which it is indeed well to have inscribed on our great national monuments, in our temples of justice, in our legislative halls and in buildings such as those at West Point and Annapolis—in short, wherever it will tend to arouse and inspire a lofty emotion in those who look thereon. But it seems to me eminently unwise to cheapen such a motto by use on coins, just as it would be to cheapen it by use on postage stamps or in advertisements. As regards its use on the coinage, we have actual experience by which to go. In all my life I have never heard any human being speak reverently of this motto on the coins or show any sign of its having appealed to any high emotion in him."

Altho it is true, technically speaking, that there is at present no warrant in law for putting "In God We Trust" on American coins, the practice was authorized by Congress. The motto first came into prominence in 1861, when the Rev. M. R. Watkinson, a Pennsylvania clergyman, wrote to Salmon P. Chase, at that time Secretary of the Treasury, urging "the recognition of the Almighty God in some form on our coins." As a result Mr. Chase gave instructions that a motto "expressing

in the fewest and tersest words possible this recognition" be prepared, and in 1864 the device, "In God We Trust," was approved by Congress and set upon the then new two-cent piece. A year later the use of the motto on gold and silver coins was authorized. In 1873, this provision was practically re-enacted. But finally, in the Revised Statutes, the portion of the Act authorizing the motto was omitted and repealed.

There can be no doubt, however, that the use of the motto on our coins might have been continued indefinitely without protest. It is because President Roosevelt has taken the initiative in removing the legend that he is criticized. "It is never well," remarks the *New York Outlook*, "to shock people except for some real and adequate compensating advantage; and we do not believe that in this case the advantage was adequate." The leading Methodist paper, the *New York Christian Advocate*, observes:

"There is a great difference between beginning a custom and summarily abolishing it. There had been no protest against the inscription and there would have been none had it remained. Something immeasurably more productive of irreverence than incidental irreverent jesting suggested by the inscription on the coins, prevails in this country, even among men in high position, the profane use of the names of *God* and *Christ* in conversation.

"Every good citizen desires to approve the judgment of the President of the United States if possible, and it is strange that he did not foresee that the great majority of religious people, Protestant, Catholic, many Jews, would be sensitive at the removal of those words at a time when every vestige of national recognition of God is of importance, when the forces that make against religion are growing bolder and stronger, and when, as some one has said, the country never needed to connect the thought of God with financial transactions more than it does now.

"The faithful performance of the duty of the Chief Magistrate of the Union will necessarily entail many divergent judgments and, as *Abraham Lincoln* is said to have remarked: 'A statesman who would be sure of his friends must beware of their sensitive points.' In view of the existence of the inscription so long, the effect of it might well have been taken into consideration before surprising the American people with the act. It will be used by all opponents to the Christian religion or any other founded on one God, to strengthen the opinion that 'religion is dying out.'"

Similar views are expressed by clergymen of all denominations. The Episcopal Diocesan Convention of New York, and the Presbyterian Brotherhood of America, in convention in Cincinnati, have passed resolutions condemning the President's action. Bishop Potter

and Monsignor Lavelle, of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, both feel that he acted hastily. The Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst resents what he calls "the arbitrary obliteration by an individual of a tradition in regard to which eighty millions of people may be supposed to have some decided views, and views that are liable to be as valuable as those of the Chief Executive." The Rev. Dr. Charles Edward Locke, of Brooklyn, says:

"The placing of the inscription 'In God We Trust' upon the national coinage is a unique recognition of our dependency as a people upon the Father of nations. It may not vastly increase our faith as a nation, but it is of great sentimental significance. To remove it would violate a beautiful national tradition, and would cause deepest regret among a vast number of our most substantial citizens. I have never heard of any body of men who believe in the sacred principles of patriotism passing resolutions asking to have the sentiment removed, but from my childhood I have heard the blatant protests of infidels and unbelievers against this custom."

While the consensus of opinion in the religious world seems to be overwhelmingly against the President, a few voices are heard in his favor. The *New York Churchman*, for instance, shares his attitude, and declares:

"Whatever hasty action may have been taken by various religious bodies, whatever rash judgments may have been expressed by individual religious leaders, the sober second thought of Christian America will surely support the President in this matter. The robust Christian faith of this Nation needs no such clinking asseveration. It is precisely those who feel most the presence of God everywhere who shrink most from the misuse of the divine name. Of their instinctive feeling President Roosevelt has made himself, as so often in other ways, the just interpreter."

The daily papers have shown an even keener interest in the controversy than that of the religious press, and there is hardly a newspaper, from New York to San Francisco, that has not offered a contribution to the discussion. Editorial opinions seem to be about equally divided. The *New York Evening Post* pronounces the President's argument very weak. "That a good thing may be perverted," it says, "is no sound reason for giving up the good thing." The *Philadelphia Press* comments:

"It is already evident that the protest against the rejection of the motto will be strong and widespread. The expressions of great religious bodies indicate the feeling which prevails in their ranks. It is natural and it is inevitable. Millions of Christian people who, if the question of adopting the motto were submitted for the first time, might have felt that it was unnecessary and of

doubtful expediency, will now that it has stood for more than forty years earnestly object to its removal. They will regard it as a backward step in the Christian profession of the nation. They will fear that it will be misinterpreted by the rest of the world. Their sentiment deserves to be respected, and the more so as there was no call from any quarter for the change.

"No, Mr. President, let us offer the frank and friendly counsel to halt a movement which is not acceptable to so large a proportion of the American people. To complete it by going forward and extinguishing the motto on all the coins is impossible. American sentiment will not permit it. To leave it half way executed—hung in the air, expelled from some coins and retained on others—is to arouse all the criticism and effect nothing. The President has said in a manly way that he will accept any action of Congress. Congress will be morally sure to pronounce for the motto. A score of members will jump to their feet to propose it, and who will be willing to make the record of voting against 'In God We Trust'? The wise policy is to anticipate this action."

On the other hand, the *Chicago Tribune*

thinks that President Roosevelt's attitude "will appeal to the average citizen as the proper one"; and the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* takes the same view. It says:

"In view of the American attitude on religious questions, it is a little strange that the motto was not dropped long ago. Even if it is not inconsistent with a neutral religious attitude, there is little reason why coins should be singled out for the expression of such sentiments. The motto 'In God We Trust' might with more propriety be placed on government documents, on military arms and on our war vessels. So far as there is any religious significance in money, it is distinctly irreligious, or at least unreligious. 'Tainted money' is none the less tainted because it bears such a sentiment. The associations of coins are usually sordid rather than uplifting, and in linking the name of the deity with 'filthy lucre' one might easily find a suggestion of sacrilege. Add to this the fact that when the motto is noticed at all, it is frequently a subject for levity and sarcasm, and the argument for its retention loses force."

IS PROGRESS AN ILLUSION?



THE question that stands at the head of this article is as old as philosophy itself, and has never been satisfactorily answered. Like the problems of optimism and pessimism, of free will and determinism, it will not down. Master minds in every age have grappled with it, and in each succeeding generation it comes up for consideration in the light of new facts and new ideas.

It is strange that so many of the world's great thinkers should incline toward answering the question in the affirmative, for a belief in the possibility of progress is the very basis of all human action, and to remove this belief seems tantamount to throwing the universe into chaos. Yet from Plato to Kant and Spinoza, the philosophers have shown a disposition to offer negative speculations on the subject, rather than positive affirmations.

Sir William Ramsay, the eminent English scientist, has lately published in *The Contemporary Review* a remarkable article on "St. Paul's Philosophy of History" which has a direct bearing on the question of progress. He takes the view that human history is in large measure the history of degeneration, and that the theory of a "fall" of man, which underlies the whole Pauline philosophy, is actually necessary to explain this decay. He writes:

"The main point and issue is this: Ancient

civilization perished almost utterly; comparatively few specimens of its literature survived; far the larger part of its institutions and methods in the organization of society disappeared utterly from practical life, and can barely be guessed at now, as some saner ideas of the ancient world are being recovered. When one looks at the terrible suffering that accompanied the conquests of the worse tribes of destroying barbarians, from the Huns to the Mongols, when one remembers the wanton and reckless destruction of almost everything that the ancient civilization had constructed, the utter loss of so much that was useful and beautiful, so much in social life that has to be slowly recovered and has as yet been by no means all recovered, in order to make life good and healthy and sound, it seems as if history were the game of a wanton child playing with its toys and wasting or throwing them away as it tired of them. What can explain and what can repair the week-long sack of the greatest city of the Middle Ages by the Mongols, the annihilation by ignorant savages of the biggest collection of the remains of the ancient world, and all that this total wreck means to the civilized world? Is there reason in this, or mere blind chance and foolish caprice?"

Sir William Ramsay's skeptical interrogations are all the more noteworthy in view of the fact that, as he himself confesses, he approached the study of ancient civilizations and religions with the evolutionary theory firmly rooted in his mind. "Nowadays," he observes, "we are all devotees of the theory of development: it is no longer a theory, it has become the guiding principle of thought and mind:

we must see development everywhere." But, in his own case, he found so many facts that did not fit in with this theory that he was compelled to abandon it, at least in its narrower interpretation. Nothing is easier than to arrange religions in a series from the lowest to the highest and to assume that this series represents a historical development; but nothing, in Sir William Ramsay's opinion, could be more misleading. "The primitive savage," he says, "who develops naturally out of the stage of Totemism into the wisdom of Sophocles and Socrates, or he who transforms his fetish in the course of many generations through the Elohistic stage into the Jehovah of the Hebrews, is unknown to me. I find nothing even remotely resembling him in the savages of modern times." Sir William adds:

"Beginning the study of Greek Religion as a follower of Robertson Smith and MacLennan, and accepting the Totemist theory as the key of truth, I was forced by the evidence to the view that degeneration is the outstanding fact in religious history, and that the modern theory often takes the last products of degeneracy as the facts of primitive religion. Having attained this view, I recognized that it was the basis of the Pauline philosophy. In this Paul adopted the opinion current in pagan society, and in pagan philosophy. The practically universal view in the ancient world was that decay and degeneration were the law of the world; that the Golden Age lay in the beginning, and every subsequent period was a step further down from the primitive period of goodness, happiness, and sympathy with the divine nature. We are too apt to pooh-pooh this ancient doctrine as merely an old fashion, springing from the natural tendency of mankind to praise the former times and ways. But it was much more than this. It was the reasoned view of the philosophers. It colored almost all Greek and Roman literature. It lay deep in the heart of the pagan world. It produced the tone of sadness which is hardly ever absent from the poetry of Greece and Rome, heard as an occasional note even in its poems of pleasure. A feeling like this cannot safely be set aside as false. It must be explained; and the only explanation is that it arose from the universal perception of the fact that the history of the Mediterranean world was a story of degeneration and decay."

A diagnosis of human progress recently made by James Bryce, the famous author of "The American Commonwealth," now British Ambassador at Washington, is hardly more encouraging. In an address, "What is Progress?" delivered before the Harvard Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society and printed in *The Atlantic Monthly*, he balances values and leaves the whole question open. Material progress, political progress, there may have been; but how about those higher forces, in-

tellectual power, moral excellence? If we grant that the standard of education for average men is higher to-day than in the past, can that compensate for the loss of the Dantes, the Goethes, the Shakespeares? Mr. Bryce goes so far as to say unequivocally that the higher creative powers of men have *not* grown stronger. Happiness is always difficult to gage, but the weight of evidence would seem to indicate that there is more unhappiness in the world than ever before. Lunacy, divorce and suicide are all on the increase. When it comes to moral progress, the tests are again uncertain. Different virtues, Mr. Bryce reminds us, "rise and fall, bloom or wither" from age to age, and he asks: "Who will even assert that the love of truth and the courage to deliver the truth, a virtue which lies at the root of many other virtues, has grown stronger or more common?" Altogether, it is a depressing picture that Mr. Bryce gives us.

For a more optimistic note we may turn to an article in *Munsey's Magazine* by Franklin H. Giddings, Professor of Sociology in Columbia University. It is entitled "The Greatest Reformatory Period in the History of the World," and tells of those "new forces" which, to-day as never before, are "remodeling the whole world of human life and thought and action." Professor Giddings is one of those who believe in the reality of progress, and he says: "The people that created Civilization have also been creating Progress."

The evidences of progress on which Professor Giddings relies to prove his case are mostly of a material kind. He lays stress on the marvelous systems of inter-communication now established between the different nations of the earth; on the reconstruction of science; and on the inventions that have lightened the tasks of the farmer and the business man. Of moral values he has little to say. Of the "new era in religion" he writes:

"Wide and varied contact among men is remaking religion. It brings that discipline which scholars call 'the comparative study of religions' home to the individual. It compels him, in spite of native narrowness of mind, to see the realities in many outwardly differing faiths. Brought up, perhaps, in a strict sect of Protestantism, he is scandalized at first when the Catholic priest gathers a flock and shortly builds on the Puritan village street a church surmounted by the Roman cross. However, after a while, he becomes tolerant; his spirit is mellowed by the daily sight of the devotion of humble folk; his sympathies are expanded, and he finds himself nearing the stage at which he will begin to question what elements in his own creed are destined to abide.

"Then, perhaps, other faiths and rituals are thrust upon his attention. In the great cities he sees in neighboring streets the Greek shrine, the Hebrew synagogue, the Chinese joss-house, the hall where Buddhists meet. He begins to feel, to a degree that his parents, with all their missionary zeal, never could, the universal brotherhood, and even the possibility of forgiving enemies—chief among whom, since the beginning of time, have been those who refused to believe what we have happened to profess. His chastened heart becomes a soil in which may spring the gentler pieties and idealisms that carry him forward long after he has ceased to receive any thrill of terror from dissolving visions of hell-fire. So, throughout the world to-day, religion is under-

going reformation, radical, complete, as in no former age. The more or less new creeds of spiritualism and Christian Science, of eastern mysticism and autocratic Mormonism, claim popular attention, but surely they are less significant than is all this mellowing and idealizing of the older faiths. These are the sympathetic religious bonds that shall one day unite mankind."

It is difficult to reconcile Professor Giddings's positive attitude with the pessimistic conclusions of Sir William Ramsay and James Bryce. But it may be that evolution and devolution are *both* true, and that there is a larger law which includes them both.

THE ESSENCE OF PRAYER



HERE is a tendency in this skeptical age to limit the expressions of prayer, and even to deny its efficacy. If the law of the universe is one and immutable, it is asked, what is the use of praying? If God is omniscient and knows what we have need of before we ask Him, what good can it accomplish to address Him?

With a view to answering these and similar objections, *The North American Review* publishes a symposium on "The Nature of Prayer" to which the contributors are Dr. Lyman Abbott, the venerable editor of *The Outlook*; Dr. W. R. Huntington, the rector of Grace Church, New York; and the late Moncure Daniel Conway, scholar and world-wanderer.

It is a great mistake, in Dr. Abbott's opinion, to attempt to discredit prayer because of the immutability of natural law. "In fact," he says, "it is the immutability and uniformity of law which makes nature do our bidding. It is because her laws are uniform that we can send electricity to do our errands or harness it to pull our trolley-cars. If in our comparative ignorance of nature's laws we can use her so effectively, why should we think that the Law-maker cannot do so?" As to the objection that God knows our needs before we express them, Dr. Abbott says:

"This consideration seems to me conclusive against a certain type of praying which is borrowed from pagan philosophy. God is not an unjust judge who can be moved to consideration only by importunity. He is not an absentee God who can be reached only by shouting. But the best gifts can only be given when they are asked for. It is generally only an added provocation to ill-temper to proffer forgiveness to an enemy

who does not request forgiveness. It is usually worse than useless to offer unasked advice. Fathers, mothers and intrusive friends often make this mistake. The gift cannot be given unless it will be received; and it will not be received unless it is asked for."

According to Dr. Abbott's definition, prayer is something far more and far greater than the mere asking for things. It is communion. There is no better definition of prayer, he thinks, than Tennyson's:

Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and Spirit
with Spirit can meet—
Closer is He than breathing and nearer than
hands or feet.

Moreover:

"It is also expressive of the invisible spirit of God. Adoration, reverence, worship, confession, all are prayer, even altho the soul may not be conscious at the time of any response. Some of our prayers are letters which we write to express ourselves, and in the mere expression we find a succor or a gladness quite irrespective of any reply. To commune with oneself may be prayer. So at least the Hebrew Psalmist thought: 'The Lord will hear when I call upon Him. Stand in awe and sin not. Commune with your own heart upon your bed and be still.' . . .

"When Leslie Stephen, after his wife's death, writes to James Russell Lowell, 'I thank—something—that I loved her as heartily as I know how to love,' he is uttering a prayer, tho he did not know it. I believe that the Father accepted the thanks, tho the thankful heart knew not whom to thank . . .

"Reverence, penitence, love, are the highest phases of our life. To express this life to God, to express it even to an unknown God, and to welcome the influence which quickens and inspires that life is prayer; and it is prayer, altho the God may be unknown, and the expression only an aspiration."

It is somewhat paradoxical that Dr. Abbott, a Theist, should find his highest satisfaction in this conception of prayer as aspiration toward

the Unknown, while Moncure D. Conway, who practically became an Agnostic before his death, is convinced that "never did heartfelt prayer ascend to the Unknowable." He cites some lines written by an English lady:

Let me gaze, not on some sea far-reaching
Nor star-sprent sky,
But on a *Face* in which mine own, beseeching,
May read reply.

and goes on to comment:

"Is this anthropomorphic? Ah, what a miracle is the human face! All that is mystical or poetic in the universe draws near to us only in that face. For multitudes, their life-journey is nearly all through a dark vale, and when the weary way-farer hears in his dream a voice of early faith saying, 'Seek thou My face,' his heart replies, 'Thy face, Lord, will I seek!' There can be no love nor prayer where there is no face. Never did heartfelt prayer ascend to the Unknowable. We ascribe faces to abstractions—Charity, Justice, Truth, Mercy—longing to give objective reality to qualities and sentiments we revere. But the source of prayer is deeper than reverence; it is love; and in the personified Beloved is imaged every face—of child, parent, lover, friend—that ever smiled upon that kneeling spirit, to be shaped at last in that face which lightens the Dark Vale with devotion and tenderness."

Dr. Huntington takes the most distinctively Christian view of the three. He says:

"Praying in the spirit of Christ means praying filially, as He invariably did. Praying in the power of Christ means praying in what we honestly believe to be the line of God's purpose. The

Synagogue shares with the Church the doctrine of the heavenly Fatherhood, and the Mosque approximates it; but neither in the Old Testament nor in the Koran do we find any such omnipresent recognition of and insistence upon the filial relation between God and man as pervades the Gospels. Lacking, as they do, the doctrine of the eternal Sonship, both Judaism and Islam fail to do full justice to the eternal Fatherhood. Alike with Hebrew and Moslem, God is primarily King, and only secondarily Father. Under Christianity, God is King because He first was Father; the right to rule derives from the fact of parentage. The bearing of this article of faith upon the possibilities of prayer is manifest. Drawing near to God in the spirit of the little children who run down the path from the cottage to the roadway, intent upon pouring out their hearts to the father whom they see returning from his work, is a very different affair from presenting timid petitions at the lowest step of a secluded throne. In brief, the symbol of the heavenly Fatherhood meets and answers more of the difficulties which 'the intellectuals' find in prayer than any philosophy of the subject has ever begun to do."

If Dr. Abbott's definition of prayer may be termed cosmical, Dr. Conway's is personal, and Dr. Huntington's Christian. "These three conceptions," remarks the Boston *Watchman*, "are types under which all the varieties of what may be called prayer may be grouped. The first leads to a mystical exaltation of spirit; the second brings warmth and comfort to the heart; the third brings man into union with God in Christ and stimulates and strengthens for Christian service."

THE EDUCATION OF THE SUPERMAN



WORD in the philosophic writings of Nietzsche has penetrated so far, or taken so deep a hold on the modern imagination, as "Superman." Nietzsche projected the term in a half mystic, half poetic, spirit, and he seems to have intended that it should indicate the goal of the aristocrat and the egoist. But more and more it is assuming an almost democratic significance, and is coming to mean the ideal which every man sets before himself and strives to realize. In this sense, the Superman is simply a symbol of humanity raised to its highest power.

In "Man and Superman," the English playwright, Bernard Shaw, has offered Nietzschean ideas diluted almost beyond recognition. All who went to the play expecting to learn how to become Supermen must have been woefully disappointed. And, indeed, a recent and authoritative commentator on Shaw

points out that this and others of his plays are not so much a bridge between man and Superman as an indication of the direction. "Shaw's critical aim," he tells us, "is an endeavor to eradicate all the tendencies in man that militate against Superman." For those who wish to go a step further and who seek practical counsel in the education of themselves toward a higher strength and efficiency, an article by Prof. William James, in *The American Magazine*, is to be recommended. It is entitled "The Powers of Men," and describes "the keys which unlock hidden energies and stir men to achieve."

There can be no doubt, says Professor James, that as a rule men habitually use only a small part of the powers which they actually possess and which they might use under appropriate conditions. Everyone is familiar with the varying moods of daily experience and their effect upon our lives and work. There

are days when we feel as if a cloud weighed upon us, keeping us below our highest notch of clearness in discernment or sureness in reasoning. Everyone, too, has felt a sense of "staleness," in starting a piece of work, gradually transformed into a sense of efficiency, and even of joy, as the work progresses. Physical and intellectual pursuits are alike subject to this law. The phenomenon of the "second wind" of the body is well known to every athlete. Professor James insists that there is also a second wind of the spirit. "On usual occasions," he remarks, "we make a practice of stopping an occupation as soon as we meet the first effective layer (so to call it) of fatigue. . . . But if an unusual necessity forces us to press onward, a surprising thing occurs. The fatigue gets worse up to a certain critical point, when gradually or suddenly it passes away, and we are fresher than before." Professor James continues:

"For many years I have mused on the phenomenon of second wind, trying to find a physiological theory. It is evident that our organism has stored-up reserves of energy that are ordinarily not called upon, but that may be called upon: deeper and deeper strata of combustible or explosible material, discontinuously arranged, but ready for use by anyone who probes so deep, and repairing themselves by rest as well as do the superficial strata. Most of us continue living unnecessarily near our surface. Our energy-budget is like our nutritive budget. Physiologists say that a man is in 'nutritive equilibrium' when day after day he neither gains nor loses weight. But the odd thing is that this condition may obtain on astonishingly different amounts of food. Take a man in nutritive equilibrium, and systematically increase or lessen his rations. In the first case he will begin to gain weight, in the second case to lose it. The change will be greatest on the first day, less on the second, less still on the third; and so on, till he has gained all that he will gain, or lost all that he will lose, on that altered diet. He is now in nutritive equilibrium again, but with a new weight; and this neither lessens nor increases because his various combustion-processes have adjusted themselves to the changed dietary. He gets rid, in one way or another, of just as much N, C, H, etc., as he takes in *per diem*.

"Just so one can be in what I might call 'efficiency-equilibrium' (neither gaining nor losing power when once the equilibrium is reached), on astonishingly different quantities of work, no matter in what direction the work may be measured. It may be physical work, intellectual work, moral work, or spiritual work."

If it be granted that practically every man energizes below his maximum, it is evident that individual and national life lack just so much of power that might conceivably be theirs. The supreme problem, therefore, becomes: How can men be trained up to their

most useful pitch of energy? And how can nations make such training most accessible to all their sons and daughters?

Professor James does not pretend to answer these questions finally, but he offers a very suggestive analysis of the emotions and efforts which tend to strengthen character. Such stimuli are necessarily different in the case of different temperaments. A Roosevelt may be spurred to intense energy by being elected to the Presidency. Or a poor woman, forced out of her home by the death of her husband to earn support for her children, may find that she possesses powers of which she knew nothing. Cromwell's and Grant's careers are stock examples of how war will wake a man up. Ignatius Loyola's spiritual exercises have helped thousands of devotees to peace and exaltation, and the Yoga system of the Hindus has created saints and seers. In our own day, Socialism, Christian Science, Prohibition, and many other ideals, have enkindled the spirits of men and unlocked hidden energies. Moreover:

"Apart from such individually varying susceptibilities, there are common lines along which men simply as men tend to be inflammable by ideas. As certain objects naturally awaken love, anger, or cupidity, so certain ideas naturally awaken the energies of loyalty, courage, endurance, or devotion. When these ideas are effective in an individual's life, their effect is often very great indeed. They may transfigure it, unlocking innumerable powers which, but for the idea, would never have come into play. 'Fatherland,' 'the Flag,' 'the Union,' 'Holy Church,' 'the Monroe Doctrine,' 'Truth,' 'Science,' 'Liberty,' Garibaldi's phrase 'Rome or Death,' etc., are so many examples of energy-releasing ideas. The social nature of such phrases is an essential factor of their dynamic power."

Professor James offers these interesting generalizations without basing any definite theory upon them. But he suggests that they raise "a very pretty practical problem in national economy, as well as of individual ethics," and that the educational systems of the future will have to take them into account. "We need," he says, "a topography of the limits of human power, similar to the chart which oculists use of the field of human vision. We need also a study of the various types of human being, with reference to the different ways in which their energy-reserves may be appealed to and set loose." When the powers of men are thus studied, scientifically, we shall come within measurable distance of a task that Nietzsche seems to have ignored, but that grows inevitably out of his philosophy—the education of the Superman.

Music and the Drama

THE SHIRKERS—BY THE AUTHOR OF LEAH KLESHNA

THIS play, Arnold Daly asserts, "is the greatest one-act play ever written." Without going as far as Mr. Daly, we can readily admit the somber strength of Mr. C. M. S. McClelland's strange little drama.* It is a powerful little narrative, and it is also a lesson to those who in abject slavery to their moods shirk the duties of life. Mr. Daly, in his presentation of this play at the Berkeley Lyceum, appeared in the rôle of Murray.

The opening scene takes place in the living room of a small farm house high on the Sussex Downs. It is seven o'clock in the evening of a day late in November. A round table in the room is set for the evening meal, which has just been eaten. There is a casement window at the back, also an alcove containing a bed, screened from view by curtains. John Belper, a man of thirty-five, is sitting at the right of the table. He is gloomy and in a noticeably desperate mood. Margaret, his wife, is a pretty young woman, busy, cheerful, making the best of things. She is clearing away the dishes. When the curtain rises, Margaret takes the heaped up tray from the table and crosses to the door at the right and goes into the kitchen. She presently returns with the tray empty, and starts across to the table again, but pauses in the center of the room as if she heard something outside, then goes to the window and looks out.

BELPER (without turning around): Margaret!

MARGARET: Yes.

BELPER: You're looking out there again.

MARGARET: I thought I heard someone call.

BELPER: You're looking out at the kid's grave again.

MARGARET: No. I thought I heard someone.

BELPER: Come away from there.

MARGARET (turning towards him with a look of patient reproachfulness): You can see a long way across the Downs to-night. There's a fine moon.

BELPER: And what can you see? The Downs—and the kid's grave.

MARGARET: Hush! (After a pause) You didn't eat much for your supper. You don't eat at all any more. You'll be breaking down with it.

BELPER: Well, if I die—if you die along with me; would we be losing anything?

MARGARET: I don't want to die.

BELPER: Can you stand this sort of thing any longer?

MARGARET: Why, yes, John, I can stand it.

BELPER: Huh!

(She takes up tray and goes out. After she's gone, Belper glances at table and takes knife that is there. He lifts it significantly, then drops it with a nervous start as he hears Margaret enter again. He springs to his feet.)

BELPER: You can stand it, can you?

MARGARET: Stand what?

BELPER: This death—out there on the Downs.

MARGARET: Death?

BELPER: It ain't living. We're just ghosts out here—the two of us. We ain't in the world at all.

MARGARET (nervously): You're talking nonsense again, John. Sit down—and be sensible.

BELPER: Margaret, I'm going to end it.

MARGARET (puzzled): End it?

BELPER (raising his voice): I can't stand it any longer—alone here.

MARGARET: You're not alone. We're together.

BELPER: Yes. Here on the hills year in and year out. With the boy's grave.

MARGARET: John, don't!

BELPER: I'll never look out of that window again! I won't sit here every night, and see you doing the same thing over and over—the same dreary things. I've finished with it!

MARGARET: Please, John, stop!

BELPER: 'Twould have been all right if the boy'd lived. But the silence without him—God! (Reaches behind him, and his hand finds the knife on the table.) Margaret! (Advances slowly towards her.)

MARGARET (in low voice): What are you going to do?

BELPER: I'm going to end it—now!

(He stabs her in the breast, with a backward stroke, turning his eyes away as he does it, then turns around and catches her in his arms as she reels backward with a low groan. As he holds her thus, staring into her face, a man's voice is heard halloing outside at a little distance. Belper listens. He has dropped the knife to the floor after the blow. Separating the curtains with one hand, he tries to lift her on the bed, but her weight is too great and she glides from his weak grasp to the floor. In a state of collapse he sinks on his knees beside her for an instant, then by an effort struggles back to his feet, and with horror-stricken eyes, fixed on his wife's face, draws the curtain across, hiding the body from view. At this instant there comes a loud knocking on the door at left. Belper turns, startled by the sound. The knocking is repeated.)

VOICE (calling outside): Hello! Hello!—inside there!

(Belper moves quickly across. He picks up the knife from the floor and wheels around, with his back against the table, facing the curtained alcove towards which he casts a look of anguish. Then

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he places the point of the knife to his throat, his two hands grasping the handle preparatory to a decisive thrust. But as he is making the movement, it is seen by Richard Murray, who has pushed open the door and stepped in. Instantly taking in the situation, Murray dashes forward, seizes Belper's hands and wrenches the knife away. Belper, exhausted by his struggle, leans back against the table staring at the intruder.)

MURRAY (looking curiously into Belper's face): Look here; it's a damned silly thing to kill yourself—with a knife.

BELPER (unable to do anything but stare): Eh?

MURRAY: Whenever I've thought of doing it I've always said, never with a knife, my boy, never with a— (he breaks off and steps nearer to Belper) What the deuce ails you?

BELPER: Who are you?

MURRAY: Dick Murray. A bit of a madman like you, I expect.

BELPER (dazed): Eh?

MURRAY: Will you take me in for the night?

BELPER (dazed): What?

BELPER: I want you to leave me alone.

MURRAY: I sha'n't.

BELPER (with a rush to pass him): I tell you to.

(Murray catches him firmly, without fuss, and throws him back helplessly.)

MURRAY: No! (Quietly as he shakes a forefinger at him) Now listen. I'll stop you every time you try. You can't kill yourself, not till after I've gone. (Belper sinks into the chair at table, unable to respond) Now, let's talk it over.

BELPER: There's nothing to talk over.

MURRAY: I'll bet there is. That's just the mischief of it. Scarcely anyone would commit suicide if they'd only talk it over beforehand with a stranger. I've kept it from myself a dozen times by taking a ride on top of a bus and talking it all out with the driver. I defy any man to have the cheek to kill himself after a good talk with a bus driver.

BELPER (with pathetic helplessness): You're having fun with me—ain't you?

MURRAY: Fun! Ha! Do you think a humorist walks across the Downs alone on a November night?

BELPER (turning away): I won't talk to you.

MURRAY: Let me talk to you. Perhaps I can interest you. I'm just as tired of life as you are, you know.

BELPER (dully): What?

MURRAY: I don't suppose you're tired of people. You don't get a chance to grow tired of them—out here.

BELPER: No!

MURRAY: Is that the reason?

BELPER: Reason of what?

MURRAY: The reason you were putting an end to it. Was it the terror of being alone?

BELPER: Suppose it was?

MURRAY: Well, that interests me a lot. Why, you don't know what it means to be lonely.

BELPER (bitterly): Don't I?

MURRAY: No. If you want to learn, go up to town and live with the crowd. Did you ever live with a crowd?

BELPER: I've lived here all my life.

MURRAY: And it's worn you out.

BELPER: It's worn me out.

MURRAY: H'm! I'm glad I found you. We wanted to meet—you and I. (After a pause) You take things too seriously, my friend. So do I. But I know the art of making believe I don't. That's what they call a cynic—the man who makes believe, pretends he don't take things seriously. But I'm tired of life all the same. I simply don't like the knife idea. You see I started out to-day, just as you did, to put an end to it. Let's see if we can't manage it decently between us.

BELPER (gazing at him): You're mad, that's what you are.

MURRAY: All right. We sha'n't quarrel on that point. But look here, if I've been driven mad by people, and you've been driven mad by the absence of people, I wonder if there isn't a simple cure for both of us.

BELPER: Well?

MURRAY: If you went out there—while I stay here.

BELPER (turning aside): Leave me alone.

MURRAY: Wait! (Takes a visiting card from a case) Look on it as a fine joke, if you like. I know you've got a sense of humor, or you'd never have wanted to kill yourself. (Throwing card on table) You'll find my address there. (He unfastens a bunch of keys from a key chain) There are my keys. Now, then, go and get your fill of people.

BELPER (eyeing him sullenly): Look here, you're talking to a desperate man.

MURRAY: So are you. That's why we ought to sympathize with each other. I'm looking for solitude. Well, you move out of here and let me have it.

BELPER: Move out of here? Me?

MURRAY: There are my rooms, empty, not even a servant to bother you. You'll find everything in perfect order. This brass key unlocks my desk. Inside the desk you'll find a tin box. Open it with this flat key. There's something like a thousand pounds in the box. Use what you want.

BELPER (staring vacantly): God! Do you mean it?

MURRAY: The idea appeals to you! It's something new, eh? It's good, too devilish good. Will you do it?

BELPER: What are you saying to me? I've dreamt for years of having money and living. Living like other people.

MURRAY: And I've dreamt of living unlike other people—alone. (Glancing around the room) You are alone here—eh?

BELPER (nervously): Yes.

MURRAY: No wife—or anything?

BELPER (wincing): No, no wife.

MURRAY: Then it's perfectly simple. We'll change places.

BELPER (the possibilities of the idea seizing him): Are you serious?

MURRAY: Quite. Is there anything you want to tell me before you go?

BELPER: No!

MURRAY: Shall I have any callers up here?

BELPER: Not a soul.

MURRAY: Good! Well, whenever you want to start, don't mind me.

BELPER (getting to his feet): Look here! You're not making game of me?

MURRAY (standing): No more than I'm mak-

ing game of myself. My friend, by the way, let me know how you like the world. After you've had a good fling, write and tell me if it's a happier place than the Downs. (*Belper stares solemnly at Murray, then slowly reaches out his hand for and takes up the card from the table. He puts them in his pocket, and then takes up the keys.*)

BELPER (*presently*): I'll—I'll go.

MURRAY (*cheerfully*): That's right! There's a train for Amberly at ten o'clock. It's just gone seven. You can walk it in less than three hours. (*Belper looks at Murray for a moment silently. Then he goes quickly up and takes down his hat from a hook on the wall. He turns and looks at Murray again.*) You don't want to show me the house before you go?

BELPER: No!

MURRAY: It isn't necessary. I'll enjoy exploring it after you're gone. (*Belper stands irresolute for a moment. His gaze wanders from Murray across to the alcove. He shivers, then pulls himself up and looks back again to Murray. He reaches out and opens the door at left.*)

BELPER (*suddenly, after a pause*): Good-night.

MURRAY: Good-night. (*He disappears swiftly, without stopping to close the door.*)

(*Murray stands silent, with an amused look on his face, then goes slowly up and shuts the door. Turning, he takes a cigaret from a case, musingly. Coming down he lights the cigaret at the lamp. He glances about the room, goes up to the window and looks out. Presently he crosses to the kitchen door, opens it and peers into the room. He goes to center again, and as he crosses, his eye seems to be caught by the row of hooks on the wall near the door. Going up to them he takes down a cape—a woman's cape—then a hat—a woman's hat. His expression changes. He hangs the cape and hat up again. Coming down a little, he picks up a work basket from a chair. There is a square of white linen in the top of it, a piece of recent sewing. Under the linen he finds some knitted work, with the needles in it. He stiffens a little and looks keenly about. His glance falls on the curtain over the alcove. He rubs his chin meditatively, then walks slowly up to the curtains. He separates them, and springs back with a gasp as he discovers Margaret. Quickly controlling himself, he kneels and catches the woman up to him, peering into her face. He feels her wrist and heart, and makes an exclamation of satisfaction, indicating that he discovers life in her. He lays her gently down again, stands up, then crosses swiftly to the chair where the work basket is. Seizing the linen he tears it into strips as he hurries back to Margaret. Kneeling he begins unfastening the waist of her dress at the throat.*)

A year passes between this and the second scene. The play reopens in the same room, late at night. There is a work-basket and tobacco jar on the table. Murray is sitting in his shirt-sleeves reading a book and smoking his pipe. The kitchen door is open and Margaret can be heard singing a sad little song as she works. Presently Murray throws the book on the table and yawns. Then he

rises lazily and saunters up to the window. Looking out for a moment he turns away with a little dissatisfied shiver. Then he glances round at the kitchen door, and, going over to it, calls out: "Margaret."

MARGARET (*outside*): Yes.

MURRAY: Haven't you finished yet?

MARGARET: Just finished.

MURRAY: Come along then. I want to talk to you.

(*He crosses to center. Margaret enters. She is carrying the freshly-washed table knives in her apron and some plates. She goes to a dresser up near the window and places the knives and plates on top of it. Then she turns down, drying her hands on her apron.*)

MARGARET: There! The supper things are finished. What was it you wanted, Dick?

MURRAY (*after looking at her for a moment*): I was thinking something over. What do you say to a trip?

MARGARET: A trip?

MURRAY: A journey into the world.

MARGARET (*smiling incredulously*): Why, I—

MURRAY: Sit down. (*As she starts automatically to get her work basket*) No, don't get any work. Do rest for five minutes. (*She goes to the left of the table and sits leaning forward on her elbows and regarding him. He looks at her for a moment.*) Margaret, I think I'll have to go to town to-morrow.

MARGARET (*a shadow crossing her face*): To London?

MURRAY: Yes.

MARGARET: For how long?

MURRAY: Well, suppose I tell you I've got to go for a stay—for a long stay? What would you say to that?

MARGARET (*pathetically*): I'd—I'd say I was sorry.

MURRAY (*presently*): It's a year to-night, Margaret.

MARGARET (*softly*): Yes, I know.

MURRAY (*after a pause*): What do you suppose has become of John Belper? (*A look of pain flashes into her face, and she shrinks back, but she doesn't answer.*) A year to-night. He's stood it pretty well out there. I wonder if he likes it after all.

MARGARET (*suffering*): I don't, I don't think you ought to talk to me of him.

MURRAY (*glancing across at her*): I'm sorry. Look here, Margaret. You're a fine plucked 'un, and no mistake.

MARGARET: I don't know what you mean.

MURRAY: You play the game so splendidly. To cook meals for a man, and wash the dishes afterwards, that's all very well for a while, for a year or so. But, my God, to do it all one's life and never complain! It's superhuman. I'm not sure it isn't ridiculous.

MARGARET (*hurt*): Ridiculous?

MURRAY: You deserve something better. That's what I'm preparing for you.

MARGARET: What?

MURRAY: To go and see the world.

MARGARET: Do you mean you'll take me to London?

MURRAY: Yes.

MARGARET (*in a tone of reproach*): Dick!

MURRAY: Well, solitude's a fine thing, Margaret. But to appreciate it you must be able to contrast it with a crowd. You see, don't you?

MARGARET: Yes.

MURRAY: And to appreciate a crowd you must be able to contrast it with solitude.

MARGARET: And you want to get into the crowd again?

MURRAY: I've been wondering.

MARGARET: You've been wondering? For a long time?

MURRAY: Well, only seriously for a fortnight or so.

MARGARET: For more than a fortnight, I think. (*With a quick little tremble of the voice*) I felt it would be like that, at last.

MURRAY: So did I. And we must be satisfied to have it like that.

MARGARET: You're tired of—

MURRAY (*quickly*): I'm tired of the Downs. I'm longing to see one or two of my old friends again. Only one or two.

MARGARET: One?

MURRAY: One or two.

MARGARET: You left good friends when you came here?

MURRAY: I left them because I wished to.

MARGARET: But when you see them again, what will you say to them about me?

MURRAY: Ah, well!

MARGARET: I don't see how you can take me, Dick, I really don't.

MURRAY: But of course you're not going to stay here, alone.

MARGARET: I couldn't very well do that.

MURRAY: Of course not. We'll leave here together. When we get to town I'll first send you to a hotel.

MARGARET (*turning sharply*): What?

MURRAY: I'll send you to a hotel until I get a proper home for you.

MARGARET: A proper home?

MURRAY: Yes, you're going to be made comfortable, Margaret, depend upon that. You shall have the jolliest little nest of your own. And we shall often see each other.

MARGARET: We shall often—

MURRAY: See each other. Don't look so solemn, Margaret. It'll be all right. You're going to live a rational life at last, a sensible, cheerful life like a little lady—eh?

MARGARET: Dick, I don't think you can believe I'd go into a strange place, into a town, among other people, and live that way.

MURRAY: What way? You can make your life anything you like.

MARGARET: Can I? That would be strange. No. You can't mean you want to take me with you.

MURRAY: But I do mean it. I'm going to do it.

MARGARET: You'll take me—and then leave me to myself.

MURRAY: Leave you to yourself? Why, we shall be the best friends in the world, Margaret.

MARGARET (*shrinking*): Friends!

MURRAY (*going on awkwardly*): You'll find a lot to interest you. I expect you to quite outgrow me when you've been in town a little. (*Gaily*) You'll be popular, I swear you'll be popular.

MARGARET: Don't—don't!

MURRAY: Why not? (*Taking her hands*) Now do be cheerful, Margaret. By George, that's what these Downs do for everyone at last. They take the cheerfulness out of you.

MARGARET: Do they? I thought you loved them?

MURRAY: I do. But sometimes the things you love grow depressing. They get on your nerves. It's good to have a change once in a while; it is, Margaret, believe me.

MARGARET (*drawing her hands away*): I see. And what time will you be going to-morrow?

MURRAY: Oh, we'll start as early as you can be ready.

MARGARET: But what was your idea about things?

MURRAY: Things?

MARGARET: Yes. Everything in the house.

MURRAY: Oh! the furniture and stuff. Why, leave it here. The whole lot isn't worth anything. Leave all that to me, Margaret. We'll just lock the door when we go out, and I'll have someone take charge for you later. (*She looks silently at him for a moment, then goes up to the window. He goes to the table, and takes up his pipe again, starting to refill it.*) It'll be a great experience for you, Margaret. I'd give a good deal if it were all coming fresh to me like that. I wonder what you'll think of the Park of an afternoon. And the theaters! You've never been to a theater, have you?

MARGARET: No.

MURRAY: They'll interest you. (*She moves to the dresser and begins putting the knives away in the drawer. He sits at the table and lights his pipe, his back turned to her.*) You mustn't think I'll ever forget this year alone with you on the Downs, Margaret. I never will. It's always going to be the finest memory of my life, no matter what happens.

MARGARET (*very softly, looking at knife*): No matter what happens?

MURRAY: No matter what happens. (*Margaret continues to look at him as he sits with his back to her, and a great spasm of pain sweeps over her. She has a knife in her hand. Dropping back against the window, she looks out. She looks back at Murray again, and then feels across the curtains of the alcove until she reaches the opening in them. She parts the curtains noiselessly, and passes behind them, her unhappy eyes gazing at him till she disappears.*) You shall have a cosy home by yourself, and we'll dine together every Sunday. (*A groan comes from behind the curtains. Murray springs to his feet at the sound and faces around. Then there is the sound of a falling body.*) Margaret! (*He rushes up and separates the curtains. Margaret is stretched on the floor. He kneels beside her*) Margaret! What have you done? (*He catches the knife out of her hand, and throws it down with a gasp of dismay. He feels her pulse and her heart*) Speak to me! Speak! (*He gazes hard into her face, then lets her sink away from him, and, rising to his feet, faces round, closing the curtains together*) Dead! Dead! (*Standing irresolute for an instant, he takes a step forward and turns. As he does so the face of John Belper appears at the window. The two men look at each other. Belper gradu-*

ally turns away as if to go to the door of the house. Murray crosses to the door and opens it. Belper steps inside, and the men stand looking at each other.)

BELPER: I had to come back.

MURRAY: Yes. (*Belper walks down to the table, then turns and looks back at Murray.*)

BELPER: Why didn't you put the police after me?

MURRAY (*with a weak wave of the hand toward a chair*): Sit down. (*Belper sits by the table. Murray, with a glance at the curtains, comes down and regards him*) This is strange, strange.

BELPER: Strange? Nothing else was possible. That life of yours is no good to me.

MURRAY: It didn't make you happy?

BELPER: Happy! !

MURRAY (*half to himself*): Strange! Strange! A year to-night.

BELPER: I know. What did you do when—when you found her?

MURRAY: We're not going to talk of that

BELPER: I waited days at your rooms. Of course I expected you'd have me followed.

MURRAY: I didn't.

BELPER: She—

MURRAY (*firmly*): I tell you we can't talk of it.

BELPER (*Turning and looking curiously at Murray*): Murray, I can't make you out as a man any more than I can make myself out.

MURRAY: I make the both of us out. We're simply a couple of egotists, shirkers. We're experimenting with life instead of living it. And we'll always be just as miserable as we deserve.

BELPER: We're mad, perhaps.

MURRAY: That's too fine a term. Mean.

BELPER: Still, you're stronger than most people. You've lived on the Downs here for a year—alone.

MURRAY: Yes, and you've lived a year with the crowd. That's heroism, eh? And now what's your plan?

BELPER: I've come home, that's all.

MURRAY (*regarding him a moment*): You want to take it up again just where you left it?

BELPER: Yes.

MURRAY (*nodding slowly*): I think that's right enough. (*Rising*) Yes, I think that's right enough. But let me say this, Belper. If you want me to-morrow, I'll be at my rooms.

BELPER: I shan't want you.

MURRAY: Well, I merely put it to you that way.

BELPER: Stay overnight if you like.

MURRAY: No. (*He goes up to the row of hooks and puts on a coat. Then he takes his hat down. Belper rises and faces him. They look at each other*) Belper, from this time on, make the best of it. I intend to.

BELPER: Good-night, Murray.

MURRAY: Good-night.

(*Belper sits at table a moment, then rises. Goes to door and locks it, then returns to table; sits again and starts to fill pipe, when the thought of Margaret comes to him. He shows his memory of the year before, slowly rises and goes like a sleep walker to the alcove, then as if drawn by an irresistible power, he moves slowly up. He pauses when he reaches the curtains, and tremblingly parts them. He sees the prostrate figure of Margaret, draws his breath in wildly, and with a wailing cry falls across the body.*)

THE HISTORIC RIVALRY OF TWO QUEENS OF TRAGEDY

THE supremacy of Rachel, the classic French tragédienne, was never seriously threatened until the arrival on the Parisian stage, in 1855, of the famous Italian romantic actress, Adelaide Ristori. Rachel was then thirty-five years old and nearing the end of her glorious career, and personally she had given much offense—to her comrades of the Comédie Française by what they considered grasping business relations and unpardonable caprice, to the Parisian public because of repeated long absences, but particularly to the dramatist, Legouv  , whose tragedy of "Medea" she had accepted and rehearsed for the Com  die and afterwards, conceiving a genuine dislike for the part, had refused to perform. Between Rachel and Legouv  , therefore, it was "war to the knife," and the influential dramatist was one of the first to welcome with a not altogether disinterested enthusiasm the

beautiful young Italian actress who came to give the Parisians a new sensation. Ristori's triumph and the consequent chagrin of Rachel who, wounded to the quick by foolish and malicious disparagements of her acting, started at once upon her unhappy voyage to America, has been recounted again and again, and it is the event which gives color to the rather dull and pompous memoirs of Madame Ristori.* Moreover, it brings out most clearly "a certain bourgeois strain" which a reviewer in the *New York Times* discerns in the "mental processes" of the Italian actress.

One turns from such autobiographical complacency to those rare letters of Rachel (letters whose unaffected wit and tenderness seem a true index to the heart and mind of the great boh  mienne) for any reference to the Italian invasion; but there is not one Rachel acted for the last time in Charleston, S. C., on December 17, 1855 (a memorable date in stage history!), returning to France soon afterwards only to die. It is most probable that with her wonderful intelligence and

*MEMOIRS AND ARTISTIC STUDIES OF ADELAIDE RISTORI. Doubleday, Page & Company.

the clear vision of those dying days, she saw things much as they were, and without bitterness—saw her unique position on the French stage, which neither Italian rivals, the changeableness of the Parisian public, nor time itself could alter.

Ristori finally produced the "Medea" of Legouvé, in 1856, to an enthusiastic Paris. "Rachel m'a tué: qui m'a fait revivre? Toi!" wrote the grateful author in her autograph album. And the sculptor, Clésinger, cried, "I will break the statue of Tragedy I have made, for Ristori has taught me it was only the statue of Melodrama." His model for the Tragic Muse had been Rachel! As for the Parisian playgoers, like cruel children, as Jules Janin said, they would destroy their beautiful tragic toy by smashing it with the new Italian one. It was not only the temporary triumph of Ristori over Rachel, but of Italian romanticism over French classicism. The Parisians had grown weary of Corneille and Racine, even of that fiery Greek-robed figure with which French tragedy had flamed into renewed life; they turned to Francesca da Rimini. Just as, later, the romanticism of Sarah Bernhardt temporarily palled, and they welcomed the naturalism of Eleonora Duse. Ristori, indeed, came to Paris at a happy moment for her art. She was offered the highest honor within the gift of the French government, that place left vacant in the Théâtre Français by Rachel—an honor which she wisely declined. With the Paris success as a starting-point, she carried the Italian drama literally around the world, marking out for herself a great and varied career. If she had become a sociétaire of the Comédie Française, abandoning even the Italian language, as she was seriously urged to do, her artistic limitations doubtless would have soon become apparent to the exacting Parisian public.

For the most authoritative criticism of her day denied Ristori the highest dramatic power—inspiration. Even the enthusiastic translator of her memoirs, an Italian, Mantellini, admits that possibly she never revealed this supreme gift. We are told (tho not, of course, in the memoirs) that she was not satisfied with her reception in America, and attributed the coldness of our audiences to lack of taste. "Give 'em comedy, Tommy. They won't listen to your tragedy," she is reported to have warned Salvini when he was leaving Italy for his first American tour. But Salvini found Othello the part most warmly appreciated in his repertory. Ristori came into direct comparison with Rachel in three

parts only—Adrienne Lecouvreur, Phèdre, and Mary Stuart; but it was a comparison which such critics as Sir Theodore Martin and Frances Ann Kemble would not even admit. The difference between the two actresses was so abysmal! "It was," wrote Carl Schurz in his "Impressions of Rachel," "the difference between unique genius which irresistibly overpowers and subdues us and to which we involuntarily bow, and extraordinary talent which we simply admire."

But it was only natural that Ristori should take her rivalry of Rachel very seriously. "Her comments on the great tragédienne are perhaps the most humorous things in her book," says the *Times* reviewer—and one might add the *only* ones. Personally, the two actresses never met, and this seems to have been the fault chiefly of Ristori who was beset with petty scruples and hesitations. "My dignity" was evidently a matter of more concern to her than meeting the "Tragic Muse." Finally, Rachel sent her an order for a box at the Comédie Française on the evening of one of her own performances. "To Madame Ristori from her fellow-tragédienne Rachel" was the gracious little line on the accompanying card, a card which Ristori "jealously preserved." Entirely characteristic is her description of that evening, which follows:

"On the appointed night, I was seated in my box when the performance was about to begin. They were playing 'Phaedra.' My desire to see Rachel in that masterpiece of Racine was indescribable, especially as that was one of the rôles of my repertory, and one which had necessitated my most serious study. Altho I had noticed that the spectators kept their eyes upon me, it was not on that account that my applause was lavished upon Rachel. I found her person very stately; her first entrance on the stage magnificent. However, the prostration which she showed seemed to me quite excessive, and, moreover, she neglected to portray clearly that this prostration was only due to moral languor, which disappears when its intensity is removed, and allows the body to resume its vigor.

"Entirely majestic and marvelous is the scene of the second act with Hyppolitus where Rachel, as Phaedra, reveals her passion to him . . . but in that situation, tho contrary to her custom, she exaggerated perhaps the impetus of too expressive realism. In the fourth act, Rachel was purely sublime, and the admiration and irresistible emotion she excited in me were so great that I felt truly moved. I only regret that I had to express my enthusiasm simply in applause!

"When the curtain fell, with my heart overflowing with artistic sentiment, I wrote a few lines upon one of my visiting cards, which I had sent to Rachel in her dressing-room! After that I had no further relations with her."

Of course, Messieurs Legouv  and Scribe had been amongst the first to pay their respects to Madame Ristori—that prosperous little retail dealer in 350 plays, Monsieur Scribe, immortalized by Heinrich Heine in a single bon mot! (“Pouvez-vous siffler?”—Can you whistle—or hiss? as the word also means, asked an anxious doctor of the poet, who was recovering from a bad attack of chest trouble. “H las now!” gasped Heine. “Not even the plays of Monsieur Scribe.”) “Who does not know those names in Italy?” exclaims Madame Ristori rapturously. “At that time they they were performing in my country a large number of Scribe’s plays, and several of those belonged to my repertoire. Consequently, on finding myself in the presence of such celebrities I felt rather abashed and, at the same time, happy, happy.” The meeting, of course, was of international importance,



RACHEL, QUEEN OF TRAGEDY

She was for years the favorite of the Paris public and was called “The Tragic Muse” by her admirers, until the triumphant advent of her more even but less gifted Italian rival, Ristori.



RISTORI, RIVAL QUEEN

In her recently published recollections the great Italian tragedienne relates without humor the fierce professional jealousies of her artistic career.

but nothing occurred beyond a recitation from “Adrienne Lecouvreur” and an exchange of compliments. A few days later, however, Madame Ristori met Monsieur Legouv  alone, and she records the following remarkable conversation between them:

“‘Why do you not wish to play my “Medea”?’

“‘My dear Sir,’ I answered, ‘owing to a most serious reason. I cherish such a strong affection for children generally that, since the time I was a young girl, whenever I chanced to meet one with a charming little face, with chubby cheeks and curly blond hair, like a cherub of Raphael, in the arms of a nurse or being held by the hand of a maid, I would kiss him with transport, not caring for the disagreeable looks those women would cast at me. You will see from this what an adoration I have for children, and you will easily understand that I could not even in fiction pretend to slay children upon the stage. . . .’

“‘But my Medea kills her children in such a way that while the audience understands that it is a mother who commits the nefarious crime they do not actually see how she accomplishes the deed.’

“‘Please pardon me, M. Legouv , but I can never be persuaded that the horror that any actress must inspire at that point does not predispose the audience against her.’

“‘Would you at least do me the favor of reading my Medea, and satisfying yourself of the truth of my assertions?’



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"ALL NEW YORK WILL FLOCK TO SEE
MARY GARDEN"

Such is the prophecy of Reginald de Koven. "So striking a stage personality," he adds, "has not been seen since New York fell a captive at the feet of Calvé's *Carmen*."

"Finally I consented, and M. Legouvé was about to take leave of me when I held him back, adding, 'There is yet another reason which

prevents me from performing your *Medea*. I don't wish at any cost to let anybody suppose that I wish to take advantage of your temporary dissension with Rachel, in order to supplant her in a rôle written for her. Therefore, I could never consent to play your *Medea*, unless you first engaged yourself to express and to announce publicly your desire that I do so."

This, of course, M. Legouvé was not slow to promise; and so, on the following day, just "for the sake of obliging him," Madame Ristori read "*Medea*." She grew enthusiastic; and as M. Legouvé had happily "discovered a way to make the killing of the children appear both justifiable and necessary," she "nearly fell on his neck" next time she saw him, exclaiming: "Yes, yes, I shall play your *Medea*, and we shall arrange together for a feigned scene regarding the killing of the children which will cause the audience to be carried away with enthusiasm." Without loss of time, the tragedy was translated into Italian and produced with great success. Author and actress had found a way to make a mother kill her children "without exciting the horror of the audience," which anyone will admit was no small artistic feat!

Ristori does not instance a single artistic failure in her long career. Rachel failed, again and again, rarely arriving at complete mastery of her part on a first night. Nervousness overcame her, the voice was low and hoarse, the form rigid; sometimes she was cold, and left her audiences cold. When she failed, she failed wretchedly! But with Ristori, success was inevitable—at least in her memoirs.

Ristori lived to be eighty-four years old, witnessing many changes in the dramatic world, but her point of view became more and more that of the lady who has "a social position to maintain." She had married very early in life into an old Roman family, and, as the Marchesa Capranica del Grillo, finally settled in Rome with her husband and two children, there to pass her declining years in comfort and much honor. She considered the art of Eleonora Duse neurotic and decadent—"art like hers will die"—and D'Annunzio's "*Gioconda*" a "wound to good sense." "He must stop writing for the theater." Of Sarah Bernhardt's art, she had a higher opinion, in spite of its "deterioration." The elaborate romanticism of Rachel's successor on the French stage very naturally appealed to this famous old romantic. But to the day of her death, Tommaso Salvini was to her still "the luminous star of true art." "When he comes to Rome, I dress myself up and I



CHALIAPINE AS "IVAN THE TERRIBLE"

The new Russian basso engaged by Mr. Conried for the Metropolitan Opera House is described as a man of "positively brutal magnetism."



AS HE APPEARS IN REAL LIFE

Chaliapine is only thirty-six years old, and looks younger. He was once a Russian peasant boy, and starved with Gorky. Now he is regarded as the greatest basso in the world.

listen to music from Heaven." In all our complex modern realism, Ristori saw only a "basis of neurosis."

In 1902, the eightieth birthday of Ristori was celebrated in Italy with great enthusiasm.

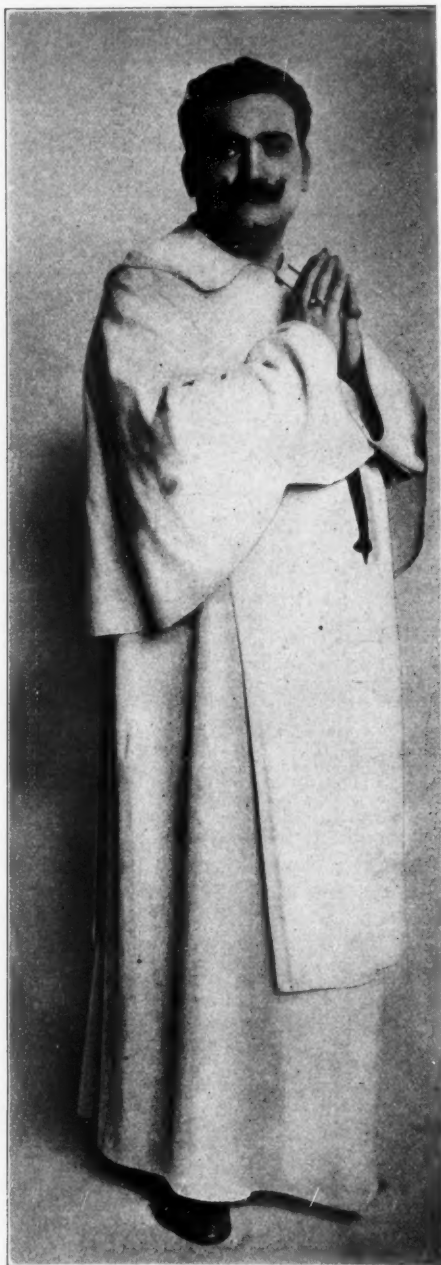
A hundred testimonial performances were given in different parts of the country, special editions of the newspapers were published, and medals coined in her honor. She died a little over a year ago.

THE SECOND BOUT IN THE BATTLE OF THE OPERAS

THE big guns of the musical season," said Reginald de Koven recently, "are developing into a regular cannonade." His remark was prompted by the present operatic rivalry in New York, and may serve as an adequate characterization of the fierce conflict, now in its second year, between the forces of Heinrich Conried and Oscar Hammerstein.

When Mr. Hammerstein opened the Manhattan Opera House last winter, he was felt to be the standard-bearer of a forlorn hope. Many prophesied that his venture would not survive a single season. How could a manager, it was asked, without operatic experi-

ence or proper capital or distinguished patronage expect to prevail against the prestige and the tradition of the Metropolitan Opera House? But from the very first the stars in their courses seemed to be fighting for Mr. Hammerstein. While his bodily health grew daily more exuberant, his rival sickened and began to show signs of collapse. The prima donnas Melba and Calvé transferred their allegiance from Mr. Conried to the new impresario, and drew unprecedented crowds to the West Thirty-fourth Street house. The operatic sensation in Europe, Richard Strauss's "Salome," upon which Mr. Conried had counted for his *pièce de resistance*, was dissipated, so far as America was concerned, in a



CARUSO AS A PENITENT

The world-famous tenor is here shown as Fernando in "La Favorita."

cloud of scandal. On the other hand, Mr. Hammerstein's imported conductor, Cleofonte Campanini, and his tenor, Alessandro Bonci,

turned out to be men of the first magnitude. All his singers created a pleasing impression. He made it clear that there are many excellent artists in Europe who remain unknown to the New York public, and that the foreign operatic field is by no means so barren as has been supposed. Without attempting any startling innovations, he presented the older operas, and in particular "Carmen" and "Aïda," with such ensemble and verve and spirit as have never been excelled in this country.

During the months that have passed since the end of last winter's campaign, both sides have won victories. Mr. Hammerstein's leading tenor has gone over to the enemy, and Mr. Conried can boast of presenting, in Bonci and Caruso, the two greatest tenors now before the public. The Metropolitan Opera House has also good cause to be proud of another acquisition, the Russian basso, Theodore Chaliapine, whose coming was widely heralded, and who has lived up to his reputation. Later in the season, Gustav Mahler, the Director of the Imperial Opera at Vienna, and Emmy Destinn, the leading soprano in Germany, are expected to join Mr. Conried's forces.

But if Mr. Conried won Bonci, Mr. Hammerstein won Nordica; and in Giovanni Zenatello he presents a tenor who, if not Bonci's equal, is an exceedingly gifted singer of splendid, ringing quality. In one stroke, moreover, Mr. Hammerstein may be said to have added incalculable prestige to his cause. When he wired to Mary Garden, in Paris, offering her a fabulous price if she would sign a five-years' contract for appearances in all her principal rôles at the Manhattan Opera House, he took the boldest step in his career. She liked his "nerve," and she came.

Not satisfied with one prima donna of Mary Garden's caliber, Mr. Hammerstein has now succeeded in persuading Mme. Louisa Tetrazzini, the Italian soprano, to add the crowning note of triumph to his season. Madame Tetrazzini has sung for several seasons in South America, and is hailed in London as "a new Adelina Patti." Her appearance in New York is certain to create a sensation.

When it comes to a consideration of the operatic novelties provided this season by the two managers, Mr. Hammerstein far outdistances his rival. The production of Mascagni's "Iris" and of Boito's "Mephistophele" are, it is true, musical events of importance; but against these two Metropolitan attractions Mr. Hammerstein sets half a dozen at the Manhat-



"THE NEW PATTI"

Louisa Tetrazzini, the Italian prima donna lately engaged by Oscar Hammerstein at a fabulous salary, is hailed by the London critics as the greatest exponent of her art that the world has seen since Adelina Patti was at the height of her powers and fame.



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FORMERLY CARUSO'S RIVAL, NOW HIS COLLEAGUE

The only picture of Alessandro Bonci made in America.

tan. His list includes Charpentier's "Louise," a music-drama that has run for hundreds of nights in Paris alone; and Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande," one of the epoch-making works of modern music.

It is hardly too much to say that the engagement of Mary Garden marks the beginning of a new operatic era in America. This wonderful singer—Scotch by birth, American by upbringing, French in temperament—is the idol of the Opera Comique, in Paris, and comes to New York to reveal an art as dis-

tinguished as it is fresh and vital. In an appreciation in the Boston *Transcript* Mr. H. T. Parker speaks of her "singular and captivating personality," and of her "singing, which is less a pure art in itself than a means to more suggestive and poignant dramatic expression." He adds:

"The virtue of her singing is her ability to shape and color the significant and the haunting phrase, to thread her way through an iridescent web of them, such as Debussy's music for *Mélisande*, and to give each a characteristic and persuasive shimmer and edge. In all her parts her singing abounds in subtle, shaded felicities. A phrase passes and is poignant. Another comes and it is suggestion itself. A whole passage is atmospheric as it has never seemed before. At moments her singing is like a new and strange speech—as new and strange as Debussy's music."

On the occasion of her first appearance in New York, in Massenet's "Thaïs," Miss Garden was greeted with enthusiasm. All the critics seemed to feel that hers was an impersonation of the first importance, to be seriously reckoned with. Reginald de Koven wrote (in the *New York World*):

"From the moment that Miss Garden, with the lithe, sinuous grace of a panther, stepped into the picture last night before the house of Nicias, and with a sweep of conscious beauty and laughing power sent her roses swirling among the populace shouting a welcome, the audience realized that a fresh and vivid personality dominant with the exuberance of youth had come among us. All New York will go, will flock, I think, to see Miss Garden, because of the appealing magnetism of a personality which is unusual in charm, in grace, in abandon and in that vitality of joyous youth which the world loves and bows before.

"With such a personality Miss Garden was the spoiled beauty, the reigning stage favorite, the courtesan, embodied and personified. New York would go to see her not alone as a beauty with a stunning figure, as a singer or as an actress, but as an unusual combination of all three. So striking a stage personality—I cannot help repeating the magic word—has not been seen here since New York fell a captive at the feet of Calvé's *Carmen*."

The fine artistic sensibility, no less than the pioneer spirit, of Oscar Hammerstein, are evidenced in his engagement of Mary Garden, as in his selection of his conductors and his minor singers. He is in sympathy with the time-spirit, and is not afraid to make experiments. As Lawrence Gilman puts it, in *Harper's Weekly*:

"Mr. Hammerstein's season, it cannot be too vigorously emphasized, deserves the attention of all those who realize the significant part which can be taken in the musical activities of a community by an operatic institution which is vital and alive and untrammelled in all its parts; which is not dominated by traditions that have ceased to

be valid, or by inordinate and obstructive personal influences. It is an altogether singular fact, a fact to be appreciated and to be celebrated, that Mr. Hammerstein has determined to produce, and is actually producing, new works of interest and importance; that he is not depending for his appeal upon a stale and de-vitalized repertoire, or upon the attraction of a few voices; this is what one means by the assertion that the Manhattan Opera-house is alive and vital in all its parts. If the actual performances were far less excellent and praiseworthy than they are, the influence of the house as an institution would still be stimulating and profitable, and its activities a source of benefit to operatic art in its best estate. When it is reflected that Mr. Hammerstein is actually preparing to produce half a dozen new operas that have never been heard in America—works of the caliber of Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*, Charpentier's *Louise*, Massenet's *Jongleur de Notre Dame* and *Thais*, some idea of the scope and value of the work that is being undertaken at the Manhattan will be appreciated. And let it be remarked, as a circumstance the import of which needs no emphasis, that Mr. Hammerstein is undertaking the production of at least one of these new operas, Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*, with a full realization of the fact that he is extremely unlikely to find any commercial profit in the venture. Debussy's lyric drama will not, in all probability, make a wide popular appeal, for it is rare and subtle and strange to a degree; but the work is of extraordinary artistic importance, and it is realized by Mr. Hammerstein that its presentation, for the first time in America, will redound to his credit in ways that are permanent and valuable."

Mr. Hammerstein's ambitions are insatiable. He proposes, as soon as the Manhattan Opera House is established on a firmer basis, to organize a chain of opera houses all the way across the continent. There are even rumors that he intends to include London in the circuit. To a New York *Sun* reporter he recently unbosomed himself in the following characteristic fashion:

"Excepting in England, every city of any significance on the continent of Europe prides itself on the possession of an edifice devoted solely to grand opera. They are built by the emperors, kings, reigning princes and dukes of municipalities, and are supported by them by annual subvention.

"And along comes Oscar Hammerstein—vertically 5 feet 9 inches—and transforms himself into a bundle of emperors, kings, princes and dukes and starts out to provide grand opera in grand opera houses, to be erected by him and him only, in all of the prominent cities of this country. It certainly is the most gigantic—bordering on the incredible—undertaking of the age in the cause of music.

"For months the air has been filled with reports from various cities in the United States to the effect that one Oscar Hammerstein has made his appearance simultaneously in Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago or San Francisco, with one eye on the musical condition of these places and with the



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"THE INCOMPARABLE RENAUD"

Maurice Renaud has been one of the main contributing factors to the success of the Manhattan Opera House. He is shown here as Mephistopheles in "La Damnation de Faust."

other on vacant plots of ground of sufficient solidity to stand an opera house. While his sundry eyes were in action his mouth was on a vacation.

"But the seemingly chimerical aspirations of Mr. Hammerstein have suddenly turned into a substance of facts which bid fair to revolutionize the musical condition of this country as far as opera is concerned and bring Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Washington, St. Louis and Cincinnati into line with Paris, Berlin, London, Milan, St. Petersburg and Vienna.

"I am through contemplating; I am completing. For months I have been quietly perfecting my plans. I am going to erect a house for grand opera, and grand opera only in the fullest sense of the word, in Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati. In these houses I will give grand opera, just as I am doing in my Manhattan Opera House in New York."

How much of this is mere talk remains to be seen. But one thing is certain: Mr. Hammerstein's star is in the ascendant, and Mr. Conried will have to bestir himself, if he expects to emerge triumphant from the second bout in the battle of the operas.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF THE DIVINE SARAH

SARAH BERNHARDT has profited by the example of her countryman, Rousseau. In her memoirs* there is no lifting of the veil from the shrine of her heart, no revealing of the nakedness of her passion; she struts over four hundred and fifty pages with her eyes turned coquettishly to the orchestra and with her garments arrayed with histrionic skill. She has nothing to say of her father, of her age, of her marital or amatory experience, and refers somewhere in the middle of the bulky book only incidentally to the existence of a son. Nevertheless her very silence on those subjects speaks volumes.

Despite the absence of personal data, the book enables us to trace without difficulty from her early childhood experiences the peculiar development of a temperament which in the end was bound to find expression in the theater. Behind her dazzling array of masks, we catch a glimpse of the human side of the divine Sarah. We observe her evolution from a frail sensitive child into the most advertised actress in the world. Her wilfulness, her motto "spite of all," we feel, have been forced upon her by circumstances; she had to assume the guise of eccentricity in self-protection, only to be crucified in the end upon the cross of her own *reclame*. For the din about her has often made people neglect the real artist; they have forgotten that if she placarded the world with her pictures and permitted the lime-light to play constantly upon her own person, she has nevertheless created immortal figures of which the memory will perish only with art itself. She is to-day celebrated in every quarter of the globe; she has attained fame as a sculptor, dramatist and actress; a theater in Paris is devoted exclusively to her art, and, like Napoleon, she has become in her life-time an historical figure. But through the pages of the book peers the face of a woman, a little tired, weary of her own reputation, and blessed with more than her share of the vanities of the sex.

As a child she was a mystic, pious, devoted, eager to marry "Le bon Dieu;" in her mature years she wedded her art. She never, it seems, found the *male* who could master her. There was in her the making of the super-

woman, strangely enough excluded from Nietzsche's philosophy; but tho she met Hugo and the greatest intellectual potentates of her time, the superman, who alone could hold her, never entered her life. Years ago a jealous rival published a satire entitled "The Story of Sarah Barnum," in which the love-affairs real and alleged of the actress were shamelessly and scandalously laid bare. Bernhardt at that time took resort to the horse-whip to punish the author. Perhaps the erotic is so rigorously excluded from her reminiscences because, as we suggested above, the men whom she loved played no important part in her intellectual life; perhaps she has saved the more intimate confessions for the second volume, the appearance of which is not even announced in the present American edition.

The narrative, in spite of the lack of piquant interest, is by no means dull. Bernhardt was always a vivacious creature of moods, whims and nerves. In the course of the first three pages of her memoirs she manages to fall into the fire; on page five she breaks



SARAH BERNHARDT, PAINTER

Madame Bernhardt has proved herself to be a female Michael Angelo by her proficiency in various arts.

* MEMOIRS OF MY LIFE. By Sarah Bernhardt. D. Appleton & Company.



VICTOR HUGO'S QUAIN'T SOUVENIR

Upon this skull the great French poet has written autograph verses for Sarah Bernhardt.

her arm. As a child she spoke only Breton, the language of her nurse. She received her early education at a convent in Versailles. Her mother was of Jewish extraction and that possibly explains why at the age of ten she had not been christened. Once she overheard the convent physician remark: "This child is one of the best we have here; she will be perfect when she has received the Holy Chrism." This remark took hold of her fancy and from that day mysticism enthralled her. "The Son of God," she says, "became the object of my worship and the Mother of the Seven Sorrows my ideal." In a later chapter Bernhardt describes her baptism with great gusto.

In the convent she soon became a personality,—she rescued a little girl from death and performed other deeds of daring. At a certain period a bishop came to inspect the convent and it was agreed upon to perform a little play in his honor. Sarah confidently expected to take a part in it. When she found that she had been overlooked, her despair knew no bounds and she eagerly pleaded to be allowed to take the part of the monster in the play. It was decided, however, that Caesar, the convent-dog, should impersonate the rôle in question. Fortunately for her, the angel Raphael forgot his part and Sarah triumphantly stepped in. Whenever in later

years she was similarly disappointed, she invariably gained her point in the end.

As she grew up her mysticism asserted itself less violently. "As I could not exist, however, without a passion of some kind," she remarks, "I began to get quite fond of goats, and asked mama quite seriously whether I might become a goat-herd." In later years, too, she was fond of strange pets. At one time she left London suddenly to buy a lion-cub, a tiger and two chameleons. Her one wish in that line which was never fulfilled, tho she has not given up all hope of attaining it, was her desire to possess a dwarf elephant.

In spite of her predilection for goats and in spite of other pagan tendencies indicated by her wayward temper, Sarah still wished to be a nun. Her people suggested instead a theatrical career and determined to send her to the *Conservatoire*. Her god-father, between whom and herself no love was lost, exclaimed brutally, "She's too thin to make an actress." "I won't be an actress," little Sarah categorically exclaimed. Then, she tells us, the following conversation took place:

"'You don't know what an actress is,' said my aunt.



HOW SARAH BERNHARDT SLEEPS

The coffin in which she makes her bed is said to be padded with rose leaves and old love letters.

"Oh, yes, I do. Rachel is an actress!"
 "You know Rachel?" asked mama, getting up.
 "Oh, yes, she came to the convent once, to see little Adele Sarony. She went all over the convent and into the garden, and she had to sit down because she could not get her breath. They fetched her something to bring her around, and she was so pale, oh, so pale! I was very sorry for her and Sister Appoline told me that what she did was killing her, for she was an actress, and so I won't be an actress, I won't!"

Fate had determined otherwise.

Bernhardt's early ventures on the stage were by no means always successful. She has never been quite able to overcome a feeling of stage fright. This very uncertainty is probably responsible for many of her antics. She imagined early in her career that she would have been equally successful either as a nun or as an actress. She says on this point:

"With a very natural partiality I discovered in myself the gift of absolute self-sacrifice, renunciation, and devotion of every kind—qualities which would win for me easily the post of Mother Superior in the Grandchamps Convent. Then with the most indulgent generosity I attributed to myself all the necessary gifts for the fulfilment of my other dream, namely to become the first,



BERNHARDT'S BUST OF SARDOU

Bernhardt's sculptures display a workmanship so able that she has been accused of employing the aid of "ghosts."



SARAH BERNHARDT AT HER PRIME

This portrait from a painting by Chartran represents the actress in the part of "Gismonda."

the most celebrated and the most envied of actresses. I counted on my fingers all my qualities: gracefulness, charm, distinction, beauty, mystery, piquancy. Oh, yes, I found I had all these, and when my reason and my honesty raised any doubt or suggested a 'but' to this fabulous inventory of my qualities, my combative and paradoxical ego at once found a plain decisive answer which admitted of no further argument."

Perhaps this duality of feeling is partially responsible for her fantastic idea of making her bed in her coffin! She claims that she was forced to this by the narrowness of her room. It is said that she still sleeps occasionally in this narrow bed and that she has padded it with memories of her dead life, with faded roses and letters yellow with age.

Bernhardt's eccentricity led her to quarrel with the Odéon, the Comédie-Française, and with every theatrical concern with which she was ever connected, but her growing reputation always assured her victorious return. In the Franco-Russian war she established a hospital in her house and fed forty fowls and geese, which she had bought in the beginning of the siege of Paris, in her dressing-room to provide her patients with meat. At the end of 1871 she made the acquaintance of Victor Hugo. He invited her to his house for the reading of a new play in which she was to

appear. Her admirers were shocked that this nobody, this "monster," this "outlaw" who had been pardoned only the other day, should have asked a woman to come to his house when there was a neutral ground for their meeting at the theater. Sarah had a grudge against him for a long time until she made the acquaintance of the "monster." Then she was pleasantly disappointed indeed. "The monster," she tells us, "was charming, so witty and refined, and so gallant, with a gallantry that was an homage and not an insult. He was so good, too, to the humble, and always so gay. He was not, certainly, the ideal of elegance, but there was a moderation in his gestures, a gentleness in his way of speaking, which savored of the old French peer. He was quick at repartee, and his observations were gentle but persistent. He recited poetry badly, but adored hearing it well recited."

By this time she had figured for years in the comic papers, her extreme thinness having been the butt of much ridicule. She turned defeat into victory by utilizing her very slimness for advertising purposes. She has no disillusion about her personal appearance. Thus she admits that on one occasion the effect of her long white face emerging from a long black sheath was by no means pleasant. "I looked like an ant." Perhaps more has been written about her than about any other living actress, and for much slander she is herself responsible. Yet, she insists, the public "is very much mistaken in imagining that the agitation made about celebrated artists is in reality instigated by the persons concerned and that they do it purposely. Irritated at seeing the same name constantly appearing on every occasion, the public declares that the artist who is either being slandered or pampered is an ardent lover of publicity." She goes on to say:

"Alas! three times over, alas! We are victims of the said advertisement. Those who know the joys and miseries of celebrity when they have passed the age of forty know how to defend themselves. They are at the beginning of a series of small worries, thunderbolts hidden under flowers, but they know how to hold in check that monster advertisement. It is a sort of octopus with innumerable tentacles. It throws out its clammy arms on the right and on the left, in front and behind, and gathers in through its thousand little inhaling organs all the gossip and slander and praise afloat to spit out again at the public when it is vomiting its black gall."

There are in the book only a few remarks on dramatic art, but they are pregnant with

meaning. "I think," she says, "that dramatic art is essentially feminine. To paint one's face, to hide one's real feelings, to try to please and to endeavor to attract attention, these are all faults for which we blame women and for which a great indulgence is shown. The same defect seems odious in a man. Perhaps," she goes on to say, "this perpetual abstraction from himself gives the comedian a more feminine nature."

Bernhardt speaks at length of her American debut and somewhat puzzles us with her reference to the "Bostonian race." Edison, it seems, is to her the incarnation of the American spirit. She detects in his features a fanciful resemblance to Napoleon the Great.

The present memoirs conclude in the early eighties with her American tour. "My life," Sarah Bernhardt remarks at the end, "which I thought at first was to be so short, seemed now likely to be very, very long, and that gave me a great mischievous delight whenever I thought of the infernal displeasure of my enemies. I resolved to live. I resolved to be the great *artiste* that I longed to be. And from the time of this return I gave myself entirely up to my life."



From a portrait by Bastien-Lepage

POSED IN PROFILE

By themselves Sarah Bernhardt's features—high cheek bone, aquiline nose and lips parted above an almost masculine chin—are displeasing. Together they comprise that harmony in the face which gives it the quality that won her the title of "the divine Sarah."

Science and Discovery

AMERICA'S GREATEST CHEMIST ON THE SCIENTIFIC IMAGINATION

FIRST among the influences which have effected the growth of chemistry may be named that kind of insight which may be called the scientific imagination. Such is the deliberate judgment of the eminent head of the Harvard chemistry department, Dr. Theodore W. Richards, who, it will be recalled, was the "exchange professor" at Berlin recently, and who is styled by the *New York Nation* "America's leading chemist." A leading German university endeavored vainly some years ago to lure Professor Richards away from Harvard. His utterances on the functions of the scientific imagination in all stages of research work have attracted much attention in Germany, where he may be said to enjoy an even wider renown than he has won among his own countrymen.

As the quality of mind referred to as "the scientific imagination" has sometimes been assumed to be incompatible with exactness, Professor Richards, in his study of the new outlook in chemistry, enters into the whole subject with some care. All who have intelligently followed a really original research in chemistry will agree in maintaining, he says, that "an active and far-reaching imagination" is required. Even the gleaner in the field of matter and energy who seeks merely for the facts, without especially concerning himself with the meaning and bearing of these facts, needs imagination if his work is to be useful. To quote the Professor's words as given in *The Harvard Graduates' Magazine*:

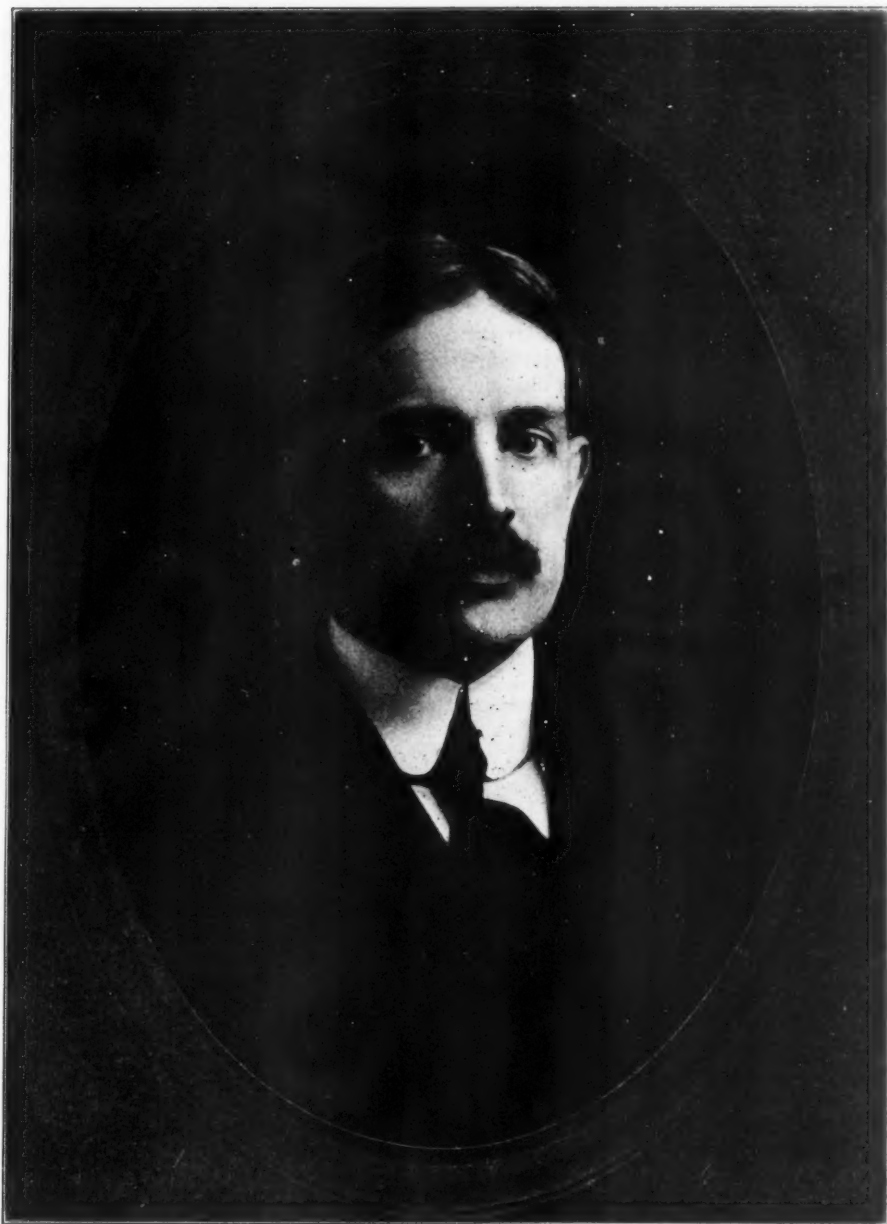
"He who lacks imagination will see only that which he is told to see. In any but the simplest scientific task, the mind of the investigator must conceive of many underlying conditions and possible modifying circumstances which are not apparent at first sight, and which demand imagination for their detection and proper adjustment. The highest type of scientific man—he who compares and generalizes his facts, who frames hypotheses concerning their ultimate nature, and who from these tentative speculations evolves new experiments to expand his knowledge—needs an imaginative mind in a yet higher degree. Dealing with impersonal things, instead of with personal emotions, this imagination is indeed of a

somewhat different type from that exercised by the poet or artist; but it is none the less fitly to be considered as true imagination, and it likewise yields the singular delight of creative power to its possessor."

Not always have the two types of imagination, adds Professor Richards, "the scientific and the poetic," been separated in individuals. Indeed, the occurrence of the two in the same individual is so often to be noticed that the two types might well be supposed to be really the same in essence and to differ only in their field of development. History furnishes many a proof of this twofold exercise of originality.

For instance, according to Professor Richards, Leonardo da Vinci furnishes striking evidence of the manifold working of a powerful imagination. Leonardo was no less eminent as geologist and engineer than as artist and poet. Chemistry, too, was profoundly interesting to him. His extraordinary writings manifest the fruitfulness of an imagination which has rarely been equaled. His few paintings, which show surpassing insight into human nature and unusual technical skill, were the expression of the same imagination force. If Leonardo were living to-day he might be as well known for his investigations into pure and applied science as for his artistic preeminence, since these fields of thought now have much more to offer to the imaginative mind than they had in the days when their scope was more restricted and less appreciated. In more recent times, Goethe furnishes one of the most brilliant examples of a truly poetic mind which found joy in scientific studies. Goethe was not only one of the greatest poets of all times. He made also notable contributions to the science of his day. The imaginative quality which gives the pervading charm to one product of his genius gave insight to the other.

These, then, as Professor Richards says, are examples of men primarily known for their ability in the direction commonly recognized as imaginative, who have possessed also ability which was or might have been developed in a scientific direction. One may find likewise many cases of the dual use of the



THE LEADING CHEMIST OF THIS GENERATION IN AMERICA

Dr. Theodore William Richards is at the head of the chemical laboratory at Harvard University, where he occupies one of the most important professorships filled by any scientist to-day. He has lectured before the leading scientists of Europe, for he was one of the "exchange" professors sent abroad under the plan of the Emperor William to blend the university life of Germany as much as possible with that of this country.

imagination among those who are known chiefly for their scientific productions. For example, von Helmholtz's interest in sound was not purely mathematical in its expression. The great physicist loved music for itself, having a wide knowledge of its literature and keen pleasure in its performance. Robert Wilhelm Bunsen's delight in the beauty of the Italian landscape, especially of the country around Naples, will be remembered by anyone who knew him. This poetic appreciation, artistic in feeling if not in expression, persisted even to his old age, after pain and disability had caused his interest in chemistry to wane.

The case of Charles Darwin, which is the one example usually cited to prove the supposed incompatibility of the scientific and poetic imaginations, is perhaps rather to be referred to another category. One can hardly follow his long combat with ill health without feeling that this misfortune, not his scientific interest, was the cause of the apparent atrophy of his literary and artistic sympathy. Darwin in his youth was extremely sensitive to every imaginative impulse, and years of suffering were needed to deaden this intense sensibility. Further:

"There is no need of multiplying the many possible examples of this kind, however, for the best place to find evidences of the imaginative insight

of a scientific man is in his own work. Here, where his mind has dwelt longest, his mental vision will find its widest scope. Perhaps the most easily traceable record of this immediate effect of the scientific imagination is to be found in the life of Faraday, because he committed his wildest dreams to the pages of existing notebooks. Faraday's originality ranged at large over the whole field of chemistry and physics; to him nothing seemed too strange to be possible, no relation too unlikely to be unworthy of thought. But with this extraordinary disposition to dream things before undreamt, he possessed the steady power of judgment which enabled him to dissociate his dreams from the reality. He always sought to test each hypothesis by actual experiment, and cheerfully recorded every overthrow when he was convinced of its finality. Experiment served to keep him scientifically sane, and day-dreams inspired his enthusiastic nature to undertake further experiment. Thus each helped the other, with a rare cumulative effect. Without imagination, Faraday could not have made most of his discoveries; but without profound common sense, he would have ended in a madhouse.

"The example of Faraday serves also to emphasize the indisputable fact that imagination alone is not a sufficient intellectual outfit for the scientific man. At least one other attribute is essential, namely, good judgment, or common sense, to select between the various possible interpretations of fact and theory presented by the imagination. So emphatically is this true that Huxley maintained science to be nothing more than systematized common sense.

"Imagination, then, and good judgment, are necessary, if science is to grow."

WHY SERMONS MAKE US GO TO SLEEP

THE well-known explanation that the stuffiness of the atmosphere in a church is the cause of sleepiness in members of the congregation is, according to the *Revue Scientifique* (Paris), "insufficient." If this hypothesis were tenable, argues our authority, it is manifest that the congregation, or those members of it who react readily to a soporific agent, would go to sleep before the sermon began. Now it is notorious that the sleeping is done during the sermon. The true explanation is that the auditor unconsciously hypnotizes himself or herself by concentrating the gaze for a long period on a single object, whether the countenance of the preacher or the pulpit or what not. The more desperate the effort to heed the sermon the surer this effect of self hypnotization. Those who sleep during the sermon are consequently the very members of a con-

gregation who are entitled to the highest praise for their conscientious effort to follow the words of the preacher.

During the preliminary portion of the church services, the point of attention constantly changes. It is the sermon alone that, with the head and body remaining in one position and with the eye self-hypnotized by resting on the bright space of a window or the preacher's lighted face or some other source of illumination in the pulpit or the body of the church, drowsiness creeps over the devout. The character of the discourse or even the murmurous sound of the preacher's voice in delivering it does not seem to affect the result in the slightest degree.

It is, of course, true that actual slumber does not invariably result from the hypnotic influence of close attention to sermons. Sometimes the listener is plunged into a trance. The eyes are directed straight to the face of

the clergyman in the pulpit. Not one word is lost so far as the sense of hearing is concerned. The facial expression is one of strained attention, the kind described under the form of words "breathless and interested attention." This form of trance may last as long as the preacher is in the pulpit. When he changes an attitude or lowers his voice there comes a relaxation. But of all that was said and heard during this trance the auditor retains no recollection. Hence we have the reason why so many devout worshipers return from church without the slightest notion of the drift of the sermon. They have concentrated their attention too closely upon the words of the preacher.

The only cure for this difficulty is inatten-

tion. The eye should wander from time to time during the sermon over the church, taking in the forms and faces of other persons in the congregation. Those who arrive late at divine worship rarely carry their remissness to the point of walking in while the sermon is in progress. This is unfortunate, for the distraction of their arrival would wake many auditors from trance or slumber and enable the whole congregation to proceed refreshed with the business of profiting by the words of the clergyman in the pulpit. The wisest clergyman, of course, is he who bids his hearers relax from time to time the attention with which they follow his words. That will keep the congregation awake, if anything can.

METCHNIKOFF ON PESSIMISM AS A DISEASE OF YOUTH



IN HIS recently issued study of pessimism in its relation to health and age, the illustrious Elie Metchnikoff tells us at the outset that animals and children in good physical condition are generally merry and of optimistic temperament. But as soon as animals and children fall ill they become sad until their recovery. We may infer from this that an optimistic view is correlated with normal health, while pessimism arises from some physical or mental disease. And so in the case of the prophets of pessimism, we may seek for the origin of their views in some affliction. The pessimism of Byron has been attributed to his club foot and that of Leopardi to tuberculosis, these two nineteenth-century exponents of pessimism having died while young.

Buddha and Schopenhauer, on the other hand, reached old age, while Hartmann died when sixty-four years old. Their diseases at the time when they formed their theories could not have been very dangerous, and none the less they took a most gloomy view of human existence. The recent historical investigations of Dr. Ivan Bloch make it very probable that Schopenhauer in his youth contracted syphilis. There has been found a note book of the great philosopher in which he wrote down the details of the severe mercurial treatment which he had to undergo. The disease, however, was not contracted until several years after the appearance of his pessimistic work.

"Altho we must attach due weight to the connection between disease and pessimism, we can assure ourselves that the problem is more complex than it appears at first sight. It is well known that blind people often enjoy a constant good humor, and, amongst the apostles of optimism, there has been the philosopher, Duering, who lost his sight during his youth.

"Moreover, it has been noticed that persons affected with chronic diseases frequently have a very optimistic conception of life, while young people in full strength may become sad, melancholic, and abandoned to the most extreme pessimism. Such a contrast has been well described by Emile Zola in his novel "La Joie de Vivre," where a rheumatic old man, tried by severe attacks of gout, maintained his good humor, while his young son, although vigorous and in good health, professed extreme pessimism."*

Significant, accordingly, is the fact that most of the great pessimistic writers were young men. Such were Buddha, Byron, Leopardi, Schopenhauer, Hartmann and Maenlander, and there might be added many other names of less well known men.

The question has been often asked why Schopenhauer, who was certainly sincere in his philosophy and who extolled Nirvana as the perfect state, came to have a strong attachment to life instead of putting it to a premature end as was done later by the philosopher Maenlander. The reason was that the philosopher of Frankfort lived long enough to acquire a strong instinct of life. Moebius, the well known authority on madness, has made a close investigation of

*THE PROLONGATION OF LIFE. By Elie Metchnikoff. Putnam.



Courtesy G. F. Putnam's Sons

THE ILLUSTRIOUS METCHNIKOFF IN HIS LABORATORY

Elie Metchnikoff, the famous bacteriologist and biologist at the head of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, has just put forth a new theory of the prolongation of life and of the life process. He affirms among other things that we grow necessarily more optimistic as we grow old and that we are artificially pessimistic in the period of adolescence.

Schopenhauer's biography and has established the fact that toward the end of his life his views were tinged with optimistic colors. On his seventieth anniversary he took pleasure in the consoling idea of the Hindu Upanishad and of Flourens that the span of man's life might reach a century. As Moebius puts it, "Schopenhauer as an old man enjoyed life and was not any longer a pessimist." Not long before his death he still hoped to survive yet another twenty years. It is true that Schopenhauer never recanted his early pessimistic writings, but that was probably because he did not fully realize his own mental evolution.

In looking through the work of modern psychologists, Metchnikoff is struck by his inability to discern due recognition of this cycle of evolution of the human mind. In Kovalevsky's able and conscientious study of pessimism Metchnikoff was especially struck by one phrase: "Evils such as hunger, disease and death are all equally terrible at each stage of life and in every rank of society." Metchnikoff detects here a failure to recognize the modification of the emotions in the course of life, which, none the less, is one of the great facts of human nature:

"Fear of death is by no means equally great at all stages of life. A child is ignorant of death,

and has no conscious aversion from it. The youth and the young man know death is a terrible thing, but they have not the horror of it that comes to a mature man in whom the instinct of life has become fully developed. And we see that young men are careless of the laws of hygiene, while old men devote to them sedulous attention. This difference is probably a notable cause of pessimism in young men. In his studies of the mind, Moebius has stated his view that pessimism is a phase of youth which is succeeded by a serener spirit. 'One may remain a pessimist in theory,' he says, 'but actually to be one, it is necessary to be young. As years increase, a man clings more firmly to life.' 'When an old man is free from melancholia, he is not a pessimist at heart.' 'We cannot yet explain clearly the psychology of the pessimism of the young, but at least we can lay down the proposition that it is a disease of youth.'

"The cases of Schopenhauer and the man of science whose psychical history I have sketched, fully confirm the view of the alienist of Leipzig.

"The conception that there is an evolution of the instinct of life in the course of the development of a human being is the true foundation of optimistic philosophy.

"The instinct of life is little developed in youth. Just as a young woman gets more pain than pleasure from the earlier part of her married life, just as a new-born baby cries, so the impressions from life, especially when they are very keenly felt, bring more pain than pleasure during a long period of human life. The sensations and feelings are not stable; they undergo evolution, and when that takes place more or less normally, it brings about a state of psychical equilibrium."

INVESTIGATION OF "FROZEN" MELODY THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE

BY CATCHING verse as it flows from the mouth of the poet, then freezing it, so to speak, and at last examining it in detail through the microscope, one attains to the best of all possible modes of studying poetry, avers Dr. E. W. Scripture, one of the pioneers in the field of experimental psychology and for years director of the psychological laboratory at Yale. He has of late devoted himself to the difficult problem of the analysis of vocal sounds, and in an article published by *The Independent* he explains in a way intelligible to the layman how the records of "visible speech" are obtained and studied.

The person whose voice was to be studied was required to speak into a gramophone (disk machine) or a phonograph (cylinder

machine). For a study of the typical American vowels, Dr. Scripture had a trained elocutionist pronounce them with special distinctness. For a specimen of American verse, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell was kind enough to make several records. Joseph Jefferson furnished records of Rip Van Winkle's toast and Dr. Chauncey M. Depew gave a specimen of political oratory. For French pronunciation and French verse, Dr. Scripture had a large number of records made, but as yet he has not had time to study them. As a typical specimen of German, William II kindly consented to make two records for Dr. Scripture.

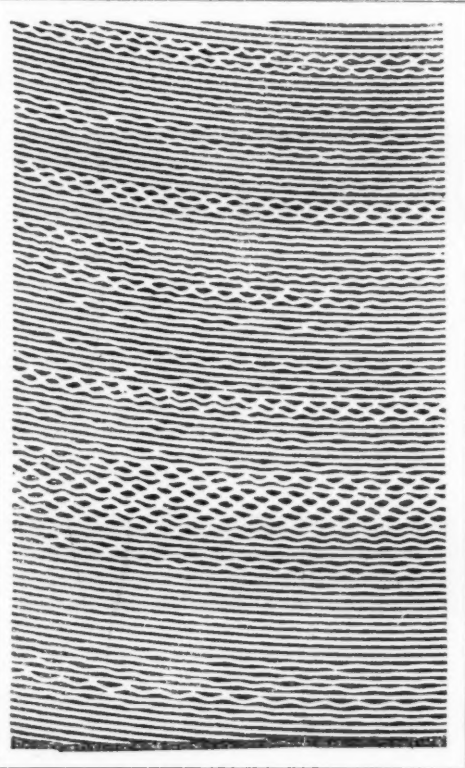
In the gramophone method the recording apparatus makes a groove on the disk and the speech vibrations make sidewise deviations in this groove. Some of the strongest can be seen by looking at a record through a magnifying glass. To enlarge and record these vibrations on paper it was necessary to devise a special machine. This was accomplished with great labor and expense. To employ the language of Dr. Scripture's article in *The Independent*:

"Attracting the attention of the Carnegie Institution, its work has been liberally supported for four years; for six months it was loaned to the University of Berlin. Figure 2 gives a scheme of the machine. The gramophone disk is made to turn very slowly, once in six to ten hours. A steel point in a long light lever rests in the speech groove just as the steel point of the reproducer does; the vibrations in the groove make the lever move back and forth. A fine point at the end of the lever records the vibrations, magnified 300 times, on a long band of smoked paper. The apparatus has to be constructed with great accuracy and delicacy.

"This machine was used to trace records of prose and verse, of musical instruments, etc. Figure 3 shows a small piece out of a note from a cornet. Each wave in the line represents one vibration of the air in the cornet tone. The pitch of the tone can be calculated from the record. The recording and tracing apparatus were so arranged that 1 millimeter on the band of paper represented 0.0004 second. One wave of the cornet record measures nearly 3 millimeters; the period or time occupied by the vibration was therefore 0.0012 second. The frequency or number of vibrations per second was therefore $1 \div 0.0012 = 833$.

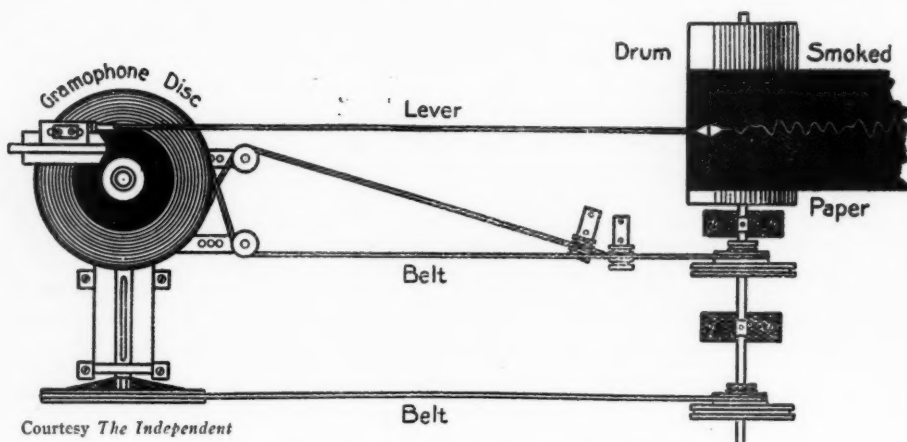
"Let us notice the peculiar form of the waves in Figure 3; they are sharper on one side than on the other; this is a characteristic of the cornet tones.

"A portion of a clarinet record is shown in Figure 4. Here the waves fall into groups of two. The length of the group indicates the pitch of the



Courtesy *The Independent*

FIG. 1—FAC-SIMILE OF PLATE AFTER BEING UTILIZED IN THE PRODUCTION OF RECORDS



Courtesy The Independent

FIG. 2—MACHINE FOR TRACING GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

tone in which the instrument is played; this we can calculate just as in the case of the cornet. The division of the group into two indicates that the octave overtone is also present.

"The curve of a gong, Figure 5, shows by its small waves that a high tone was present; but the longer waves indicate also a lower tone. Curiously enough, the longer waves gradually become shorter; this agrees with our usual ex-

month by running night and day. In fact, it has traced off several such records, one, a speech by Dr. Depew, requiring a month and a half of incessant work."

Recorded on this scale a spoken vowel is often a yard long. The record of a joke is in this way rather long drawn out, but we have the advantage of having every detail



Courtesy The Independent

FIG. 3—TONE FROM CORNET

perience that the tone of a bell starts lower at first and runs up in pitch. We notice also the periods of nearly straight line where the lower tone fades away; this represents the beats present in bell tones.

"A still more complex curve is shown in Figure 6. It is part of a note in a piece played by Sousa's Band. An attempt to unravel it would be hopeless; yet our ear picks out of the sound the parts due to various instruments.

mathematically accurate. As one frivolous visitor to the laboratory remarked, this is a good way to get onto a man's curves.

In Figure 7 we have a piece out of a record of "oh" spoken by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. The piece has been cut into four parts to get it into the column of print:

"We notice first that the waves fall into groups



Courtesy The Independent

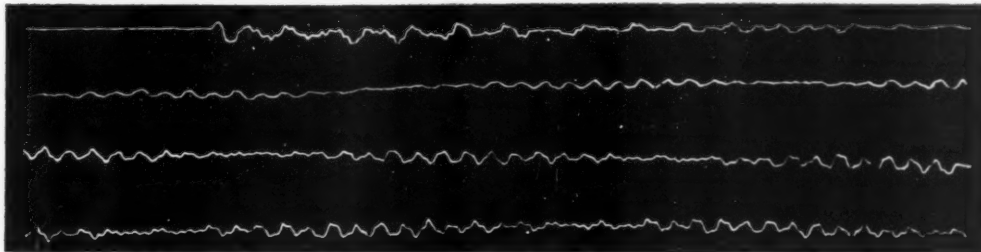
FIG. 4—TONE FROM A CLARINET

"Turning to speech we must first consider how much we want the vibrations magnified. If we decide on having as before 1 millimeter=0.004 second, then a speech lasting five minutes will—as any one can readily compute—require 750 meters of paper—that is, about one mile. Since the machine must trace the curve very slowly, it can accomplish this mile of curve in about a

of three; each group represents one vibration from the larynx. By measuring the length of a group we can get the pitch of the tone from the larynx at each instant. Let us do so. We find that the length of the groups steadily changes. If we indicate the pitch for each group by a dot a certain distance above a horizontal line and connect the dots, we get a 'melody plot.' The

melody plot for the entire 'oh' of which Figure 7 is a part is given in Figure 8. It shows that the voice begins low, rises quite high, quavers a while, and then falls. Compare with this the

identical curve in 'schnapps,' a distantly similar one in 'and,' and a rather similar one in 'family's'. The vowel *a* is shown in weak vibrations at the beginning of 'ah.' In this way we can go over



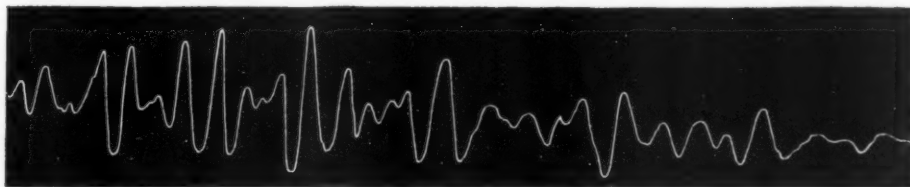
Courtesy *The Independent*

FIG. 5—VIBRATIONS FROM A GONG

melody plots of the 'ohs' spoken in different emotions (Figures 9 to 13). We see at once that in the melody plot we have a record of the emotion. This opens up an entirely new field, that of melody in prose and verse. The melodies of whole speeches, poems and songs have been obtained. The problem is a fascinating one, and the results are often unexpected, but we cannot stop for them here.

the plate of curves and pick out similar or dissimilar ones with the unaided eye.

"If we inquire what tones of the voice are represented by these curves, we have to face the problem of curve analysis. This is a difficult and complicated process, the analysis of a single wave often requiring whole days of computation. The results of thousands of such analyses show that the prevailing views of speech and the action of



Courtesy *The Independent*

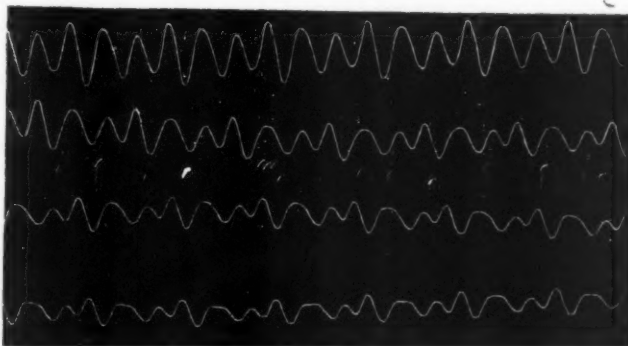
FIG. 6—NOTE BY SOUSA'S BAND

"The groups in Figure 7 comprise three subordinate waves; these indicate the tones of the vocal cavities. In the first line of the figure the three strong waves indicate that there is a powerful cavity tone an octave and a half above the larynx tone. But we notice that, altho adjacent groups are similar in form, the form always changes slowly and steadily from beginning to end. This is true of nearly all American vowels; the sound of each one changes steadily while being spoken.

"The vibrations that compose a wave group are the effects of the laryngeal vibrations on the cavities of the mouth and nose. They differ for each different vowel sound. What sort of waves correspond to the different vowels? Let us cut short pieces out of a number of vowels spoken by Joseph Jefferson. Let us notice the vowel *a* in 'glass.' We find a similar but weaker curve for the same vowel in 'that,' an almost

the vocal organs are largely erroneous. Brought into connection with the facts of anatomy and physiology, they give us an insight into the human voice such as we never had before.

"In the first place, it is generally supposed that



Courtesy *The Independent*

FIG. 7—WAVES FROM "OH," SPOKEN BY DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL

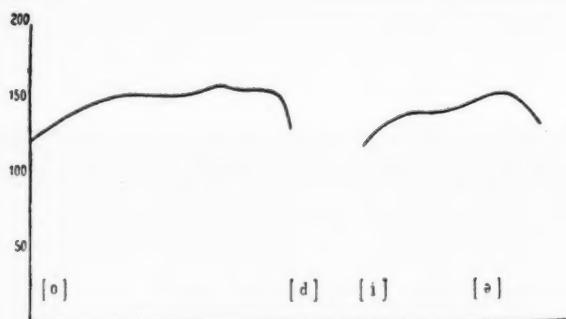


FIG. 12—MELODY PLOT FOR "OH, DEAR," DESPAIRINGLY

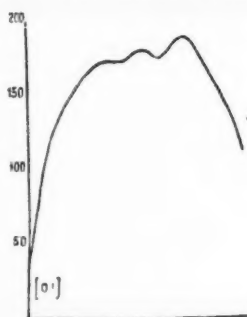


FIG. 8—MELODY PLOT FOR "OH," SORROWFULLY

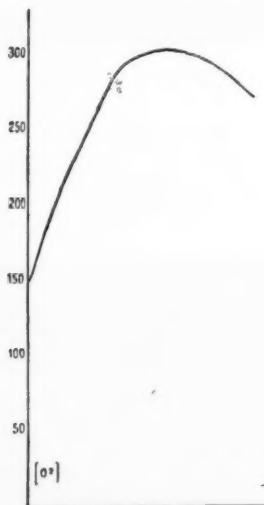
Courtesy *The Independent*

FIG. 10—MELODY PLOT FOR "OH," QUESTIONINGLY

the larynx contains two cords or two membranes which swing in the breath current and set the air in vibration. This is not true. The larynx con-

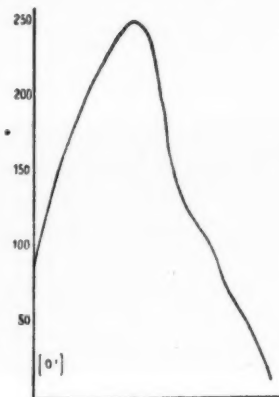


FIG. 9—MELODY PLOT FOR "OH," ADMIRINGLY

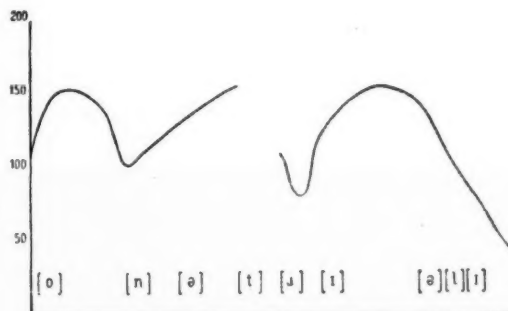


FIG. 13—MELODY PLOT FOR "OH, NOT REALLY"

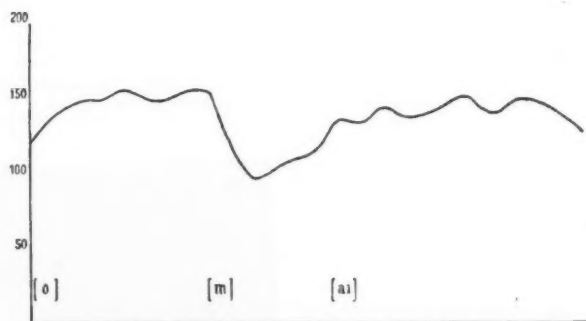


FIG. 11—MELODY PLOT FOR "OH MY," SORROWFULLY

tains the two 'vocal lips,' which open and shut by compression; the larynx thus emits a series of puffs of air, just as a locomotive or a puff siren does, only so fast that the puffs make a tone."

Again, it is supposed that the vocal cavities—chest, throat, mouth, nose—act like brass resonators to reinforce certain overtones of

the laryngeal vibrations. This is also not true. The vocal cavities have soft walls and cannot act like brass resonators. Their tones do not coincide with overtones of the laryngeal tone and therefore cannot reinforce them. The cavities are adjusted to certain tones for each vowel. The puffs from the larynx strike them and bring forth these tones. Altho the new

view of vocal action has been definitely established, it has not yet become known to any extent and it is safe to say that no American book that discusses the voice has gotten beyond the old Helmholtz resonator theory and that every vocal teacher bases his or her instruction on an absolutely false and absurd supposition.

THE PERCEPTION OF TIME IN SLEEP



PPRECIATION of the lapse of time by somnambulists was the subject of a paper read before the London Society for Psychical Research lately by Dr. T. W. Mitchell, who, according to *Nature*, "has subjected to analysis through a series of original experiments the method by which the mind attempts to measure time in states below consciousness." It is a well established fact, our contemporary notes, that there appears to be some faculty of the mind by which we are able to measure or note the lapse of time during sleep. A very familiar instance of the occurrence is within the personal experience of us all. When something exceptional has to be attended to and when the mind has been profoundly preoccupied on going to bed over the necessity of waking at a certain hour, "considerable surprize is often occasioned by finding that wakefulness occurs almost exactly at the time upon which the mind had been fixed on retiring to rest." Why should this be so?

When, again, from the experiences of ordinary sleep, observation passes to the facts of hypnotic sleep, the data are more suggestive.

Dr. Mitchell's first series of experiments go to show, it appears, that in these cases there must be not only some form of watching and counting of the intervals as they pass, but that elaborate calculations are made by the subconscious mind to determine at what particular moment the act falls due. In some of the experiments the subject during hypnosis explained that these calculations were made during ordinary sleep, and the fact was brought out that long and laborious calculations may be accurately carried on by the subconscious mind without any knowledge of the fact rising to the surface of ordinary consciousness. A number of Dr. Mitchell's experiments on a particular subject were of a certain type. The subject in hypnosis was

told that at a future time when Dr. Mitchell called next—the date being then unknown to the experimenter himself—she would be required to write down immediately the number of hours and minutes which had elapsed. These tests were usually performed correctly, altho when the subject in waking consciousness wrote down the number, she had no knowledge as to what it referred to.

Dr. Mitchell's conclusion is that in these experiments there was a continuous subconscious watching of the time as it passed and that the process employed was that of mental addition, which took place at intervals:

"The ultimate problem to which the experiments lead is, however, whether there is a true faculty enabling the mind to appreciate time when the subject has been kept away from external indications of the passage of time. Dr. Mitchell's experiments, intended to elucidate this problem, tend to confirm previous experiments of Dr. Bramwell that in such cases 'there is apparently' a true appreciation of the passage of time without any assistance from such sensory impressions as normally give us this information. The experiments made have reference to the time-appreciation by somnambules of periods varying from a minute to half an hour. Subjects in a state of hypnosis were for instance, told to raise the right arm at the end of twenty minutes or any similar interval. They were then awakened. Without the subject being conscious of any reason for the act, the arm was usually lifted at a very close approximation to the correct time; and this result seemed to follow even if the subject were kept in a darkened room. In a series of sixty observations on various subjects, with periods varying from a minute to half an hour, the mean error was no more than a fraction of a minute, 30 per cent. being accurate. One very curious result was the limitation of the amount of error, whether the suggested time-interval were long or short. The result of the experiments as a whole, Dr. Mitchell thinks, is to preclude the conclusion that there is any guessing by the subjects in obtaining the results and that there is a true time-appreciation in somnambules."

Dr. Mitchell's main conclusion is that in seeking for an explanation of this faculty of time appreciation by the mind in sleep, we are bound to look to the methods used when

similar judgments are made by the ordinary waking consciousness. If in the waking state we are denied all ordinary means of marking the passage of time we can still make judgments approximately accurate as to the length of any given interval. We have ingrained within us a sense of rhythm which enables us, for instance, to measure fairly accurately the time intervals in the swing of a second pendulum. It seems probable that subconsciousness may go further than this, and that the lower strata of consciousness can take cognizance of various organic processes which are, or may be, unperceived or generally unattended to by the waking self. The most obvious of these is the organic rhythm of the heart beat and the respiratory movement.

And if a correlation has been subconsciously established between such phases of organic life and our artificial divisions of time, the subconscious watcher is provided with an objective time measurer which is liable to only slight variations of regularity. We now know, as the result of direct experiment, how concentrated is the attention and to what an extraordinary and unexpected extent long calculations are carried on by the mind subconsciously. Having got its unit of time, it is not surprising that the result thus produced by the subconscious mind should at first appear to our waking mind, or rather waking intelligence as the product of some unknown and incomprehensible faculty, the investigation of which has not even begun.

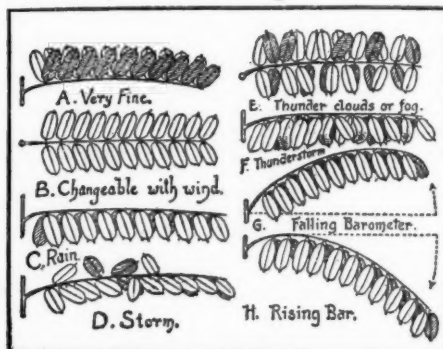
THE EARTHQUAKE PLANT

THERE has recently been set up in London a forecasting station which has for its principal object the prediction of earthquakes through observation of what is known as the abrus plant. This abrus plant grows wild in Cuba and in certain parts of India, being celebrated among the inhabitants of some tropical regions for its sensitiveness to weather conditions. Baron Nowack, an Austrian scientist, was the first to investigate the seismological accuracy of the abrus which, as he explains in *London Knowledge*, is a veritable vegetable barometer. When read in connection with other data, the abrus will give, he insists, forecasts on the subject of storms, cyclones, conditions of fire damp in mines and more particularly the imminence of earthquakes and even of volcanic eruptions.

It is related on good authority that King Edward once asked Baron Nowack to foretell the state of the weather on a certain evening in the near future. In a few minutes, by studying his specimens of the abrus, the Baron had worked the problem out. He predicted that the night referred to would witness a violent thunder storm. This prediction, it is said, came true. At the invitation of the King, Baron Nowack was invited to London, where he is now cultivating his seismological vegetable on an elaborate scale.

The abrus is understood to change its color upon the approach of a period of fissure in the crust of the earth. This change of color seems to depend in turn upon the appearance

of spots of a certain magnitude upon the surface of the sun. Observation of the plant must accordingly be conducted simultaneously with studies of the sun if predictions of value are to result. The connection between spots on the sun and manifestations of seismic disturbance have been the subject of infinite speculation on the part of authorities on earthquakes. Some students have denied the connection which others allege to exist. Professor Nowack, on the basis of his investigations into the abrus, now insists that sun spots and earthquakes are dependent phenomena because the effect of both upon the plant seems identical. If, according to the theory now tentatively presented, the abrus begins to change color and if there be a spot of magnitude on the sun, the appearance of a fissure in the surface of the earth may be expected. The future of this line of investigation promises, we are told, to be interesting.



HOW THE PLANTS SHOW THE WEATHER

Recent Poetry



IN MOST respects, Stephen Phillips and Rudyard Kipling are poetical antipodes. Kipling hunts for crude types and very modern phrasing. Phillips usually harks back to "old, unhappy, far off things and battles long ago," and prefers to tell us of Paolo and Francesca, Herod, Nero and Ulysses. Kipling is an up-to-date motor car throbbing with energy and exceeding the speed-limits. Ride with him and you will see mountains and canyons and cataracts, but few of the lesser and sweeter wayside beauties. Phillips is a Cleopatra's barque, piled high with bloom, moving with smooth and stately grandeur and redolent of the picturesque past. His latest volume ("New Poems": John Lane Company) is the most modern thing he has done for years, having a poem on Gladstone, one on Dreyfus and one on Wilde; but it begins with Endymion and closes with Iole, and the spirit of the classic past is with him even when he treats of modern themes. The following poem is characteristic of this quality of his poetic muse:

THE DREAMING MUSE

By STEPHEN PHILLIPS

No Muse will I invoke; for she is fled!
Lo! where she sits, breathing, yet all but dead!
She loved the heavens of old, she thought them fair;
And dream'd of Gods in Tempe's golden air.
For her the wind had voice, the sea its cry;
She deem'd heroic Greece could never die.
Breathless was she, to think what nymphs might play
In clear green depths, deep-shaded from the day;
She thought the dim and inarticulate god
Was beautiful, nor knew she man a clod;
But hoped what seem'd might not be all untrue,
And feared to look beyond the eternal blue.
But now the heavens are bared of dreams divine.
Still murmurs she, like Autumn, *This was mine!*
How should she face the ghastly, jarring Truth,
That questions all, and tramples without ruth?
And still she clings to Ida of her dreams,
And sobs, *Ah! let the world be what it seems!*
Then the shy nymph shall softly come again;
The world, once more, make music for her pain.
For, sitting in the dim and ghostly night,
She fain would stay the strong approach of light;
While later bards cleave to her, and believe
That in her sorrow she can still conceive!
Oh, let her dream; still lovely is her sigh:
Oh, rouse her not, or she shall surely die.

We find some disappointment in Arthur Stringer's volume, "The Woman in the Rain and Other Poems" (Little, Brown & Company), but not in the title poem. It is strong, earnest and vital, and gives one a picture that stays in the

mind. It is too long to quote entire, yet it ought to be read entire and it is with some compunctions that we reprint it but in part:

THE WOMAN IN THE RAIN

By ARTHUR STRINGER

In God's unclesing rain
It sits and waits,
This huddled heap of rags and ashen hopes,
This timeless thing of mumbling unconcern,
That holds all cuffed in its agued bones
The embittered lives of men.

And quietly
As withered grass, in that soft summer rain
It waits beneath the dripping green of leaves
Made light with city lamps. And down the square
Some pacing comrade thing, of painted mouth
And sodden lace, and foul perfumeries,
With all her opulent young bosom wet
By virginal warm rain, says three short words
To one she stalks, then arm in arm they slink
Out through the darkness, to their cruel sleep.
But still beneath the odorous dripping leaves
Waits, sloven-shawled, and gaunt, and gray of lip,

This tomb of old-time happiness that holds,
Corroding-limbed, so many ghostly loves.

And this same body, once with wonder clothed,
Once swept with passion and with pity crowned,
Entrusted once with beauty, that the torch
Might pass, a gift not hers, from hand to hand,—
This might have watched with unembittered eyes
The hour where promise and fulfilment meet,
The dusk where autumn and contentment walk.
This flaccid arm, it might have nursed and known
(As all the law of all its world ordained)
Its consolation and its mystery,
Its ultimate surrender and its gift,
Its solace for earth's unaccompanied years.
Yea, she who once so much yet little gave,
She might have watched with wide untroubled eyes

Her youth's lost beauty creeping through the chain,

The golden chain of Birth, to cheat the grave.
But she recked not the perilous gates of time,
And some stern army, hour by silent hour,
To each rose-sheltered battlement lay siege.
Like mailed legions through some valley mild
And green with milky harvests, crushed and swept

Each grim invasion through her soft-veined life
(Low-breathing winds moved not more dreamily,
Deep-bosomed rivers far less quietly flowed!)
Implacably a secret warfare raged:
Battalions of brave scarlet, line by line,
Each day were overcome, each night, renewed,
And still again repulsed, and in the end
A torn and trampled battleground, a waste,
Her body lay, and she in time forgot
Each bugled thrill, each call out-trumpeted
From that high citadel where honor dwelt.
And with the years she aged, and fell away!

* * * * *

Is this a woman,—this the wandering fire
 For which all Ilium fell, and wars were made,
 And music fashioned, from the birth of Time?
 O Aphrodite, brooding-eyed, is she
 Your daughter? Juno, moonbeam-limbed and
 mild,
 What is she now to you? to Sara stern,
 To Magdalene made pure with many tears?
 To hopeless-eyed Lucretia, who could drain
 Her broken heart of all its tainted blood?
 To Mary, white of soul, Cornelia chaste,
 Or Joan the Illumed?

Young mothers grown
 Dusk-lidded with sad pleasures touched of fire,
 And finding peace where she destruction found,
 Must she and you indissolubly sit
 Thus bound with iron ties, until the end?
 Must you, until the end, still answer for
 These faded eyes, so dull and cavernous,
 And in your breast feel burn her tears unshed,
 And in your blood feel ache her woes unwept,
 And out through her still gaze on Edens dim
 And unattained? Too-happy women, warm
 With earthly love, with angel honor white,
 Soft women rose-enwapt and lily-robed,
 Behind each barrier dream these drunken hands
 Still leave you naked to the primal night!
 Down to the bitter end these bony claws
 Out to your cradles reach, and strangle hope,
 And tear each opiate veil, and unavenged
 Fall grim between your stooping Christ and you!
 Your stooping Christ! O Thou Who hast been
 called
 The savior of the world, must still such things
 Be borne of love? Must still thus wantonly
 The golden chain of life be link by link
 All broken for its gold?
 Must still the mad,
 Dark, immemorial earthly rapture bear
 Its fruit of bitter ashes? And must love
 Lead out into the night thus hopeless-eyed
 This thing that was not Youth, nor volent Death
 That is not Grief, nor joyous ever goes,
 That was not Love, but one who Love forgot,
 That was not Life, but one whom Life denied,
 Glad now it suffers not, with sorrows in
 Its empty laughter sadder far than tears,
 And more than pain in its abysmal breast
 Each short-lived old irresolute delight!

For round her throb and glow the valiant lamps
 Of midnight cities she has never known;
 Spices of Sodom, and strange musks of Troy,
 The fumes of Karnac, and the myrrhs of Rome,
 Cling destined round her tremulous old limbs
 That once to languid music throbbed amid
 The sultry rights of laughing Hamadan,
 The golden glooms of Corinth, dark with sighs
 That down regretful ages echo still!
 For Thais and bold Phryne breathe in her,
 Aspasia and Delilah, Jezebel
 And Agrippina from her pallid eyes
 Look forth with Lydian madness, and she hears
 The plashing fountains of grey Babylon,
 The breathing music of lost Nineveh,
 Still steeped in golden moonlight and in sin!
 And as she creeps in mumbling unconcern
 Tonight more desolately sterile than
 The rain-swept stones she paces, scarred and torn
 With timeless centuries of huddled sins,

A menace and a taint, deep in her broods
 Derisively earth's million-hearted ache!

Arthur Colton is another of the younger writers who, having done excellent things in prose, can not rest satisfied until he has tried to pour out his soul in song. Poetry "doesn't pay" and "isn't read,"—true enough. But the lure of it is as strong as ever on the writer who is a true creative artist, and there are few men of letters who would not rather write one great poem than to produce any other piece of literature. Mr. Colton has not produced anything great in his new work, "Harps Hung Up in Babylon" (Henry Holt & Company), and, for one reason, it seems to us, because he has felt afraid to assail the great subjects and has limited himself to nuances of feeling and minor details of life. Rather the best thing in the book is the introductory poem:

HARPS HUNG UP IN BABYLON

By ARTHUR COLTON

The harps hung up in Babylon,
 Their loosened strings rang on, sang on,
 And cast their murmurs forth upon
 The roll and roar of Babylon:
*"Forget me, Lord, if I forget
 Jerusalem for Babylon,
 If I forget the vision set
 High as the head of Lebanon
 Is lifted over Syria yet,
 If I forget and bow me down
 To brutish gods of Babylon."*

Two rivers to each other run
 In the very midst of Babylon,
 And swifter than their current fleets
 The restless river of the streets
 Of Babylon, of Babylon,
 And Babylon's towers smite the sky,
 But higher reeks to God most high
 The smoke of her iniquity:
*"But oh, betwixt the green and blue
 To walk the hills that once we knew
 When you were pure and I was true,"—
 So rang the harps in Babylon—
 "Or ere along the roads of stone
 Had led us captive one by one
 The subtle gods of Babylon."*

The harps hung up in Babylon
 Hung silent till the prophet dawn,
 When Judah's feet the highway burned
 Back to the holy hills returned,
 And shook their dust on Babylon.
 In Zion's halls the wild harps rang,
 To Zion's walls their smitten clang,
 And lo! of Babylon they sang,
 They only sang of Babylon:
*"Jehovah, round whose throne of awe
 The vassal stars their orbits draw
 Within the circle of Thy law,
 Can'st Thou make nothing what is done,
 Or cause Thy servant to be one
 That has not been in Babylon,
 That has not known the power and pain
 Of life poured out like driven rain?
 I will go down and find again
 My soul that's lost in Babylon."*

Armistead C. Gordon used to contribute to the old *Scribner's Monthly* that became *The Century*, and to *The Continent*, that luckless venture of Judge Tourgee's, and to the old *South Atlantic*. He has gathered his verses together after these many years and published them under the title "The Ivory Gate" (Neale Publishing Company). There is a vein of refined humor in the book that makes nearly all the poems pleasant reading, tho there are not many lines that one wishes to add to his permanent literary belongings. Here is one of the poems that remains as fresh as if written yesterday:

FOUR FEET ON A FENDER

BY ARMISTEAD C. GORDON

It is anthracite coal, and the fender is low,
Steel-barred is the grate, and the tiles
Hand-painted in figures; the one at the top
Is a Japanese lady, who smiles.
There's an *or-molu* clock on the mantel; above,
A masterpiece: *fecit Jerome*;
On the fender four feet—my young wife's feet and
mine,
Trimly shod, in a row and—at home.
My slippers are brodered of velvet and silk,
The work of her fingers before
We stood at the altar. To have them made up
Cost me just a round five dollars more
Than a new pair had cost at my bootmaker's
shop;
But each stitch was a token of love—
And she never shall know. Ah, how easy they
are
On their perch the steel fender above.
Words fail me to tell of her own. There's a
chest
In her father's old garret; and there
'Mid a thousand strange things of a century past
She discovered this ravishing pair.
They are small, trim and natty; their color is
red;
And they each have the funniest heel.
White balbriggan stockings, high-clocked, under-
neath
These *decolletè* slippers reveal.
Ah, many a time in my grandfather's day
They led the old fellow a dance.
They were bought with Virginia tobacco, and
came,
Who would guess it?—imported from France.
How odd that yon stern-faced ancestor of mine
In the earlier days of his life
Should have loved her who tripped in these red
slippers then,—
The young grandmama of my wife!
The course of some true loves, at least, runs not
smooth,—
And I'm glad that it's so, when I see
The trim, dainty feet in the red slippers there
Which belong to my lady—and me!
Two short months ago in this snug little room
I sat in this soft-cushioned seat;
No companion was near save my pipe. Now, be-
hold
On the polished steel fender four feet!

Let them prate of the happiness Paradise yields
To the Moslem,—the raptures that thrill
The soul of the Hindu whom Juggernaut takes,—
The bliss of Gan-Eden;—and still
I'll believe that no gladness which man has con-
ceived
Can compare with the tranquillized state
That springs from two small feet alongside one's
own,
On the fender in front of his grate.

L'ENVOI

In vain the illusion. The trim feet are gone.
They trip by my door every day;—
Yet they stop not nor tarry; but swiftly pass on,
Nor can I persuade them to stay.
And a bachelor's dreams are but dreams at the
best,
Be they never so fond or so sweet.
The anthracite blaze has burned low; and behold
On the fender *two* lonesome old feet!

Another writer whose verses date back to the days of *The Galaxy* has collected them for publication and sent them forth in book form under the title "The Cricket's Song and Other Melodies" (Lippincott). They are, for the most part, very serious in tone and some of them verge closely upon the somber. This for instance:

IN THE VALLEY OF SHADOWS

BY H. E. WARNER

It seems to be growing dark.
The train is running slow
But the car-wheels rumble so!
I'm in such a haste to get home,
For my wife has a terrible pain in her head
And may not live till I come.

Who is that there at the foot of my bed?
And there on the mantel, click, click, click—
I wonder if I've been sick?
I don't feel anything much like pain,
But now I remember, the other day
A windmill got in my head some way
And its fans wheel round and round in my brain.
Why, what have I said? You needn't smile;
I take queer notions once in a while,
But still, you see, I'm perfectly sane,
And come to think of it again
It wasn't a windmill after all,
Only some sand got into my blood.
It's been rushing along my veins for hours
And it grates and grinds and scrubs and scours
Till now it wouldn't be strange to find
It had worn some holes in my mind.
How did it get there? Sure enough;
But it's very volatile stuff
And I think I got it in my food.
Why yes, of course— The other day
They gave me a piece of toasted brick
And for hours and hours, I should think, it lay
In my stomach and felt so hard and rough
'T would have made a well man sick.
Just look at those awkward curtain strings!
They hang to one side and the curtain's awry.
Couldn't you fix them if you should try?

What makes them so careless about such things?
 Some medicine for me to take!
 Ha-ha! but that is an odd mistake.
 The sick man's there, at the foot of the bed,
 And he groans and tosses and tumbles about
 For, you see, he is out of his head,
 And when a man's head is a little light
 It's queer what silly speeches he'll make,
 And with this and with that he has kept me
 awake

For more than half of the night;
 I wish you would take him out.
 And another thing let me tell you, I—
 Stoop and let me speak in your ear;
 I wouldn't for anything have him hear—
 That man is going to die.

I could sleep, perhaps, but that terrible clock
 Rings like a woodchopper's ax in the wood,
 And the blood in my veins pounds on with a
 shock

Like sea waves breaking against the rock.
 I don't understand you; what did you say?
 I can't any longer see your face
 And your eyes look a million miles away.
 I think—I am going—to sleep—
 Call me—at five—in that case.

What wonderful shadows, heavy and deep,
 Spin round each other and crawl and creep,
 Vanish and gather and pause and glide
 And dash into mist as they break on me,
 Widening out into quivering rings,
 While low and lower I slip and slide
 To the fathomless depths of an unknown sea,
 A region of shapeless, nebulous things,
 A boundless, soundless ocean of air.
 I lose the notion of change and place,
 My body becomes a point in space
 But I—I seem to be everywhere.

We ought to have caught, but we didn't, the
 following poem when it was first published in the
Baltimore Sun. *The Argonaut* caught it and re-
 printed it and we copy it from the latter. It is the
 kind of love poem that sings itself into your affec-
 tions at once, partly because it is not too saccha-
 rine. Our love poets are not, as a rule, over
 mindful of the fact that self-restraint is an im-
 portant element of all true art.

SWEETHEART

BY FOLGER MCKINSEY

Sweetheart, I am coming where you sing beneath
 the rose

In Arcady, the beautiful, the fair;
 The lights are out in Athens and the play has
 reached its close,

The wine is very bitter flowing there!
 Sweetheart, I am coming from the battle and the
 blight

To Arcady, the quiet and the sweet;
 The temples are abhorrent and the city moans at
 night,

And hearts are burned to cinders in its heat!

Sweetheart, I am coming to the valleys of our rest
 In Arcady, the garden of the gleam;

The stones are sharp in Athens and the arrows
 pierce the breast,

And fame is but a shadow in a dream!

Sweetheart, I am coming to the sunshine of your
 face,

The song of heart's delight and heart's refrain,
 The simple, quiet spirit of the wayside charm and
 grace,

With love within a cottage in the lane!

Sweetheart, I have listened to the siren voice full
 long,

The false, the fickle music of the crowd;

The trumpets die in echo and the hills forget
 their song,

And Athens is so busy being proud!

Sweetheart, I am weary of the hollow, insincere,

Selfish and self-seeking heart of man;

I'm coming back to Arcady, to Arcady the dear,
 Beside the reedy river and the perished pipes
 of Pan!

Sweetheart, I am coming where you sit with ten-
 der trust

In Arcady, the bloomy and the bright,

To purge my heart of vanity and cleanse my soul
 of dust

And leave the lurid Athens to its night!

Sweetheart, I am coming where you wait and are
 content,

To seek the dewy fountains of the dawn,

And change this garb of conquest for the white
 habiliment

That they who go to Arcady put on!

Sweetheart, it won't matter to the temples or the
 town,

And Athens will go onward just the same

When I go forth to greet you where the roses
 flutter down

Beyond the bitter, burning brand of flame:

But, ah, the all-revealing, unconcealing sweet of it
 In Arcady together, in the gleam,

Beside the quiet porches in our youth—returned to
 sit,

Blow the bubble, build the castle, dream the
 dream!

We like the poem that takes an object slight in
 itself and makes of it a window through which
 we see a storied and picturesque past. It is not
 a difficult feat, but doing it well is, as doing any-
 thing well is, difficult. It is well done in this
 poem from *Appletons*:

AN OLD GUITAR

BY CLARENCE URMY

I picked it up in northern Spain

This "Relic of the rosy reign

Of Francis First or Charlemagne."

(So read the sign.)

In woful, stringless *deshabille*

It made such fervent, mute appeal

That on the spot I closed the deal

That made it mine.

It does not very kindly take

To these six strings of modern make,

And yet it is not hard to wake

Its voice to song,

The voice, perchance, that helped to seal
The fate of fair Blanche of Castile
When Thibault with designing zeal
Sang low and long.

This tracery of tortoise shell
If it could speak might softly tell
How many bosoms rose and fell
With questionings;
These ivory keys recall the touch
Of fingers trembling overmuch
Because of Master Cupid's clutch
At other strings!

It may be that some swarthy Moor
Or gentle love-sick Troubadour
Oft used these very frets to lure
His lady fair;
Immortal Villon may, perchance,
Have strummed the strings to gay romance,
Some neat ballade of ancient France,
Light, debonair.

I love to think that Blondel may
Have borne it on his weary way
When through long night and lonely day,
By mead and brine,
He sought his long-imprisoned king—
How throbbed with mighty joy each string
When lo, at last he heard him sing
At Dürrenstein!

And now, here in my studio,
It breathes of that sweet Long Ago
When Beranger, Ronsard, Marot,
Clemence Isaure
With lai and chaunt beloved so well
Wove wreaths of fadeless asphodel,
And garlanded with magic spell
Their deathless lore.

Talk of modernity! Here you have it in bold
imaginings. We quote from *Putnam's Monthly*:

THE AIRSHIP—AT DAYBREAK

BY DON MARQUIS

The Morning Star sinks swooning down, the pale
Moon quits the chase,
We race the rushing Sun across the clamorous
fields of space;

For, tho our prow be wreathed about with purple
sprays of Night,
Our pinions flick the Dawn that strives to gain
upon our flight.

And now, with forelocks fluttering and manes
blown out behind,
Come thundering down the sunward slopes the
Courses of the Wind—

For God's sake, UP!—give place to them, wild
thorobreds of air:
The rush of those tempestuous hooves no man-
wrought wings may dare!

Ahead, no mirrored gleam flares up from stream
or mere below;
Behind, our cloud-wake catches fire and sets the
east aglow.

Poised on the very tip of Time, a spinning satel-
lite,
We float between the flood of day and ebb of
yesternight.

"Today," "tomorrow," "yesterday"—each is an
alien name!—

We bear our own time in our wings, that rear-
ward, ribbed with flame,

Fling downward, backward from our course, in
aureate gleams of mirth,
The fiery sign that its "today" broods over drowsy
earth.

Awake, look up, O cynic world!—as in the days
of old
Still godlike progress stabs the sky with shafts of
shaken gold,

For now bold Science grasps the myths the
dreaming poets tell,
And rings our heedless star about with merry
miracle.

A new poet with a free way of his own has
come forth to view in Canada. His name is R.
W. Service, and he is said by a writer in the Lon-
don *Morning Post* to be not long out of his
'teens and to be a clerk in the Yukon branch of a
Canadian bank. A volume of his has appeared
(William Briggs) under the name of "Songs of
a Sourdough," and here is one of the songs:

THE SPELL OF THE YUKON

BY R. W. SERVICE.

I've stood in some mighty-mouthed hollow
That's plumb-full of hush to the brim;
I've watched the big, husky sun wallow
In crimson and gold and grow dim,
Till the moon set the pearly peaks gleaming,
And the stars tumbled out neck and crop;
And I've thought that I surely was dreaming,
With the peace of the world piled on top.

The summer—no sweeter was ever;
The sunshiny woods all athrill;
The grayling aleap in the river,
The bighorn asleep on the hill.
The strong life that never knows harness;
The wilds where the caribou call;
The freshness, the freedom, the farness—
O God! how I'm stuck on it all.

The winter! the brightness that blinds you,
The white land locked tight as a drum,
The cold fear that follows and finds you,
The silence that bludgeons you dumb.
The snows that are older than history,
The woods where the weird shadows slant;
The stillness, the moonlight, the mystery,
I've bade 'em good-by—but I can't.

There's a land where the mountains are nameless,
And the rivers all run God knows where;
There are lives that are erring and aimless,
And deaths that hang just by a hair;
There are hardships that nobody reckons;
There are valleys unpeopled and still,
There's a land—oh, it beckons and beckons,
And I want to go back, and I will.

Recent Fiction and the Critics



HE name of Mr. Hewlett appears, indeed, on the title page of this book;* but, judging by the reviews, one might think George Meredith is the real author. Mr. Hewlett's plot is flimsy. The action takes place in the England of 1809, of politicians and wits, commons and gentlemen. "The Stooping Lady" is

Hermia Mary Chambers, who
 THE STOOPING LADY stoops to love a butcher-boy because he is a man in a world of manikins. He is also a radical politician, and Mr. Hewlett carefully reveals him to us and to the eyes of his love only in moments of inspiration. When she is prepared to leave the house of her aunt, Lady Morfa, the quintessence of Whiggishness and prejudice, and stands beside him in the pillory, a stray shot ends his life and saves the author and heroine from the complications of a mesalliance. This solution, remarks *The Athenaeum*, is perhaps a little cheap and popular and inevitable. It seems as if Mr. Hewlett's courage had deserted him at the last. The end is bathos;—it is life. "Fine fellow," remarks one of the characters, a poet, after the young man's death. "Had parts, spoke well; could think." The person addressed, who somehow seems to voice Mr. Hewlett's own conviction, snaps his fingers:

"Pooh; sir; nothing of the sort! His greatest chance with her was that she knew nothing about him. It was all a gossamer web of her own spinning. As she stooped, he towered up higher and higher. She projected him a god, and a god he remained to the end of the chapter. All a generous figment of her brain, I'm sure of it. Mind you, I knew Vernour well and admired him. He had character—a quiet force, and it did so happen that he could make use of it. Politics! They had nothing to do with the matter. She knew no politics except by hearsay; if she had any leanings herself, it was toward aristocracy. She was one to the tips of her finger nails. No; he struck her imagination, and she chose—as queens used to choose. As for him, d—n him, he was a male. What I mean is this—that there's a field which politics can't touch, a fund in this old world which will outlive science and all our blessed systems. I agree with Tom Paine, of course, so far as he goes. If a man is not finer than a king, God help the monarchy; and if he is, why, God will stand aside. So down goes the monarchy at the proper time. But there's a right of man unconsidered by Tom, and I say

that she lent herself to the proving of it. She submitted, she stooped to the test case. And, by God, she proved it."

"Do you mean that the eternal male——?" ventures the poet.

"I do. He was no more than that essentially—splendid brawn. But she was the divinity who submitted to a man—for us men. Democracy in practice! She took a step beyond the rights of man, which we're all prating about, to the rights of nature, which will outlast all politics and politicians—when she, the noble, free moving creature, in her own way worked out the rights of man—of any man who is one—to choose his mate. Other things being equal—as they were here—no caste can stand out against that. Had she been an archduchess it would have made no difference."

Mrs. Elia W. Peattie in the *Chicago Tribune* describes the book as "brocade of velvet of rich old hues." "The time was," she remarks, "when Mr. Hewlett's excellent abilities seemed likely to be placed at the service of mere eroticism; but he has escaped this mesh as Tannhäuser—if so much exaggeration may be allowed—escaped from Venusburg. Something of the man who wrote 'Henry Esmond,' something of him who wrote 'Diana of the Crossways,' not a little of him who penned 'The Jessamy Bride' appears in this fine novel." And there's the rub. The book, stylistically at least, is strongly imitative of another master. Even its mannerisms are borrowed, and, as the *London Times* observes, it is too much to be expected to swallow other people's mannerisms on the top of Mr. Hewlett's own unfailing supply. This point is made in nearly all the British reviews of "The Stooping Lady." Richard Le Gallienne, in the *New York Times Saturday Review*, likewise dwells on the subject. "In his new book," he says, "Maurice Hewlett varies his strangely brilliant art of literary impersonation to the highest power of his achievement." A peculiar skill, Mr. Le Gallienne holds, seems to have been developed among writers during the last twenty years—that of writing in the manner of some master, not merely with mimetic cleverness, but with genuine creative cleverness. He goes on to say:

"We have poets who write so like Wordsworth and Milton that one can hardly differentiate them from their masters, and yet—for this is my point—they are no mere imitators, but original poets, choosing, it would seem, some old mask of immortality through which to express themselves. In a different way than that of Guy de Maupassant they have chosen to suppress themselves, or rather, I should say, that whereas de Maupassant strove to suppress, to eliminate, himself, their

*THE STOOPING LADY. By Maurice Hewlett. Dodd, Mead & Company.

method is that of disguise. In some respects they remind one of the hermit crab, who annexes some beautiful ready-made house instead of making one for himself. But then they annex it so brilliantly, with such delightful consequences for the reader, that not only is there no ground for complaint, but the reader almost forgets that the house does not really belong to them, and that they are merely entertaining tenants on a short lease.

"Mr. Maurice Hewlett in a long series of fascinating books has inhabited many styles. We are all familiar with his Malory-cum-Morris-cum-Meredith style. In 'The Forest Lovers' it was mainly Malory-cum-Morris, in 'Richard Yea-and-Nay' it was Meredith-cum-medievalism, a strange hybrid of style, indeed, through which to express so powerfully personal an imagination. Then, of course, we have his Italianate quattrocento style of 'Earthwork Out of Tuscany' and 'Little Novels of Italy'—more nearly personal in manner than any of his writings, with a hint of Meredith, however, always in the air. Now, in 'The Stooping Lady' we have Mr. Hewlett writing sheer Meredith, naked and unashamed—one might almost say rewriting 'Diana of the Crossways.' And yet the book is his own, one of the most brilliant pieces of work done in our time, with a heroine I personally would not exchange for Diana. What pictures, what character drawing, what atmosphere, what a tense story, and, again, what a heroine, and yet all done in another man's medium, all written in another man's words—no, hardly that, in another man's style."

There is something to be said for the melodrama in fiction. Edith Wharton, in her latest books, "The House of Mirth" and "The Fruit of the Tree," has given us the psychological dime novel. That is, she has applied to crudely sensational plots psychological analysis and the subtleties of a diction borrowed from James. Still in reading her we feel that these methods are to her neither pleasant nor germane; hence the coldness, the artificiality of her work. Mrs. Burnett, on the other hand, is a lifelong master of melodramatic fiction; she puts not only brain but heart into her books, and it is for this reason that her newly published novel,* in spite of its over five hundred closely printed pages, holds the reader's attention from first to last no less than the exploits of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" did a generation ago. While she has not raised the "thriller" to the dazzling heights of Mrs. Wharton's style, she has nevertheless succeeded in making it literature and leaving it human.

Her latest book, "The Shuttle," deals with the problem of international marriages. The "shuttle" is the transatlantic steamship which shifts to and fro, weaving a common net-work of sex,

No Meredithian device, Mr. Le Gallienne insists, is forgotten.

"We have Pink Mordaunt, with his anecdotes: 'Pink Mordaunt he is in all the memoirs.' It was an age of diaries and diarists, as the first chapter of 'Diana of the Crossways' reminds us. We likewise have Mr. Meredith's inevitable great newspaper man, an inky, undertakerly obsequious person, editing his paper in the interests of the Government, and therefore flatteringly tolerated in great houses; we have delightful Meredithian names, such as Lord Rodono, Mervyn Touchett, Gell-Gell, Lord Drillstone—Mr. Hewlett even ventures to lay hands on 'Carinthia,' for one of his ladies; and we have in the Hon. Captain Ranald the inevitable Meredithian 'Redworth,' the quiet man who waits till the heroine has got over—the hero."

A writer in the *Bookman*, a periodical in which the novel has appeared serially, on the other hand holds that there can be no doubt of Mr. Hewlett's distinction of style. "Mr. Hewlett," he says, "is one of the very few contemporary writers whose manner is unmistakably their own." Yet, he admits that the story somehow lacks the bigness, the finality, the ruling interest of "The Queen's Quair" and the "Fools Errant."

home-building and race-founding between America and England. "The Shuttle," exclaims Mrs. Burnett, 'in the hand of Fate through every hour of every day and through the slow, deep breathing of all the silent nights, weaves to and fro—drawing with it the threads of human life and thought which strengthen its web and traces the figures of its yet vague and uncompleted design.' The chief interest, however, centers in the story itself. The characters, if good, are seraphic, while the villains are heavy villains; yet the human interest never flags, the appeal to the emotions is always there. Mrs. Burnett's stories, remarks Elia W. Peattie in the *Chicago Tribune*, are fairy stories, sometimes for children, but oftener for the irremediably grown up. "The adversity which overtakes her heroines is of the same sort that overtakes the fairy princesses. The difficulties they encounter are like the terrible spells cast over the golden-haired daughters of careless kings who have sent too few invitations to the christening and so incurred the rancor of irascible and professional godmothers." While we avoid, as a rule, to quote too frequently the same reviewer in these columns, Mrs. Peattie's charming causticities prove an irresistible temptation and we cannot help quoting her further: "The Shuttle," she tells us, "is a fairy story writ-

*THE SHUTTLE. By Mrs. Hodgson Burnett. Frederick Stokes Company.

ten for all of us tired and discouraged folk, who have an absurd corner in our consciences which keeps assuring us that if we are good we will be happy."

"It's about the richest American girl who ever was, who went on a quest to rescue her enchanted sister, who was in the unhappiest plight in all the world. That is to say, the sister had made an international marriage with a perfectly terrible Englishman of title. (Fe, fie, fo, fum!) She couldn't write, or cable, or do anything but go around in ragged chiffon with her little hump-backed son, and weep, and weep, and weep. The beautiful American princess, Betty Vanderpoel, whose great-grandfather had sold pelts out in Astoria—or, no, it wasn't precisely called that, but some place 'out west'—was as powerful as she was good, and as compassionate as she was beautiful. So when Beauty met Beast over in England, and knew how all the people hated him, and saw his enchanted castle and all, she knew he wasn't really a beast, but only a poor, poor prince, good and sad, and she loved him and kissed him, and of course he turned into a beautiful young man, all dressed in azure and gold. The poor enchanted sister was freed, and in the end everything was 'all right,' as Reuben S. Vanderpoel, the father of the princess, would have said."

Mrs. Peattie has not made clear in the above that the husband, who is a real beast, dies, and that Beauty marries another who isn't a beast but only proud and poor and an earl.

The London *Academy*, whose editorial grudge against America frequently adds to the gayety of nations, concedes that Mrs. Burnett has succeeded in at least endowing her work with the semblance of life, "altho she has quite frankly adopted the method of the chromo-lithograph with its violent contrasts and over-colored brightness." Nevertheless the editor feels aggrieved that Mrs. Burnett should have favored the Ameri-

cans, both in intention and treatment. He says:

"We are shown a New York that is not only opulent, gay, brilliant, cultured, but also of the highest virtue. Social relations are of the most delightful kind. The finest and most intimate sympathy, lavish generosity, overflowing affection and kindness of heart are ordinary matters of course in family life. This is an attractive picture; but unless it very much surpasses in verisimilitude the representation of English life which follows it can only be regarded as a highly-colored fancy sketch. We all know something of the methods by which the American multi-millionaire acquires and retains possession of his millions."

Even this writer's iron-clad heart, however, is softened by Bettina, the sister, who, he exclaims, is the redeeming feature of the book. "Heartily," he goes on to say, "as we detest the much-vaunted ideal of perverted womanhood, the American girl, we cannot refuse our admiration to this delightful Bettina. Her development from a precocious American child into a charming woman is well done. Her Americanisms hardly offend us, so delightful is she, so human, so womanly." Praise from Lord Alfred is praise indeed!

The Boston *Transcript*, and, we believe, the majority of reviewers, accede to the author skilful portrayal of people here and abroad. "Here, there and everywhere, in almost every chapter of 'The Shuttle,' it is apparent that Mrs. Burnett's knowledge of American life is tempered by her English birth, and that her knowledge of English life is broadened by the long years of her American residence. There are, the reviewer concludes, few modern writers living who could have written 'The Shuttle,' and were it issued anonymously, its authorship would be in doubt for scarcely a moment."

The problem of divorce seems to preoccupy the minds of our writers. It is the keynote of Lang-

don Mitchell's social satire re-

THE YOUNGER printed recently, and plays no
SET less important a part in the latest
book* from the versatile pen of

Robert W. Chambers. "The Younger Set" is the twenty-third novel, to say nothing of six books for children, to the credit of that gifted writer. In the opinion of the New York *Sun* it is unfortunate that Mr. Chambers should be so anxious to exhibit his versatility and to demonstrate "that he can write in any style that happens to be the fashion as well as others, instead of developing his own individual talent, and it is to be

regretted that he has taken up the realistic painting of our present besmirched and corrupt society as in 'The Younger Set,' where he follows feminine leaders who might also be engaged in pleasanter work."

When Mr. Chambers first set about his life-work as a fiction writer, remarks F. Dana Reed in a lengthy appreciation published in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, he was attracted by the romantic school and his gift found its expression in tales of the strongly adventurous type, like "Lorraine" and "Ashes of Empire"—novels whose setting was among the wrecks of the Second Empire, and the desperate struggle of France with the Colossus of the North, while "The Red Republic" was a vivid picture of that Walpurgis night of socialism and blood which followed the crushing of

*THE YOUNGER SET. By Robert W. Chambers. Appleton's.

France, and out of which she struggled back to life and hope. The colonial period of American history and the struggle for independence attracted him next, and he found new inspiration there. In other directions and other lands he found also suggestions for plots, and always the results were satisfactory in the quality of the work, and the reception his books received from the public. There are, the writer holds, few American novelists to-day who have a stronger hold on the liking of his readers than Mr. Chambers. "He has wrought patiently, with skill, and, above all, has put conscience into his work. To his credit be it spoken; he has always given his readers the best that is in him. Above all else, he is sincere." To quote further:

"A later phase of his development as a novelist is found in his turning to the social world of the metropolis for the setting and plots of his novels. He has found inspiration in the life of the folk who, in the phrase of the time, make up what is termed 'society.' It is a very complex combination—this social world of Manhattan—and it is not to be wondered at that one gifted with the imagination which is so striking a part of Mr. Chambers's fictional endowment should find in the kaleidoscopic world of the big city an abundance of suggestion and opportunity. He portrays the people there with the same critical sincerity that he puts into all his work, describing them and the types they represent as he perceives them. The results as they find expression in his recent novels almost reconcile one to his abandonment of that more romantic school which claimed his adhesion in the beginnings, and where he did such attractive work. In spite of the excellent results evidenced in 'The Fighting Chance' of last year, and now in 'The Younger Set,' the novel reader who found 'Lorraine' and 'The Red Republic' so satisfying almost regret Mr. Chambers's change of base. Somehow, the bigger canvas of the earlier story seemed to afford greater freedom than is possible in the more restricted field wherein the novelist has recently wrought. It is true the social world of the metropolis affords opportunities that are fascinating, and of which the novelist has made excellent use. Perhaps one of the reasons why he has been so suc-

cessful in such widely differing fields is found in the sincerity, before referred to, with which he does whatever comes to his hand."

This sincerity seems to escape the reviewer of *The Evening Sun*. Telling stories, he asserts, is an amazing knack with the author. "He can weave them out of nothing, uttering the most fantastic impossibilities, and still there is a story there. He can with equal facility take the facts of history and build around them a narrative of exceedingly lively interest. He can even take the commonplace lives of the rich and make out of them a romance of such attractiveness that for the time being almost persuades you that his characters are possible human beings."

The hero, Philip Selwyn, is described by one reviewer as the "modern American ideal of male perfection as depicted by Mr. C. D. Gibson, but improved by added years and a mustache." This hero marries a brilliant New York girl who subsequently elopes with another, an unprincipled cad, who in turn deserts her. Selwyn falls in love with Eileen Erroll, a sweet girl, but, following the dictates of his "Selwyn conscience," takes upon himself the burden of his former wife, who falls prey to an inherited mental disease. Out of these conditions evolves a tragedy which brings in its wake merited punishment to the cad lover, but costs Selwyn his fortune, not, however, without final compensation. Caste and obligation are strong motives in the younger set. On the whole, the bright side predominates and the outlook of the book, varying from Mrs. Wharton's conclusions, is more or less melioristic. Or, as one critic quoted above has put it: "The reader will be pained at the viciousness and vulgarity of social leaders, but will be reassured by Mr. Chambers's confidence that, bad as they are, these people are bringing their children up in physical and intellectual perfection and concealing from them their own wrongdoing, so that there is everything to hope from the 'younger set,' which gives its title to the book."

"Politics," exclaimed Bismarck angrily, "spoils the character." It also spoils the novelist. At least Mr. Ward Clark tells us in the New York *Bookman* that from the time Sir Gilbert Parker joined the House of Commons and achieved knighthood, his career, while it may have its place in the political history of England, in the annals of literature assuredly it will not appear. Other critics are not so sure. The London *Spectator*, in the introduction to a long and

sober review of his new book,* points out that one of the features of the present House of Commons is the large number of members whose work, before entering the political arena, was chiefly done with the pen, whether as journalists, novelists, or bellettrists. The reviewer goes on to say:

"It would be an interesting tho somewhat invidious task to inquire how far the quality of their work has been affected by their new surroundings. Sir Gilbert Parker, who has graduated in all three capacities, certainly need not fear the ordeal of investigation. We are not prepared to say that 'The Weavers' is the best of

*THE WEAVERS. By Sir Gilbert Parker. Harper & Brothers.

his novels, but there can be no doubt whatever as to the energy, the enthusiasm, and the pains that have been lavished on its composition. Much of the material on which it is based was probably collected in the course of the author's travels, but it is clear that he has drawn to useful purpose upon the experiences gained from actual contact with electioneering and Parliamentary life. Whatever fault may be found with the novel, it certainly shows no signs of scamped work or perfunctory handling. In every sense in which the phrase is applicable to a novel the author has given as full measure,—length, wealth of color and exciting incident, careful portraiture, minute character analysis."

In his "Weavers," Sir Gilbert has trenched upon a territory brilliantly illuminated by Robert Hichens—Egypt, that land of memories and mummies. It is the story of David Claridge, a Quaker boy, who is excommunicated at least temporarily for having knocked down a man and kissed a girl. Claridge takes him to Egypt, where he at once finds favor with the ruling prince. He determines to reform Egypt, kills a native noble, governs the country, dabbles in telepathy, is involved in strange intrigues and expeditions, upholds his Quaker rectitude in diplomacy, finds the Egyptian equivalent for "thee" and "thou," and at the end of nearly five hundred weary pages marries the woman he loves, much to the reader's relief. The hero at times suggests Lord Cromer.

The design of the story is excellent, the background rich, but somehow it fails to impress us. "Not one of the characters," says Mr. Ward Clark in *The Bookman*, "is a real human being, and the plot is, in many of its ingredients, rather distressingly melodrama." To quote further:

"The setting is perhaps better; but it is hard to appreciate the beauty of a stage scene all decorated over with wooden figures of men. The real-est of them, certain of the subsidiary personages, are shadowy and indistinct. Those that stand in the full light betray by the unlikeliest precision of their movements their mechanical origin. They are qualities with personal names. David, the hero, if he were suddenly to come to life, would loath himself as an impossible prig. Not one of the principal characters lives in my memory as a distinct person."

All the characters, remarks the *Evening Post*, talk at great length, and every event is narrated at least twice, sometimes oftener. "It is hard to believe that 'The Weavers' comes from the same hand which once gave so thoughtful and sincere a study as Charley in 'The Right of Way.'" The *London Times* concludes its review with perhaps unconscious humor: "The effect of the long, elaborate book with its abundance of description and its fluency of reflection is, of course, praiseworthy, but distinction or vitality it has not."

How Prosper Granulet Gave to Himself a Christmas Present

The author of this story is Georges Mourevert, a French writer. Edmund Russell, in translating it for *The Scrap Book*, from which we reprint it, affixes a note as follows: "On the very spot where the scene is laid—the end of Pont des Arts in front of the Institute—in a box of old books on top of the *quai*, the translator last summer found this story—*uncut*, and dedicated to a great critic on the fly-leaf. For itself the fate it describes."



ROSPER GRANULET at twenty years old was what is called "arrived."

At least, he wanted to be.

He was the type of young authors who march, pale, with tight lips and Olympian brows, disdaining the great masters and affecting a *blasé* cynicism.

At that time the naturalistic school was in full blast.

One cut up the pig on all the book-stalls.

The disciples of Zola exaggerated—all disciples do.

Naturally, Prosper Granulet must have his throw in the sink.

He published at Brussels a heavy volume entitled, appropriately:

"The Great Buzzard."

He had the courage to ask Emile Zola to write a preface.

The great realist looked at it, waded through a few pages, sent it back to Granulet with a letter:

"Your book, sir, has made me understand, at last, that verse of Genesis which says that, after having made man, God repented.

"If I were sure that my work had inspired the thing you have sent, I would not hesitate never to write another line; and I would beseech pardon on bended knees for what I have written."

Prosper Granulet simply published this letter as his preface.

He announced:

"'The Great Buzzard.' Preceded by a letter from Emile Zola."

His literary work was crowned.

Prosper Granulet had an aureole.

That was not all.

The vessel must be launched.

As Prosper had a little money, it seemed to be easy.

In asking the service of the press he had a great idea.

At the head of the list of critics was the famous Hilarion Ramonneau.

Prosper Granulet knew that he held a venal pen.

He could be bought.

But he was one of the few who impressed the crowd.

His word for a book assured its sale.

An article from Ramonneau in the *l'Actualité* was a call from the trumpet of Success.

Prosper opened his pocketbook.

He took a bank-note of a thousand francs and slipped it between two uncut pages.

With best pen and most elegant *écriture* he wrote on the fly-leaf:

"To the master-critic Hilarion Ramonneau,

This work of truth—

Hoping that the realism of *certain passages* will please him."

He underlined the words "certain passages," and signed heroically, "Prosper Granulet."

Now the clarions of Renown and the drums of Glory sounded their triumphal marches in his ears—his entry into future Pantheons!

He impatiently awaited a word of acknowledgment.

Waited a week—

Fifteen days—

Nothing came.

"Bah! Ramonneau is so busy, it is not to be wondered at—but one of these mornings I shall have my article. How they will burst with rage!"

A month—three months.

One morning, a year after, on opening a journal he read that Hilarion Ramonneau was dead.

"Dirty dog! And where are my thousand francs?"

II.

Years passed away; the new school, too.

Other "arrivistes" had come to the front, but the Master, Zola, like Richard Wagner, still stood.

It was Christmas Day—December 25—last Christmas.

A miserable tramp wandered along the *quais* of the Seine, near the Institute of France, dressed in rags, covered with a coat which realized the refrain of Maurice Rollinat's "Ballad of the Rainbow"—

"Blue, red, indigo, green, violet, yellow, orange.

His fringed pantaloons recalled Buffalo Bill's cowboys; his accordion-pleated coat, the most unhappy days of our history.

And, oh!—in the melted snow and mud—the "quack" of his shoes!

His sunken face was covered with a thin, ill kept beard.

Truly, one would need to have the bump of divination to recognize in this human rag the radiant, the dazzling Granulet—the Prosper Granulet of other days.

For it was he—the promising, the "arrived" Prosper!

What northwest wind of misfortune—what tempest of ill luck—had blown him here?

Rich had been Prosper Granulet, and, at least, no more stupid than the next.

But it was very simple.

The greater part of his fortune had disappeared in the crash of 1885; the rest in the Panama scandal.

He had followed the wind and the fashion.

He had left Zola for Paul Bourget—

Paul Bourget for Anatole France—

Realism for Psychology—Psychology for Decadence—Decadence for "Instrumentisme"—Instrumentisme for Symbolism.

Need one say that he had also dipped into Anarchism and Hermetic Philosophy!

But the unhappy end of Count de Lessseps made further literary reincarnation impossible.

Granulet disappeared all at once, without sound—a pebble falling into a well.

He was inquired for only by boarding-house keepers, to whom he had left legacies of manuscripts.

His friends thought he was dead.

In two months they did not think.

He was neither out of the country nor dead.

He was in Paris, living by means which his pride kept obscure.

He corrected proofs for a little printing-house in Rue de Grenelle.

A quarrel with the proprietor lost him his place. Then he lived by the odd jobs he could pick up.

He fell ill.

Now, down-hill to misery!

He became a tramp.

He knew stolen meals and lodgings *a la belle etoile*.

At last, this Christmas Day, he wandered up and down the *quais*.

Without a *sou* in his pockets.

His stomach was empty.

Not daring to return to the dirty hole for which he owed fifteen *centimes*, he decided to finish by a header into the Seine, rolling its lemon-colored water at his feet.

He gave himself to the end of the Pont des Arts.

That would be the *Ultima Thule* of his afflictions.

There he would put his leg over the balustrade—would dive to eternity—just in the face of that *Academie* he had laughed at so often.

Seized with the fever of suicide—to know at last the secret of *Nirvana*—he hurried on.

His strange gait and air excited the curiosity of the booksellers.

But, with the habit of the writer, he cast his eyes, as he went, over the boxes of old books that garnish the tops of the embankment.

Suddenly—

In a box marked "Two *sous*"—

A title on a well-known blood-red cover—

"The Great Buzzard!"

His dead work!

He remembered its perpendicular fall into obscurity.

He himself had aided in its obliteration.

When he deserted Naturalism for Symbolism he had even denied it—would not let one speak, but said: "The same name—a distant relative, perhaps."

And here, at the moment of departing for the unknown, this fault of his youth rose up—the sovereign punishment!—the lees of the bitter chalice!

There had been but one noble page: the letter of excommunication by Emile Zola.

He would read it again.

This would be a sort of penitence *in extremis*—the redemption of his literary sin.

He opened the cover.

It was dedicated to Hilarion Ramonneau.

As in a dream, he turned the leaves.

They had never been cut.

Thrown aside as soon as received, the book had rolled from the spider-webbed corners of some old book-shop to the sepulcher of the *quais*.

But something came back.

A light!

A mad hope twisted the heart of the unhappy one.

Folly!

The thousand *francs*!

Could it be there still?

Oh, if by chance!—

He dared not—

No—

He dared not look—

It would be too much!—

After all Fate's deceptions to add another?

Too cruel!

Still, he must—

With nervousness unutterable he began to search the pages.

All at once—the *quais*, the boxes of books, the Seine, the Institute itself, seemed to turn around him.

He had found it!

It was there!

It was there!

Between pages 156 and 157!

My God! But—

Malediction!

He could not buy the book.

He had not the necessary two *sous*.

Irony supreme!

The stab in the back by Destiny!

His first idea was to seize and run away.

But the bookseller was approaching, alarmed at the manner of this singular customer.

He would be caught—

With such clothes, it would be taken from him.

In the feeble brain of Granulet an idea trembled.

He had the courage to close the volume and to move away.

From the opposite sidewalk he watched with agony.

The vender picked up the book, looked at it without opening, and—put it back in its place!

Oh, joy!

Granulet leaned on the corner of the Rue Bonaparte.

A gentleman in a fur coat was approaching—"Sir, I have not eaten for two days."

As his gloved hands searched in his pocket the young man could not dream that around his head a reeling beggar saw the halo of a seraph.

He threw two *sous*.

With one bound Granulet crossed the street.

"I want—

"I want to buy a book—

"That one—

"The one I was just reading—

"There—

"In that box!"

The old *bouquiniste* grumbled:

"Another minute and you would have been too late.

"I was just locking up—"

But Granulet had "The Great Buzzard" pressed to his breast.

Staggering with joy, he was on his way—

Merry Christmas!

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Humor of Life



QUITE FULL

"John, I'm afraid this dress is not full enough."

"I'm sure you couldn't put any more in it!"—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

ASKING TOO MUCH

DOCTOR—Now, my boy, show me your tongue. That's not enough. Put it right out.

SMALL BOY—I can't—'cos it's fastened at the back!—*Punch.*

INNOCENT

MOTHER—You and Willy have been at my cherries again. I found the stones in the nursery.

JOHNNY—It wasn't me, mother, 'cause I swallowed all the stones of mine.—*Frankfort Witsblatt.*

AN UP-TO-DATE TRAMP

CONSTABLE—Come along; you've got to have a bath.

TRAMP—A barf! What, wiv water?

CONSTABLE—Yes, of course.

TRAMP—Couldn't you manage it wiv one o' them vacuum cleaners?

THEY DO CHANGE

MISS FIDO—Strange how styles change.

Last year folks didn't wear cans half this big. — *New Orleans Picayune.*



A MARTYR TO HER FAITH.

MAUD—She is a woman who has suffered a good deal for her belief.

ETHEL—Dear me! What is her belief?

MAUD—She believes that she can wear a No. 3 shoe on a No. 6 foot.

BENEVOLENT LADY—But, my poor man, if you have been looking for work all these years, why is it that you have never found it?

TRAMP (confidentially)—It's luck, mum—just sheer good luck.

RATHER HIGH FLOWN

An amateur punster informs us that some houses have wings, and he has often seen a house fly. We thought no part of a house save the chimney flue.

ADVICE THAT CAME TOO LATE

"You should never take anything that doesn't agree with you," the physician told Mr. Marks.

"If I had always followed that rule, Maria," he remarked to his wife, "where would you be?"



CURIO—I guess I'll get out. I don't think it would be wise to carry this any further at present.—*Harper's Weekly.*



HEROIC RESOLVE

THE BRIDE—I'm going to give George that lobster salad, if I die in the attempt.—*Harper's Monthly*.

ANY OLD CHARACTER WOULD DO

DOCTOR (to his cook, who is just leaving)—Well, Mina, I am sorry, but I can only give you a very indifferent character.

MINA—Well, sir, never mind. Write it just as you do your prescriptions.

PRETTY HUNGRY

"Waiter, a beefsteak! Quick! I'm in a hurry!"

"We haven't any beefsteak, sir!"

"A chop, then."

"Chops is off!"

"Well, then, an omelet."

"Impossible, sir: we—"

"What! why have you nothing at all in your restaurant?"

"Yes, sir; we've got a sheriff."

CUSTOMER (sharpening his knife on the edge of the plate)—Then let's have one.

THE NON-SHRINKABLE SHIRT.

Sir Algernon West tells this story, so it must be all right. A working man came home in triumph one day with a flannel shirt, which he said he had bought for 2s. 11d.; moreover, it was guaranteed not to shrink. In due course the shirt was sent to and returned from the wash, and next morning the workman put it on. His wife came into the room just as he had done so.

"Ullo, Bill," said she, "where did you get that new tie?"

MODERN HOUSEKEEPING

MRS. DYER—What has become of Mrs. Higbee? I haven't seen her for an age.

MRS. RYER—Well, you know she has only one afternoon out a week since she began keeping a servant!—*Tatler*.

NOT SATISFIED

There is a bright attaché at the British Embassy in Washington who, shortly after his arrival in this country, was a guest at a dinner given by the wife of a well-known official at the national capital, a hostess whose hospitality is notoriously inadequate.

The repast was of the usual "sample" kind expected by any one who had ever been a guest at the house. It served merely as an appetizer to the hungry Briton, and when coffee was brought his ill-concealed dissatisfaction was most amusing to the other guests. The hostess, however, did not notice it, for she said to him amiably:

"Now, do tell me when we may have the pleasure of having you dine with us again?"

"Immediately, madam, immediately," was the unexpected reply.—*Harper's Magazine*.

AVOIDING UNLUCKY THIRTEEN.

He was on trial for bigamy.

"What," queried the judge, "ever induced you to marry fourteen wives?"

"Superstition, your honor," replied the prisoner. "I consider thirteen an unlucky number."—*Arkansas Traveller*.

WHITE ELEPHANTS

At Preston, where everything is up-to-date and the people are always planning some new scheme, a shocking thing happened. One of the popular society women announced a "White Elephant Party." Every guest was to bring something that she could not find any use for, and yet too good to throw away. The party would have been a great success but for the unlooked-for development which broke it up. Eleven of the nineteen women brought their husbands.

DUE TO THE PANIC

Owing to the high prices of the necessities of life, many deserving persons are compelled to subsist on the luxuries.—*Arkansas Traveller*.



MR. CARPER (a trifle short-sighted)—Don't you see how ridiculous these great hats become now that they are vulgarised by the lower classes?—*Punch*.

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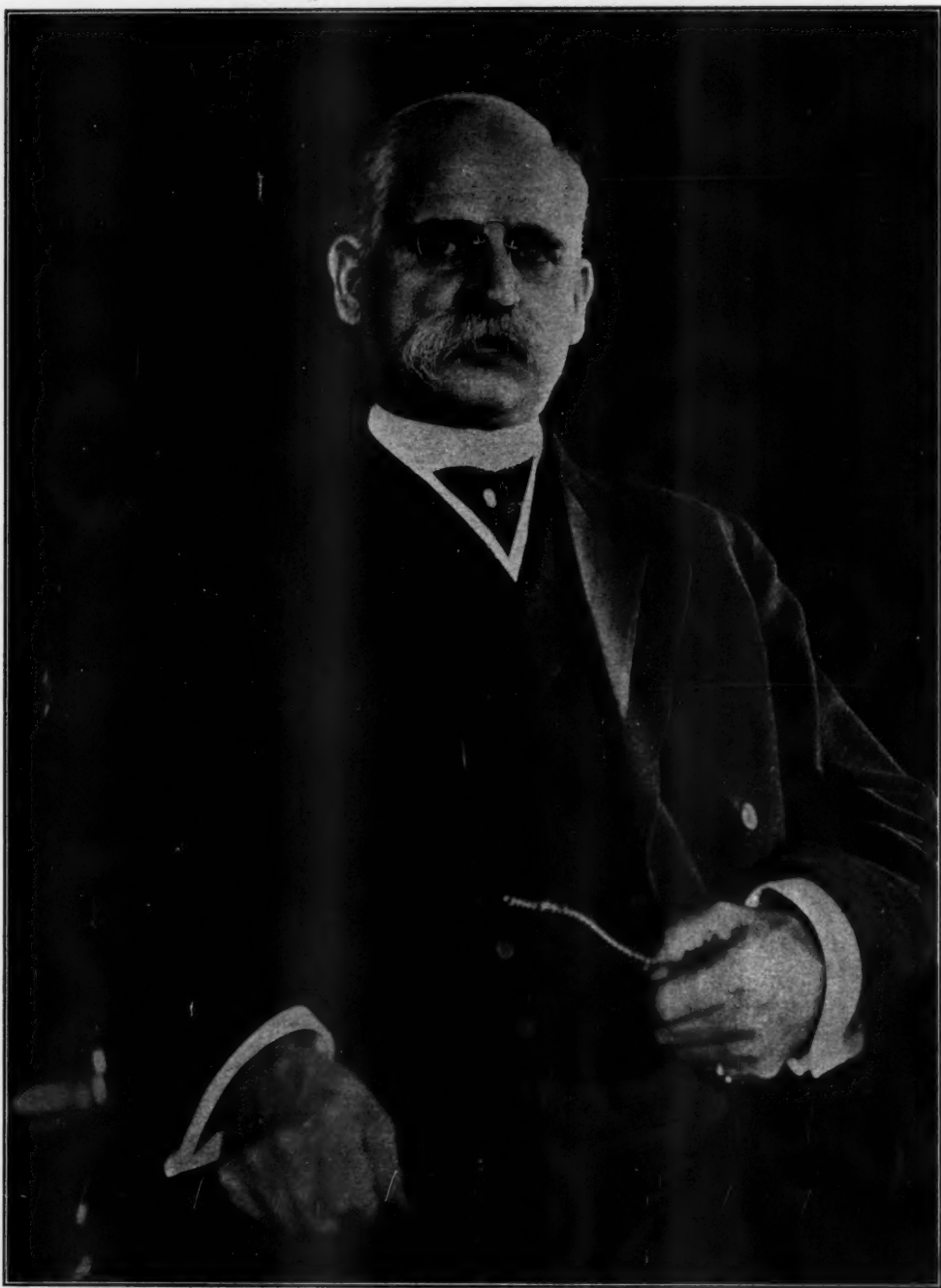
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IN CHARGE OF A STORM CENTER

Victor K. Metcalf, Secretary of the Navy, suddenly finds, as the Pacific fleet steams away, that he has on his hands a serious quarrel among naval bureaus, a demand for the reorganization of the entire department, and a storm of criticism directed at the plans on which our battleships have been built.